

THE
WORKS
OF
HORATIO WALPOLE,
EARL OF ORFORD.

VOL. II.

THE

WORKS

OF

HORATIO WALPOLE,

ESQ. OF ORFORD.

VOL. II

3

THE
WORKS
OF
HORATIO WALPOLE,
EARL OF ORFORD.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

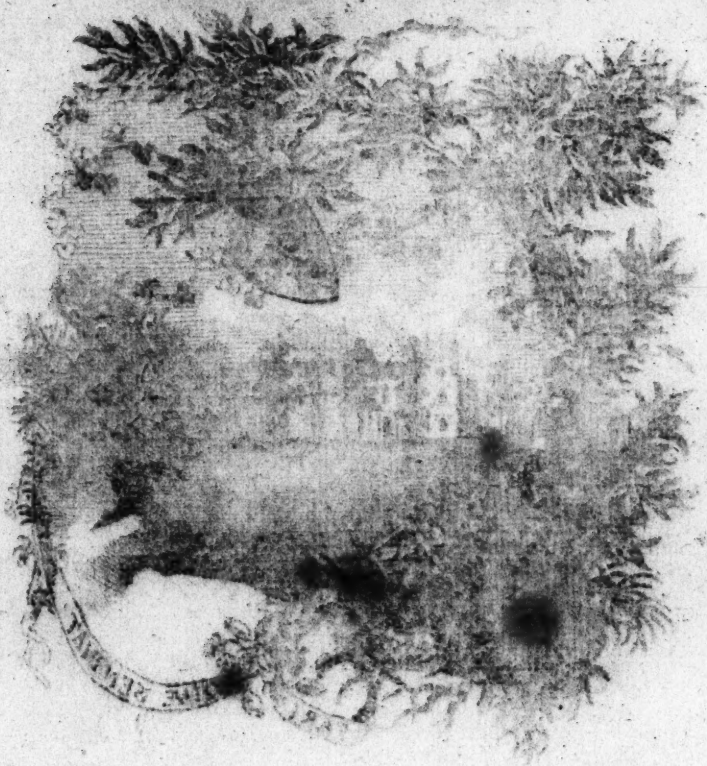
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MDCCXCVIII.

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THE
WORKS
OF
HORATIO WALLPOLE,
EARL OF ORFORD.

MUSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM



LONDON:
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AND J. EDWARDS, BALL-MALL.
MDCCLXXIII.

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THE
CASTLE
OF
OTRANTO,
A
GOTHIC STORY.

-----Vanæ
Fingentur species, tamen ut Pes & Caput uni
Reddantur formæ.---

HOR.

VOL. II.

B

THE
CLASSICAL
OF
OTRANTO
A
GOTHIC STORY.

First Edition, London, at P. & C. 1827.
Revised Edition, 1840.
Hob.

P R E F A C E

To the First Edition.

THE following work was found in the library of an ancient catholic family in the north of England. It was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529. How much sooner it was written does not appear. The principal incidents are such as were believed in the darkest ages of christianity; but the language and conduct have nothing that favours of barbarism. The style is the purest Italian. If the story was written near the time when it is supposed to have happened, it must have been between 1095, the æra of the first crusade, and 1243, the date of the last, or not long afterwards. There is no other circumstance in the work that can lead us to guess at the period in which the scene is laid: the names of the actors are evidently fictitious, and probably disguised on purpose: yet the Spanish names of the domestics seem to indicate that this work was not composed until the establishment of the Arragonian kings in Naples had made Spanish appellations familiar in that country. The beauty of the diction, and the zeal of the author, [moderated however by singular judgment] concur to make me think that the date of the composition was little antecedent to that of the impression. Letters were then in their most flourishing state in Italy, and contributed to dispel the empire of superstition, at that time so forcibly attacked by the reformers. It is not unlikely that an artful priest might endeavour to turn their own arms on the innovators; and might avail himself of his abilities as an author to confirm the populace in their ancient errors and superstitions. If this was his view, he has certainly acted with signal address. Such a work as the following would enslave a hundred vulgar minds beyond half the books of controversy that have been written from the days of Luther to the present hour.

This solution of the author's motives is however offered as a mere conjecture. Whatever his views were, or whatever effects the execution of them might have, his work can only be laid before the public at present as a matter of entertainment. Even as such, some apology for it is necessary. Miracles, visions, necromancy, dreams, and other preternatural events, are exploded now even from romances. That was not the case when our author wrote; much less when the story itself is supposed to have happened. Belief in every kind of prodigy was so established in those dark ages, that an author would not be faithful to the *manners* of the times who should omit all mention of them. He is not bound to believe them himself, but he must represent his actors as believing them.

If this *air* of the *miraculous* is excused, the reader will find nothing else unworthy of his perusal. Allow the possibility of the facts, and all the actors comport themselves as persons would do in their situation. There is no bombast, no similes, flowers, digressions, or unnecessary descriptions. Every thing tends directly to the catastrophe. Never is the reader's attention relaxed. The rules of the drama are almost observed throughout the conduct of the piece. The characters are well drawn, and still better maintained. Terror, the author's principal engine, prevents the story from ever languishing; and it is so often contrasted by pity, that the mind is kept up in a constant vicissitude of interesting passions.

Some persons may perhaps think the characters of the domestics too little serious for the general cast of the story; but besides their opposition to the principal personages, the art of the author is very observable in his conduct of the subalterns. They discover many passages essential to the story, which could not well be brought to light but by their *naïveté* and simplicity: in particular, the womanish terror and foibles of Bianca, in the last chapter, conduce essentially towards advancing the catastrophe.

It is natural for a translator to be prejudiced in favour of his adopted work. More impartial readers may not be so much struck with the beauties of this piece as I was. Yet I am not blind to my author's defects. I could wish he had grounded his plan on a more useful moral than this; that *the sins of fathers are visited on their children to the third and fourth generation*. I doubt whether

whether in his time, any more than at present, ambition curbed its appetite of dominion from the dread of so remote a punishment. And yet this moral is weakened by that less direct insinuation, that even such anathema may be diverted by devotion to saint Nicholas. Here the interest of the monk plainly gets the better of the judgment of the author. However, with all its faults, I have no doubt but the English reader will be pleased with a sight of this performance. The piety that reigns throughout, the lessons of virtue that are inculcated, and the rigid purity of the sentiments, exempt this work from the censure to which romances are but too liable. Should it meet with the success I hope for, I may be encouraged to re-print the original Italian, though it will tend to depreciate my own labour. Our language falls far short of the charms of the Italian, both for variety and harmony. The latter is peculiarly excellent for simple narrative. It is difficult in English *to relate* without falling too low or rising too high; a fault obviously occasioned by the little care taken to speak pure language in common conversation. Every Italian or Frenchman of any rank piques himself on speaking his own tongue correctly and with choice. I cannot flatter myself with having done justice to my author in this respect: his style is as elegant as his conduct of the passions is masterly. It is pity that he did not apply his talents to what they were evidently proper for, the theatre.

I will detain the reader no longer but to make one short remark. Though the machinery is invention, and the names of the actors imaginary, I cannot but believe that the ground-work of the story is founded on truth. The scene is undoubtedly laid in some real castle. The author seems frequently, without design, to describe particular parts. *The chamber, says he, on the right hand; the door on the left hand; the distance from the chapel to Conrad's apartment*: these and other passages are strong presumptions that the author had some certain building in his eye. Curious persons, who have leisure to employ in such researches, may possibly discover in the Italian writers the foundation on which our author has built. If a catastrophe, at all resembling that which he describes, is believed to have given rise to this work, it will contribute to interest the reader, and will make *The Castle of Otranto* a still more moving story.

P R E F A C E

To the Second Edition.

THE favourable manner in which this little piece has been received by the public, calls upon the author to explain the grounds on which he composed it. But before he opens those motives, it is fit that he should ask pardon of his readers for having offered his work to them under the borrowed personage of a translator. As diffidence of his own abilities, and the novelty of the attempt, were his sole inducements to assume that disguise, he flatters himself he shall appear excusable. He resigned his performance to the impartial judgment of the public; determined to let it perish in obscurity, if disapproved; nor meaning to avow such a trifle, unless better judges should pronounce that he might own it without a blush.

It was an attempt to blend the two kinds of romance, the ancient and the modern. In the former all was imagination and improbability: in the latter, nature is always intended to be, and sometimes has been, copied with success. Invention has not been wanting; but the great resources of fancy have been dammed up, by a strict adherence to common life. But if in the latter species Nature has cramped imagination, she did but take her revenge, having been totally excluded from old romances. The actions, sentiments, conversations, of the heroes and heroines of ancient days were as unnatural as the machines employed to put them in motion.

The author of the following pages thought it possible to reconcile the two kinds. Desirous of leaving the powers of fancy at liberty to expatiate through the boundless realms of invention, and thence of creating more interesting situations,

situations, he wished to conduct the mortal agents in his drama according to the rules of probability; in short, to make them think, speak and act, as it might be supposed mere men and women would do in extraordinary positions. He had observed, that in all inspired writings, the personages under the dispensation of miracles, and witnesses to the most stupendous phenomena, never lose sight of their human character: whereas in the productions of romantic story, an improbable event never fails to be attended by an absurd dialogue. The actors seem to lose their senses the moment the laws of nature have lost their tone. As the public have applauded the attempt, the author must not say he was entirely unequal to the task he had undertaken: yet if the new route he has struck out shall have paved a road for men of brighter talents, he shall own with pleasure and modesty, that he was sensible the plan was capable of receiving greater embellishments than his imagination or conduct of the passions could bestow on it.

With regard to the deportment of the domestics, on which I have touched in the former preface, I will beg leave to add a few words. The simplicity of their behaviour, almost tending to excite smiles, which at first seem not consonant to the serious cast of the work, appeared to me not only not improper, but was marked designedly in that manner. My rule was nature. However grave, important, or even melancholy, the sensations of princes and heroes may be, they do not stamp the same affections on their domestics: at least the latter do not, or should not be made to express their passions in the same dignified tone. In my humble opinion, the contrast between the sublime of the one, and the *naïveté* of the other, sets the pathetic of the former in a stronger light. The very impatience which a reader feels, while delayed by the coarse pleasantries of vulgar actors from arriving at the knowledge of the important catastrophe he expects, perhaps heightens, certainly proves that he has been artfully interested in, the depending event. But I had higher authority than my own opinion for this conduct. That great master of nature, Shakespeare, was the model I copied. Let me ask if his tragedies of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar would not lose a considerable share of their spirit and wonderful beauties, if the humour of the grave-diggers, the fooleries of Polonius, and the clumsy jests of the Roman citizens were omitted, or vested in heroics? Is not the eloquence of Antony, the nobler and affectedly-unaffected oration of Brutus, artificially exalted by the rude bursts of nature from the mouths of their auditors? These touches remind one of the Grecian sculptor,

sculptor, who, to convey the idea of a Colossus within the dimensions of a seal, inserted a little boy measuring his thumb.

No, says Voltaire in his edition of Corneille, this mixture of buffoonery and solemnity is intolerable.——Voltaire is a genius*—but not of Shakespeare's magnitude. Without recurring to disputable authority, I appeal from Voltaire to himself. I shall not avail myself of his former encomiums on our mighty poet; though the French critic has twice translated the same speech in Hamlet, some years ago in admiration, latterly in derision; and I am sorry to find that his judgment grows weaker, when it ought to be farther matured. But I shall make use of his own words, delivered on the general topic of the theatre, when he was neither thinking to recommend or decry Shakespeare's practice; consequently at a moment when Voltaire was impartial. In the preface to his *Enfant prodigue*, that exquisite piece of which I declare my admiration, and which, should I live twenty years longer, I trust I should never attempt to ridicule, he has these words, speaking of comedy, [but equally applicable to tragedy, if tragedy is, as surely it ought to be, a picture of human life; nor can I conceive why occasional pleasantry ought more to be banished from the tragic scene, than pathetic seriousness from the comic] *On y voit un melange de serieux et de plaisanterie, de comique et de touchant; souvent même une seule aventure produit tous ces contrastes. Rien n'est si commun qu'une maison dans laquelle un pere gronde, une fille occupée de sa passion pleure; le fils se moque des deux, et quelques parens prennent part differemment à la scene, &c. Nous n'inferons pas de là que toute comedie doive*

* The following remark is foreign to the present question, yet excusable in an Englishman, who is willing to think that the severe criticisms of so masterly a writer as Voltaire on our immortal countryman, may have been the effusions of wit and precipitation, rather than the result of judgment and attention. May not the critic's skill in the force and powers of our language have been as incorrect and incompetent as his knowledge of our history? Of the latter his own pen has dropped glaring evidence. In his preface to Thomas Corneille's *Earl of Essex*, monsieur de Voltaire allows that the truth of history has been grossly perverted in that piece. In excuse he pleads, that when Corneille wrote, the noblesse of

France were much unread in English story; but now, says the commentator, that they study it, such misrepresentation would not be suffered——Yet forgetting that the period of ignorance is lapsed, and that it is not very necessary to instruct the knowing, he undertakes from the overflowing of his own reading to give the nobility of his own country a detail of queen Elizabeth's favourites—of whom, says he, Robert Dudley was the first, and the earl of Leicester the second.——Could one have believed that it could be necessary to inform monsieur de Voltaire himself, that Robert Dudley and the earl of Leicester were the same person?

avoir des scenes de bouffonnerie et des scenes attendrissantes : il y a beaucoup de tres bonnes pieces où il ne regne que de la gayeté ; d'autres toutes serieuses ; d'autres melangées : d'autres où l'attendrissement va jusques aux larmes : il ne faut donner l'exclusion à aucun genre : et si l'on me demandoit, quel genre est le meilleur, je repondrois, celui qui est le mieux traité. Surely if a comedy may be *toute serieuse*, tragedy may now and then, soberly, be indulged in a smile. Who shall proscribe it? Shall the critic, who in self-defence declares that *no kind* ought to be excluded from comedy, give laws to Shakespeare?

I am aware that the preface from whence I have quoted these passages does not stand in monsieur de Voltaire's name, but in that of his editor; yet who doubts that the editor and author were the same person? Or where is the editor, who has so happily possessed himself of his author's style and brilliant ease of argument? These passages were indubitably the genuine sentiments of that great writer. In his epistle to Maffei, prefixed to his *Merope*, he delivers almost the same opinion, though I doubt with a little irony. I will repeat his words, and then give my reason for quoting them. After translating a passage in Maffei's *Merope*, monsieur de Voltaire adds, *Tous ces traits sont naïfs : tout y est convenable à ceux que vous introduisez sur la scene, et aux mœurs que vous leur donnez. Ces familiarités naturelles eussent été, à ce que je crois, bien reçues dans Athenes ; mais Paris et notre parterre veulent une autre espece de simplicité.* I doubt, I say, whether there is not a grain of sneer in this and other passages of that epistle; yet the force of truth is not damaged by being tinged with ridicule. Maffei was to represent a Grecian story: surely the Athenians were as competent judges of Grecian manners, and of the propriety of introducing them, as the parterre of Paris. On the contrary, says Voltaire [and I cannot but admire his reasoning] there were but ten thousand citizens at Athens, and Paris has near eight hundred thousand inhabitants, among whom one may reckon thirty thousand judges of dramatic works.—Indeed!—But allowing so numerous a tribunal, I believe this is the only instance in which it was ever pretended that thirty thousand persons, living near two thousand years after the æra in question, were, upon the mere face of the poll, declared better judges than the Grecians themselves of what ought to be the manners of a tragedy written on a Grecian story.

I will not enter into a discussion of the *espece de simplicité*, which the par-
terre

terre of Paris demands, nor of the shackles with which *the thirty thousand judges* have cramped their poetry, the chief merit of which, as I gather from repeated passages in *The New Commentary on Corneille*, consists in vaulting in spite of those fetters; a merit which, if true, would reduce poetry from the lofty effort of imagination, to a puerile and most contemptible labour--- *difficiles nugæ* with a witness! I cannot help however mentioning a couplet, which to my English ears always sounded as the flattest and most trifling instance of circumstantial propriety; but which Voltaire, who has dealt so severely with nine parts in ten of Corneille's works, has singled out to defend in Racine;

*De son appartement cette porte est prochaine,
Et cette autre conduit dans celui de la reine.*

In English,

*To Cæsar's closet through this door you come,
And t'other leads to the queen's drawing-room.*

Unhappy Shakespeare! hadst thou made Rosencræus inform his compeer Guildenstern of the ichnography of the palace of Copenhagen, instead of presenting us with a moral dialogue between the prince of Denmark and the grave-digger, the illuminated pit of Paris would have been instructed *a second time* to adore thy talents.

The result of all I have said, is to shelter my own daring under the cannon of the brightest genius this country, at least, has produced. I might have pleaded, that having created a new species of romance, I was at liberty to lay down what rules I thought fit for the conduct of it: but I should be more proud of having imitated, however faintly, weakly, and at a distance, so masterly a pattern, than to enjoy the entire merit of invention, unless I could have marked my work with genius as well as with originality. Such as it is, the public have honoured it sufficiently, whatever rank their suffrages allot to it.

S O N N E T

To the Right Honourable

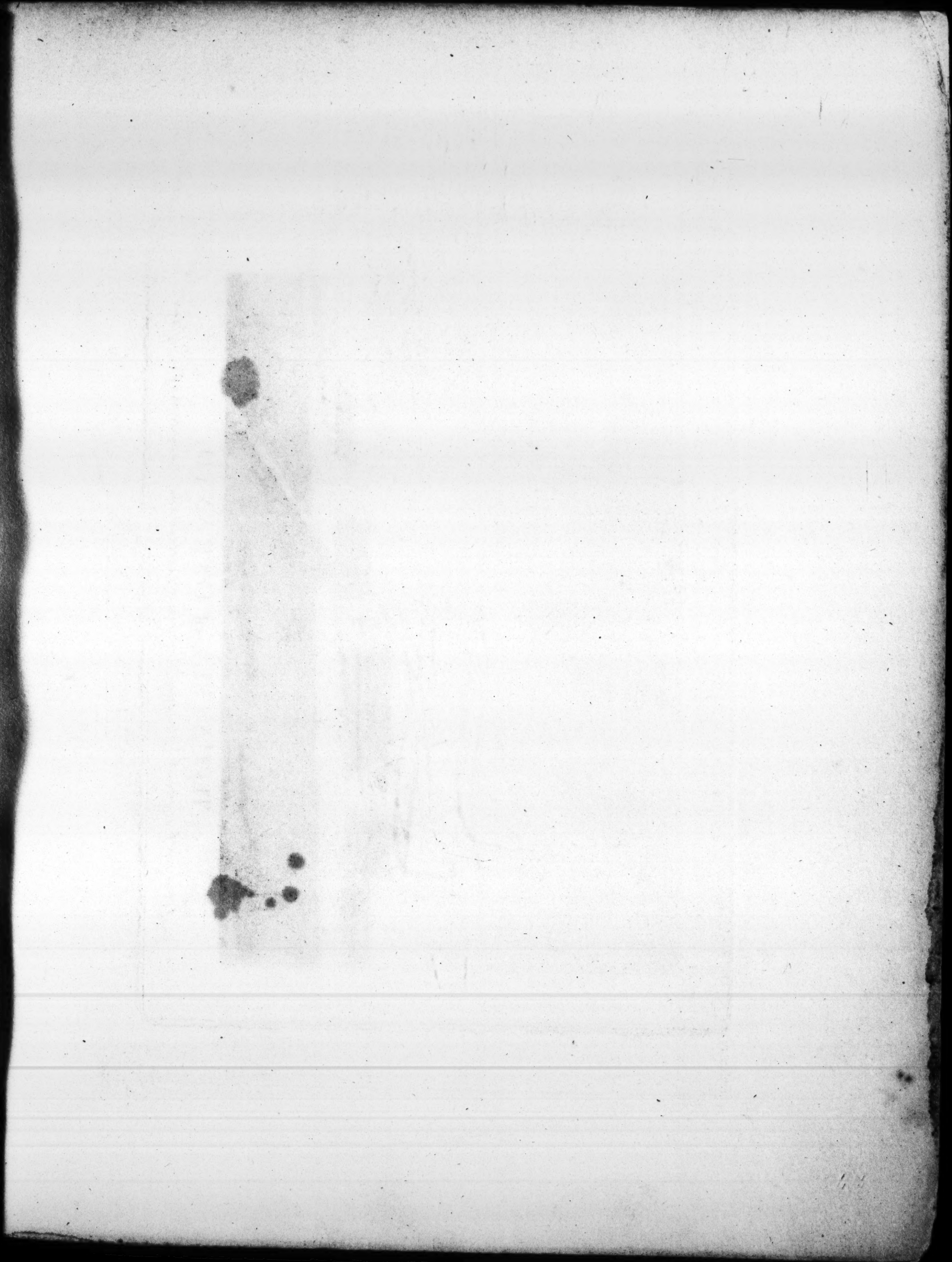
LADY MARY COKE.

THE gentle maid, whose hapless tale
 These melancholy pages speak;
 Say, gracious lady, shall she fail
 To draw the tear adown thy cheek?

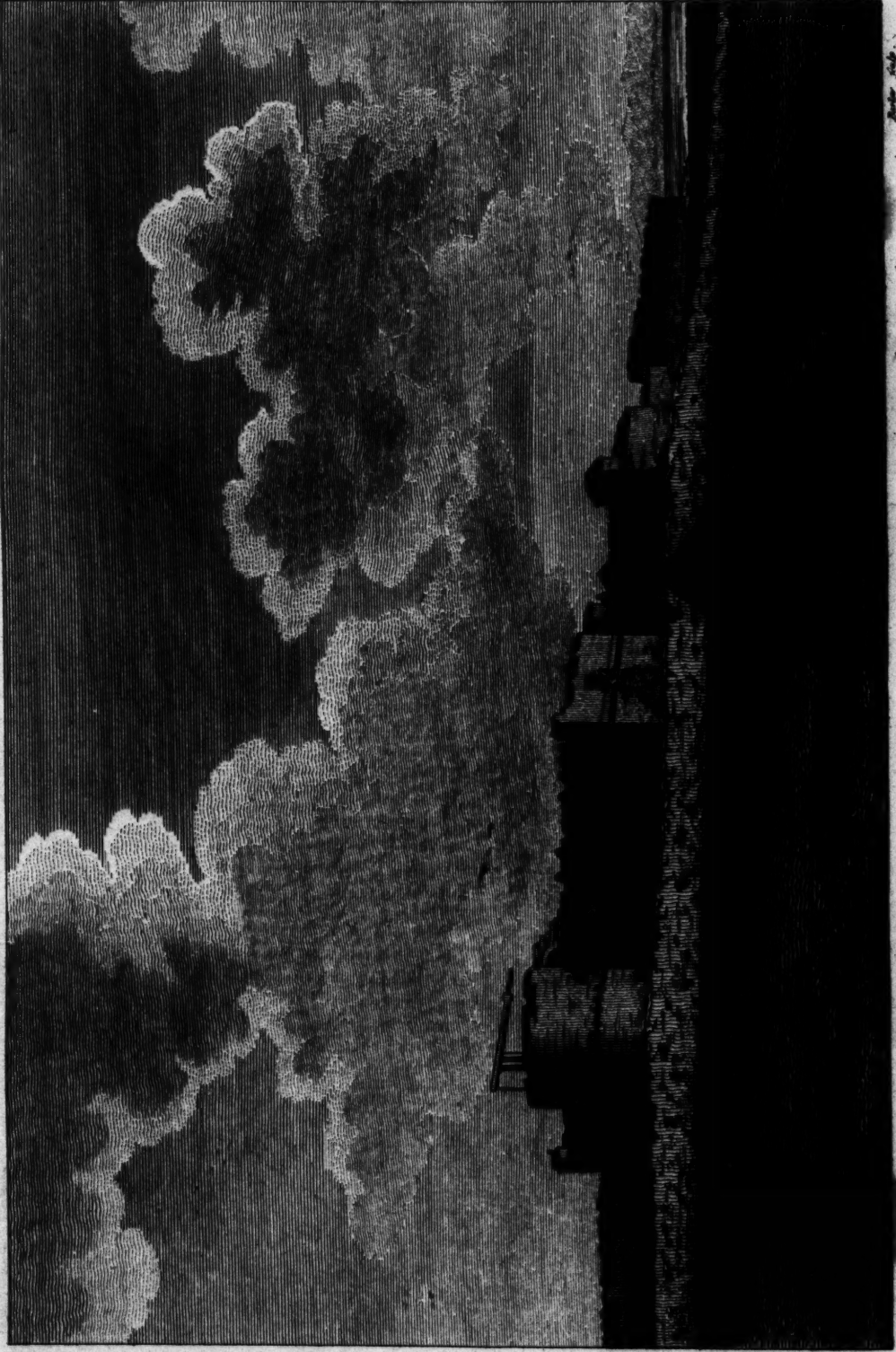
No; never was thy pitying breast
 Insensible to human woes;
 Tender, though firm, it melts distress
 For weaknesses it never knows.

Oh! guard the marvels I relate
 Of fell ambition scourg'd by fate,
 From reason's peevish blame:
 Blest with thy smile, my dauntless fail
 I dare expand to fancy's gale,
 For sure thy smiles are fame.

H. W.



Vol. II. Pl.



The CASTLE of OTRANTO.
From an Original Drawing, as it now exists, in the Kingdom of Naples.

THE
CASTLE OF OTRANTO,

A
GOTHIC STORY.

CHAPTER I.

MANFRED, prince of Otranto, had one son and one daughter: the latter, a most beautiful virgin, aged eighteen, was called Matilda. Conrad, the son, was three years younger, a homely youth, sickly, and of no promising disposition; yet he was the darling of his father, who never showed any symptoms of affection to Matilda. Manfred had contracted a marriage for his son with the marquis of Vicenza's daughter, Isabella; and she had already been delivered by her guardians into the hands of Manfred, that he might celebrate the wedding as soon as Conrad's infirm state of health would permit. Manfred's impatience for this ceremonial was remarked by his family and neighbours. The former, indeed, apprehending the severity of their prince's disposition, did not dare to utter their surmises on this precipitation. Hippolita, his wife, an amiable lady, did sometimes venture to represent the danger of marrying their only son so early, considering his great youth, and greater infirmities; but she never received any other answer than reflections

reflections on her own sterility, who had given him but one heir. His tenants and subjects were less cautious in their discourses: they attributed this hasty wedding to the prince's dread of seeing accomplished an ancient prophecy, which was said to have pronounced, *That the castle and lordship of Otranto should pass from the present family, whenever the real owner should be grown too large to inhabit it.* It was difficult to make any sense of this prophecy; and still less easy to conceive what it had to do with the marriage in question. Yet these mysteries, or contradictions, did not make the populace adhere the less to their opinion.

Young Conrad's birth-day was fixed for his espousals. The company was assembled in the chapel of the castle, and every thing ready for beginning the divine office, when Conrad himself was missing. Manfred, impatient of the least delay, and who had not observed his son retire, dispatched one of his attendants to summon the young prince. The servant, who had not staid long enough to have crossed the court to Conrad's apartment, came running back breathless, in a frantic manner, his eyes staring, and foaming at the mouth. He said nothing, but pointed to the court. The company were struck with terror and amazement. The princess Hippolita, without knowing what was the matter, but anxious for her son, swooned away. Manfred, less apprehensive than enraged at the procrastination of the nuptials, and at the folly of his domestic, asked imperiously, what was the matter? The fellow made no answer, but continued pointing towards the court-yard; and at last, after repeated questions put to him, cried out, *Oh, the helmet! the helmet!* In the mean time some of the company had run into the court, from whence was heard a confused noise of shrieks, horror, and surprise. Manfred, who began to be alarmed at not seeing his son, went himself to get information of what occasioned this strange confusion. Matilda remained endeavouring to assist her mother, and Isabella staid for the same purpose, and to avoid showing any impatience for the bridegroom, for whom, in truth, she had conceived little affection.

The first thing that struck Manfred's eyes was a group of his servants endeavouring to raise something that appeared to him a mountain of sable plumes. He gazed without believing his sight. What are ye doing? cried Manfred, wrathfully: Where is my son? A volley of voices replied, *Oh, my lord! the prince! the prince! the helmet! the helmet!* Shocked with these

these lamentable sounds, and dreading he knew not what, he advanced hastily——But what a sight for a father's eyes!---He beheld his child dashed to pieces, and almost buried under an enormous helmet, an hundred times more large than any casque ever made for human being, and shaded with a proportionable quantity of black feathers.

The horror of the spectacle, the ignorance of all around how this misfortune happened, and above all, the tremendous phenomenon before him, took away the prince's speech. Yet his silence lasted longer than even grief could occasion. He fixed his eyes on what he wished in vain to believe a vision; and seemed less attentive to his loss, than buried in meditation on the stupendous object that had occasioned it. He touched, he examined the fatal casque; nor could even the bleeding mangled remains of the young prince divert the eyes of Manfred from the portent before him. All who had known his partial fondness for young Conrad, were as much surprised at their prince's insensibility, as thunderstruck themselves at the miracle of the helmet. They conveyed the disfigured corpse into the hall, without receiving the least direction from Manfred. As little was he attentive to the ladies who remained in the chapel: on the contrary, without mentioning the unhappy princesses his wife and daughter, the first sounds that dropped from Manfred's lips were, Take care of the lady Isabella.

The domestics, without observing the singularity of this direction, were guided by their affection to their mistress to consider it as peculiarly addressed to her situation, and flew to her assistance. They conveyed her to her chamber more dead than alive, and indifferent to all the strange circumstances she heard, except the death of her son. Matilda, who doted on her mother, smothered her own grief and amazement, and thought of nothing but assisting and comforting her afflicted parent. Isabella, who had been treated by Hippolita like a daughter, and who returned that tenderness with equal duty and affection, was scarce less assiduous about the princess; at the same time endeavouring to partake and lessen the weight of sorrow which she saw Matilda strove to suppress, for whom she had conceived the warmest sympathy of friendship. Yet her own situation could not help finding its place in her thoughts. She felt no concern for the death of young Conrad, except commiseration; and she was not sorry to be delivered from a marriage which had promised her little felicity, either from her destined

tined bridegroom, or from the severe temper of Manfred, who, though he had distinguished her by great indulgence, had imprinted her mind with terror, from his causeless rigour to such amiable princesses as Hippolita and Matilda.

While the ladies were conveying the wretched mother to her bed, Manfred remained in the court, gazing on the ominous casque, and regardless of the crowd which the strangeness of the event had now assembled round him. The few words he articulated tended solely to enquiries, whether any man knew from whence it could have come? Nobody could give him the least information. However, as it seemed to be the sole object of his curiosity, it soon became so to the rest of the spectators, whose conjectures were as absurd and improbable as the catastrophe itself was unprecedented. In the midst of their senseless guesses a young peasant, whom rumour had drawn thither from a neighbouring village, observed that the miraculous helmet was exactly like that on the figure in black marble of Alfonso the Good, one of their former princes, in the church of St. Nicholas. Villain! What sayest thou? cried Manfred, starting from his trance in a tempest of rage, and seizing the young man by the collar: How darest thou utter such treason? Thy life shall pay for it. The spectators, who as little comprehended the cause of the prince's fury as all the rest they had seen, were at a loss to unravel this new circumstance. The young peasant himself was still more astonished, not conceiving how he had offended the prince: yet recollecting himself, with a mixture of grace and humility, he disengaged himself from Manfred's gripe, and then, with an obeisance which discovered more jealousy of innocence, than dismay, he asked with respect, of what he was guilty! Manfred, more enraged at the vigour, however decently exerted, with which the young man had shaken off his hold, than appeased by his submission, ordered his attendants to seize him, and, if he had not been withheld by his friends whom he had invited to the nuptials, would have poignarded the peasant in their arms.

During this altercation some of the vulgar spectators had run to the great church which stood near the castle, and came back open-mouthed, declaring the helmet was missing from Alfonso's statue. Manfred, at this news, grew perfectly frantic; and, as if he sought a subject on which to vent the tempest within him, he rushed again on the young peasant, crying, Villain! monster! forcerer! 'tis thou hast slain my son! The mob, who wanted some object within

within the scope of their capacities on whom they might discharge their bewildered reasonings, caught the words from the mouth of their lord, and re-echoed, Ay, ay, 'tis he, 'tis he: he has stolen the helmet from good Alfonso's tomb, and dashed out the brains of our young prince with it:—never reflecting how enormous the disproportion was between the marble helmet that had been in the church, and that of steel before their eyes; nor how impossible it was for a youth, seemingly not twenty, to wield a piece of armour of so prodigious a weight.

The folly of these ejaculations brought Manfred to himself: yet whether provoked at the peasant having observed the resemblance between the two helmets, and thereby led to the farther discovery of the absence of that in the church; or wishing to bury any fresh rumour under so impertinent a supposition; he gravely pronounced that the young man was certainly a necromancer, and that till the church could take cognizance of the affair, he would have the magician, whom they had thus detected, kept prisoner under the helmet itself, which he ordered his attendants to raise, and place the young man under it; declaring he should be kept there without food, with which his own infernal art might furnish him.

It was in vain for the youth to represent against this preposterous sentence: in vain did Manfred's friends endeavour to divert him from this savage and ill-grounded resolution. The generality were charmed with their lord's decision, which to their apprehensions carried great appearance of justice, as the magician was to be punished by the very instrument with which he had offended: nor were they struck with the least compunction at the probability of the youth being starved, for they firmly believed that by his diabolical skill he could easily supply himself with nutriment.

Manfred thus saw his commands even cheerfully obeyed; and appointing a guard with strict orders to prevent any food being conveyed to the prisoner, he dismissed his friends and attendants, and retired to his own chamber, after locking the gates of the castle, in which he suffered none but his domestics to remain.

In the mean time, the care and zeal of the young ladies had brought the princess Hippolita to herself, who amidst the transports of her own sorrow

frequently demanded news of her lord, would have dismissed her attendants to watch over him, and at last enjoined Matilda to leave her, and visit and comfort her father. Matilda, who wanted no affectionate duty to Manfred, though she trembled at his austerity, obeyed the orders of Hippolita, whom she tenderly recommended to Isabella; and enquiring of the domestics for her father, was informed that he was retired to his chamber, and had commanded that nobody should have admittance to him. Concluding that he was immersed in sorrow for the death of her brother, and fearing to renew his tears by the sight of his sole remaining child, she hesitated whether she should break in upon his affliction; yet solicitude for him, backed by the commands of her mother, encouraged her to venture disobeying the orders he had given; a fault she had never been guilty of before. The gentle timidity of her nature made her pause for some minutes at his door. She heard him traverse his chamber backwards and forwards with disordered steps; a mood which increased her apprehensions. She was however just going to beg admittance, when Manfred suddenly opened the door; and as it was now twilight, concurring with the disorder of his mind, he did not distinguish the person, but asked angrily who it was? Matilda replied trembling, My dearest father, it is I, your daughter. Manfred, stepping back hastily, cried, Begone, I do not want a daughter; and, flinging back abruptly, clapped the door against the terrified Matilda.

She was too well acquainted with her father's impetuosity to venture a second intrusion. When she had a little recovered the shock of so bitter a reception, she wiped away her tears, to prevent the additional stab that the knowledge of it would give to Hippolita, who questioned her in the most anxious terms on the health of Manfred, and how he bore his loss. Matilda assured her he was well, and supported his misfortune with manly fortitude. But will he not let me see him? said Hippolita mournfully: Will he not permit me to blend my tears with his, and shed a mother's sorrows in the bosom of her lord? Or do you deceive me, Matilda? I know how Manfred doted on his son; Is not the stroke too heavy for him? Has he not sunk under it?—You do not answer me—Alas, I dread the worst!—Raise me, my maidens: I will, I will see my lord. Bear me to him instantly; he is dearer to me even than my children. Matilda made signs to Isabella to prevent Hippolita's rising; and both these lovely young women were using their gentle violence to stop and calm the princess, when a servant on the

part

part of Manfred arrived, and told Isabella that his lord demanded to speak with her.

With me! cried Isabella. Go, said Hippolita, relieved by a message from her lord: Manfred cannot support the sight of his own family. He thinks you less disordered than we are, and dreads the shock of my grief. Console him, dear Isabella, and tell him I will smother my own anguish rather than add to his.

It was now evening; the servant who conducted Isabella bore a torch before her. When they came to Manfred, who was walking impatiently about the gallery, he started and said hastily, Take away that light, and begone. Then shutting the door impetuously, he flung himself upon a bench against the wall, and bade Isabella sit by him. She obeyed trembling. I sent for you, lady, said he,—and then stopped under great appearance of confusion. My lord!—Yes, I sent for you on a matter of great moment, resumed he:—Dry your tears, young lady—you have lost your bridegroom:—yes, cruel fate, and I have lost the hopes of my race!—But Conrad was not worthy of your beauty.—How! my lord, said Isabella; sure you do not suspect me of not feeling the concern I ought? My duty and affection would have always—Think no more of him, interrupted Manfred; he was a sickly puny child, and heaven has perhaps taken him away that I might not trust the honours of my house on so frail a foundation. The line of Manfred calls for numerous supports. My foolish fondness for that boy blinded the eyes of my prudence—but it is better as it is. I hope in a few years to have reason to rejoice at the death of Conrad.

Words cannot paint the astonishment of Isabella. At first she apprehended that grief had disordered Manfred's understanding. Her next thought suggested that this strange discourse was designed to ensnare her: she feared that Manfred had perceived her indifference for his son: and in consequence of that idea she replied, Good my lord, do not doubt my tenderness; my heart would have accompanied my hand. Conrad would have engrossed all my care; and wherever fate shall dispose of me, I shall always cherish his memory, and regard your highness and the virtuous Hippolita as my parents. Curse on Hippolita! cried Manfred: forget her from this moment, as I do.

In short, lady, you have missed a husband undeserving of your charms : they shall now be better disposed of. Instead of a sickly boy, you shall have a husband in the prime of his age, who will know how to value your beauties, and who may expect a numerous offspring. Alas, my lord, said Isabella, my mind is too sadly engrossed by the recent catastrophe in your family to think of another marriage. If ever my father returns, and it shall be his pleasure, I shall obey, as I did when I consented to give my hand to your son : but until his return permit me to remain under your hospitable roof, and employ the melancholy hours in assuaging yours, Hippolita's, and the fair Matilda's affliction.

I desired you once before, said Manfred angrily, not to name that woman ; from this hour she must be a stranger to you, as she must be to me :—in short, Isabella, since I cannot give you my son, I offer you myself.—Heavens ! cried Isabella, waking from her delusion, what do I hear ! You, my lord ! You ! My father in law ! the father of Conrad ! the husband of the virtuous and tender Hippolita !—I tell you, said Manfred imperiously, Hippolita is no longer my wife ; I divorce her from this hour. Too long has she cursed me by her unfruitfulness : my fate depends on having sons,—and this night I trust will give a new date to my hopes. At those words he seized the cold hand of Isabella, who was half-dead with fright and horror. She shrieked, and started from him. Manfred rose to pursue her ; when the moon, which was now up, and gleamed in at the opposite casement, presented to his sight the plumes of the fatal helmet, which rose to the height of the windows, waving backwards and forwards in a tempestuous manner, and accompanied with a hollow and rustling sound. Isabella, who gathered courage from her situation, and who dreaded nothing so much as Manfred's pursuit of his declaration, cried, Look, my lord ! see heaven itself declares against your impious intentions !—Heaven nor hell shall impede my designs, said Manfred, advancing again to seize the princess. At that instant the portrait of his grandfather, which hung over the bench where they had been sitting, uttered a deep sigh and heaved its breast. Isabella, whose back was turned to the picture, saw not the motion, nor knew whence the sound came, but started and said, Hark, my lord ! what sound was that ? and at the same time made towards the door. Manfred, distracted between the sight of Isabella, who had now reached the stairs, and his inability to keep his eyes from

from the picture, which began to move, had however advanced some steps after her, still looking backwards on the portrait, when he saw it quit its pannel, and descend on the floor with a grave and melancholy air. Do I dream? cried Manfred returning, or are the devils themselves in league against me? Speak, infernal spectre! Or, if thou art my grandfire, why dost thou too conspire against thy wretched descendant, who too dearly pays for— Ere he could finish the sentence the vision sighed again, and made a sign to Manfred to follow him. Lead on! cried Manfred; I will follow thee to the gulph of perdition. The spectre marched sedately, but dejected, to the end of the gallery, and turned into a chamber on the right hand. Manfred accompanied him at a little distance, full of anxiety and horror, but resolved. As he would have entered the chamber, the door was clapped-to with violence by an invisible hand. The prince, collecting courage from this delay, would have forcibly burst open the door with his foot, but found that it resisted his utmost efforts. Since hell will not satisfy my curiosity, said Manfred, I will use the human means in my power for preserving my race; Isabella shall not escape me.

That lady, whose resolution had given way to terror the moment she had quitted Manfred, continued her flight to the bottom of the principal staircase. There she stopped, not knowing whither to direct her steps, nor how to escape from the impetuosity of the prince. The gates of the castle she knew were locked, and guards placed in the court. Should she, as her heart prompted her, go and prepare Hippolita for the cruel destiny that awaited her, she did not doubt but Manfred would seek her there, and that his violence would incite him to double the injury he meditated, without leaving room for them to avoid the impetuosity of his passions. Delay might give him time to reflect on the horrid measures he had conceived, or produce some circumstance in her favour, if she could for that night at least avoid his odious purpose.—— Yet where conceal herself! How avoid the pursuit he would infallibly make throughout the castle! As these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, she recollected a subterraneous passage which led from the vaults of the castle to the church of saint Nicholas. Could she reach the altar before she was overtaken, she knew even Manfred's violence would not dare to profane the sacredness of the place; and she determined, if no other means of deliverance offered, to shut herself up for ever among the holy virgins,

gins, whose convent was contiguous to the cathedral. In this resolution, she seized a lamp that burned at the foot of the staircase, and hurried towards the secret passage.

The lower part of the castle was hollowed into several intricate cloisters; and it was not easy for one under so much anxiety to find the door that opened into the cavern. An awful silence reigned throughout those subterraneous regions, except now and then some blasts of wind that shook the doors she had passed, and which grating on the rusty hinges were re-echoed through that long labyrinth of darkness. Every murmur struck her with new terror;—yet more she dreaded to hear the wrathful voice of Manfred urging his domestics to pursue her. She trod as softly as impatience would give her leave, —yet frequently stopped and listened to hear if she was followed. In one of those moments she thought she heard a sigh. She shuddered, and recoiled a few paces. In a moment she thought she heard the step of some person. Her blood curdled; she concluded it was Manfred. Every suggestion that horror could inspire rushed into her mind. She condemned her rash flight, which had thus exposed her to his rage in a place where her cries were not likely to draw any body to her assistance.—Yet the sound seemed not to come from behind;—if Manfred knew where she was, he must have followed her: she was still in one of the cloisters, and the steps she had heard were too distinct to proceed from the way she had come. Cheered with this reflection, and hoping to find a friend in whoever was not the prince; she was going to advance, when a door that stood ajar, at some distance to the left, was opened gently; but ere her lamp, which she held up, could discover who opened it, the person retreated precipitately on seeing the light.

Isabella, whom every incident was sufficient to dismay, hesitated whether she should proceed. Her dread of Manfred soon outweighed every other terror. The very circumstance of the person avoiding her, gave her a sort of courage. It could only be, she thought, some domestic belonging to the castle. Her gentleness had never raised her an enemy, and conscious innocence made her hope that, unless sent by the prince's order to seek her, his servants would rather assist than prevent her flight. Fortifying herself with these reflections, and believing, by what she could observe, that she was near the mouth of the subterraneous cavern, she approached the door that had been

been opened ; but a sudden gust of wind that met her at the door extinguished her lamp, and left her in total darkness.

Words cannot paint the horror of the princess's situation. Alone in so dismal a place, her mind imprinted with all the terrible events of the day, hopeless of escaping, expecting every moment the arrival of Manfred, and far from tranquil on knowing she was within reach of somebody, she knew not whom, who for some cause seemed concealed thereabouts, all these thoughts crowded on her distracted mind, and she was ready to sink under her apprehensions. She addressed herself to every saint in heaven, and inwardly implored their assistance. For a considerable time she remained in an agony of despair. At last, as softly as was possible, she felt for the door, and, having found it, entered trembling into the vault from whence she had heard the sigh and steps. It gave her a kind of momentary joy to perceive an imperfect ray of clouded moonshine gleam from the roof of the vault, which seemed to be fallen in, and from whence hung a fragment of earth or building, she could not distinguish which, that appeared to have been crushed inwards. She advanced eagerly towards this chasm, when she discerned a human form standing close against the wall.

She shrieked, believing it the ghost of her betrothed Conrad. The figure advancing, said in a submissive voice, Be not alarmed, lady ; I will not injure you. Isabella, a little encouraged by the words and tone of voice of the stranger, and recollecting that this must be the person who had opened the door, recovered her spirits enough to reply, Sir, whoever you are, take pity on a wretched princess standing on the brink of destruction : assist me to escape from this fatal castle, or in a few moments I may be made miserable for ever. Alas ! said the stranger, what can I do to assist you ? I will die in your defence ; but I am unacquainted with the castle, and want----Oh ! said Isabella, hastily interrupting him, help me but to find a trap-door that must be hereabout, and it is the greatest service you can do me ; for I have not a minute to lose. Saying these words she felt about on the pavement, and directed the stranger to search likewise for a smooth piece of brass inclosed in one of the stones. That, said she, is the lock, which opens with a spring, of which I know the secret. If I can find that, I may escape—if not, alas, courteous stranger, I fear I shall have involved you in my misfortunes :

tunes: Manfred will suspect you for the accomplice of my flight, and you will fall a victim to his resentment. I value not my life, said the stranger; and it will be some comfort to lose it in trying to deliver you from his tyranny. Generous youth, said Isabella, how shall I ever requite—As she uttered those words, a ray of moonshine streaming through a cranny of the ruin above shone directly on the lock they sought—Oh, transport! said Isabella, here is the trap-door! and taking out a key, she touched the spring, which starting aside, discovered an iron ring. Lift up the door, said the princess. The stranger obeyed; and beneath appeared some stone steps descending into a vault totally dark. We must go down here, said Isabella: follow me; dark and dismal as it is, we cannot miss our way; it leads directly to the church of saint Nicholas—But perhaps, added the princess modestly, you have no reason to leave the castle, nor have I farther occasion for your service; in a few minutes I shall be safe from Manfred's rage—only let me know to whom I am so much obliged. I will never quit you, said the stranger eagerly, till I have placed you in safety—nor think me, princess, more generous than I am: though you are my principal care—The stranger was interrupted by a sudden noise of voices that seemed approaching, and they soon distinguished these words: Talk not to me of necromancers; I tell you she must be in the castle; I will find her in spite of enchantment.—Oh, heavens! cried Isabella, it is the voice of Manfred! Make haste, or we are ruined! and shut the trap-door after you. Saying this, she descended the steps precipitately; and as the stranger hastened to follow her, he let the door slip out of his hands: it fell, and the spring closed over it. He tried in vain to open it, not having observed Isabella's method of touching the spring, nor had he many moments to make an essay. The noise of the falling door had been heard by Manfred, who, directed by the sound, hastened thither, attended by his servants with torches. It must be Isabella, cried Manfred before he entered the vault; she is escaping by the subterraneous passage, but she cannot have got far.—What was the astonishment of the prince, when, instead of Isabella, the light of the torches discovered to him the young peasant, whom he thought confined under the fatal helmet! Traitor! said Manfred, how camest thou here? I thought thee in durance above in the court. I am no traitor, replied the young man boldly, nor am I answerable for your thoughts. Presumptuous villain! cried Manfred, dost thou provoke my wrath? Tell me; how hast thou escaped from above? Thou hast corrupted

rupted thy guards, and their lives shall answer it. My poverty, said the peasant calmly, will disculpate them: though the ministers of a tyrant's wrath, to thee they are faithful, and but too willing to execute the orders which you unjustly imposed upon them. Art thou so hardy as to dare my vengeance? said the prince—but tortures shall force the truth from thee. Tell me, I will know thy accomplices. There was my accomplice! said the youth smiling, and pointing to the roof. Manfred ordered the torches to be held up, and perceived that one of the cheeks of the enchanted casque had forced its way through the pavement of the court, as his servants had let it fall over the peasant, and had broken through into the vault, leaving a gap through which the peasant had pressed himself some minutes before he was found by Isabella. Was that the way by which thou didst descend? said Manfred. It was, said the youth. But what noise was that, said Manfred, which I heard as I entered the cloister? A door clapped, said the peasant: I heard it as well as you. What door? said Manfred hastily. I am not acquainted with your castle, said the peasant; this is the first time I ever entered it, and this vault the only part of it within which I ever was. But I tell thee, said Manfred, [wishing to find out if the youth had discovered the trap-door] it was this way I heard the noise: my servants heard it too.—My lord, interrupted one of them officiously, to be sure it was the trap-door, and he was going to make his escape. Peace! blockhead, said the prince angrily; if he was going to escape, how should he come on this side? I will know from his own mouth what noise it was I heard. Tell me truly; thy life depends on thy veracity. My veracity is dearer to me than my life, said the peasant; nor would I purchase the one by forfeiting the other. Indeed! young philosopher! said Manfred contemptuously: tell me then, what was the noise I heard? Ask me what I can answer, said he, and put me to death instantly if I tell you a lie. Manfred, growing impatient at the steady valour and indifference of the youth, cried, Well then, thou man of truth! answer; was it the fall of the trap-door that I heard? It was, said the youth. It was! said the prince; and how didst thou come to know there was a trap-door here? I saw the plate of brass by a gleam of moonshine, replied he. But what told thee it was a lock? said Manfred: How didst thou discover the secret of opening it? Providence, that delivered me from the helmet, was able to direct me to the spring of a lock, said he. Providence should have gone a little farther, and have placed thee out of the reach of my resentment, said Manfred: when Providence had taught thee to open the lock, it abandoned

donee thee for a fool, who did not know how to make use of its favours. Why didst thou not pursue the path pointed out for thy escape? Why didst thou shut the trap-door before thou hadst descended the steps? I might ask you, my lord, said the peasant, how I, totally unacquainted with your castle, was to know that those steps led to any outlet? but I scorn to evade your questions. Wherever those steps lead to, perhaps I should have explored the way—I could not have been in a worse situation than I was. But the truth is, I let the trap-door fall: your immediate arrival followed. I had given the alarm—what imported it to me whether I was seized a minute sooner or a minute later? Thou art a resolute villain for thy years, said Manfred—yet on reflection I suspect thou dost but trifle with me: thou hast not yet told me how thou didst open the lock. That I will show you, my lord, said the peasant; and taking up a fragment of stone that had fallen from above, he laid himself on the trap-door, and began to beat on the piece of brass that covered it; meaning to gain time for the escape of the princess. This presence of mind, joined to the frankness of the youth, staggered Manfred. He even felt a disposition towards pardoning one who had been guilty of no crime. Manfred was not one of those savage tyrants who wanton in cruelty unprovoked. The circumstances of his fortune had given an asperity to his temper, which was naturally humane; and his virtues were always ready to operate, when his passion did not obscure his reason.

While the prince was in this suspense, a confused noise of voices echoed through the distant vaults. As the sound approached, he distinguished the clamour of some of his domestics, whom he had dispersed through the castle in search of Isabella, calling out, Where is my lord? Where is the prince? Here I am, said Manfred, as they came nearer; have you found the princess? The first that arrived replied, Oh, my lord! I am glad we have found you.—Found me! said Manfred: have you found the princess? We thought we had, my lord, said the fellow looking terrified—but—But what? cried the prince: has she escaped?—Jaquez and I, my lord—Yes, I and Diego, interrupted the second, who came up in still greater consternation—Speak one of you at a time, said Manfred; I ask you, where is the princess? We do not know, said they both together: but we are frightened out of our wits.—So I think, blockheads, said Manfred: what is it has scared you thus?—Oh, my lord! said Jaquez, Diego has seen such a sight! your highness would not believe our eyes.—What new absurdity is this? cried Manfred—

fred—Give me a direct answer, or by heaven—Why, my lord, if it please your highness to hear me, said the poor fellow; Diego and I—Yes, I and Jaquez, cried his comrade—Did not I forbid you to speak both at a time? said the prince: You, Jaquez, answer; for the other fool seems more distracted than thou art; what is the matter? My gracious lord, said Jaquez, if it please your highness to hear me; Diego and I, according to your highness's orders, went to search for the young lady; but being comprehensive that we might meet the ghost of my young lord, your highness's son, God rest his soul, as he has not received christian burial—Sot! cried Manfred in a rage, is it only a ghost then that thou hast seen? Oh, worse! worse! my lord! cried Diego: I had rather have seen ten whole ghosts.—Grant me patience! said Manfred; these blockheads distract me—Out of my sight, Diego! And thou, Jaquez, tell me in one word, art thou sober? art thou raving? Thou wast wont to have some sense: has the other sot frightened himself and thee too? Speak; what is it he fancies he has seen? Why, my lord, replied Jaquez trembling, I was going to tell your highness, that since the calamitous misfortune of my young lord, God rest his soul! not one of us your highness's faithful servants, indeed we are, my lord, though poor men; I say, not one of us has dared to set a foot about the castle, but two together: so Diego and I, thinking that my young lady might be in the great gallery, went up there to look for her, and tell her your highness wanted something to impart to her.—O blundering fools! cried Manfred: and in the mean time she has made her escape, because you were afraid of goblins! Why, thou knave! she left me in the gallery; I came from thence myself.—For all that, she may be there still for aught I know, said Jaquez; but the devil shall have me before I seek her there again!—Poor Diego! I do not believe he will ever recover it! Recover what? said Manfred; am I never to learn what it is has terrified these rascals? But I lose my time; follow me, slave! I will see if she is in the gallery.—For heaven's sake, my dear good lord, cried Jaquez, do not go to the gallery! Satan himself I believe is in the great chamber next to the gallery.—Manfred, who hitherto had treated the terror of his servants as an idle panic, was struck at this new circumstance. He recollected the apparition of the portrait, and the sudden closing of the door at the end of the gallery—his voice faltered, and he asked with disorder, what is in the great chamber? My lord, said Jaquez, when Diego and I came into the gallery, he went first, for he said he had more courage than I. So when we came into the gallery, we found nobody. We looked under

every bench and stool; and still we found nobody.—Were all the pictures in their places? said Manfred. Yes, my lord, answered Jaquez; but we did not think of looking behind them.—Well, well! said Manfred; proceed. When we came to the door of the great chamber, continued Jaquez, we found it shut.—And could not you open it? said Manfred. Oh! yes, my lord, would to heaven we had not! replied he—Nay, it was not I neither, it was Diego: he was grown fool-hardy, and would go on, though I advised him not—If ever I open a door that is shut again—Trifle not, said Manfred shuddering, but tell me what you saw in the great chamber on opening the door.—I! my lord! said Jaquez, I saw nothing; I was behind Diego;—but I heard the noise.—Jaquez, said Manfred in a solemn tone of voice, tell me, I adjure thee by the souls of my ancestors, what it was thou sawest; what it was thou heardest? It was Diego saw it, my lord, it was not I, replied Jaquez; I only heard the noise. Diego had no sooner opened the door, than he cried out and ran back—I ran back too, and said, Is it the ghost? The ghost! No, no, said Diego, and his hair stood an end—it is a giant, I believe; he is all clad in armour, for I saw his foot and part of his leg, and they are as large as the helmet below in the court. As he said these words, my lord, we heard a violent motion and the rattling of armour, as if the giant was rising; for Diego has told me since, that he believes the giant was lying down, for the foot and leg were stretched at length on the floor. Before we could get to the end of the gallery, we heard the door of the great chamber clap behind us, but we did not dare turn back to see if the giant was following us—Yet now I think on it, we must have heard him if he had pursued us—But for heaven's sake, good my lord, send for the chaplain and have the castle exorcised, for, for certain, it is enchanted. Ay, pray do, my lord, cried all the servants at once, or we must leave your highness's service.—Peace, dotards! said Manfred, and follow me; I will know what all this means. We! my lord! cried they with one voice; we would not go up to the gallery for your highness's revenue. The young peasant, who had stood silent, now spoke. Will your highness, said he, permit me to try this adventure? My life is of consequence to nobody: I fear no bad angel, and have offended no good one. Your behaviour is above your seeming, said Manfred; viewing him with surprise and admiration—hereafter I will reward your bravery—but now, continued he with a sigh, I am so circumstanced, that I dare trust no eyes but my own—However, I give you leave to accompany me.

Manfred,

Manfred, when he first followed Isabella from the gallery, had gone directly to the apartment of his wife, concluding the princess had retired thither. Hippolita, who knew his step, rose with anxious fondness to meet her lord, whom she had not seen since the death of their son. She would have flown in a transport mixed of joy and grief to his bosom; but he pushed her rudely off, and said, Where is Isabella? Isabella! my lord! said the astonished Hippolita. Yes, Isabella; cried Manfred imperiously; I want Isabella. My lord, replied Matilda, who perceived how much his behaviour had shocked her mother, she has not been with us since your highness summoned her to your apartment. Tell me where she is, said the prince; I do not want to know where she has been. My good lord, said Hippolita, your daughter tells you the truth: Isabella left us by your command, and has not returned since:—but, my good lord, compose yourself: retire to your rest: this dismal day has disordered you. Isabella shall wait your orders in the morning. What, then you know where she is? cried Manfred: tell me directly, for I will not lose an instant—And you, woman, speaking to his wife, order your chaplain to attend me forthwith. Isabella, said Hippolita calmly, is retired I suppose to her chamber: she is not accustomed to watch at this late hour. Gracious my lord, continued she, let me know what has disturbed you: has Isabella offended you? Trouble me not with questions, said Manfred, but tell me where she is. Matilda shall call her, said the princess—sit down, my lord, and resume your wonted fortitude.—What, art thou jealous of Isabella, replied he, that you wish to be present at our interview? Good heavens! my lord, said Hippolita, what is it your highness means? Thou wilt know ere many minutes are passed, said the cruel prince. Send your chaplain to me, and wait my pleasure here. At these words he flung out of the room in search of Isabella; leaving the amazed ladies thunder-struck with his words and frantic deportment, and lost in vain conjectures on what he was meditating.

Manfred was now returning from the vault, attended by the peasant and a few of his servants whom he had obliged to accompany him. He ascended the stair-case without stopping till he arrived at the gallery, at the door of which he met Hippolita and her chaplain. When Diego had been dismissed by Manfred, he had gone directly to the princess's apartment with the alarm of what he had seen. That excellent lady, who no more than Manfred
doubted

doubted of the reality of the vision, yet affected to treat it as a delirium of the servant. Willing, however, to save her lord from any additional shock, and prepared by a series of grief not to tremble at any accession to it; she determined to make herself the first sacrifice, if fate had marked the present hour for their destruction. Dismissing the reluctant Matilda to her rest, who in vain sued for leave to accompany her mother, and attended only by her chaplain, Hippolita had visited the gallery and great chamber: and now, with more serenity of soul than she had felt for many hours, she met her lord, and assured him that the vision of the gigantic leg and foot was all a fable; and no doubt an impression made by fear, and the dark and dismal hour of the night, on the minds of his servants: She and the chaplain had examined the chamber, and found every thing in the usual order.

Manfred, though persuaded, like his wife, that the vision had been no work of fancy, recovered a little from the tempest of mind into which so many strange events had thrown him. Ashamed too of his inhuman treatment of a princess, who returned every injury with new marks of tenderness and duty, he felt returning love forcing itself into his eyes—but not less ashamed of feeling remorse towards one, against whom he was inwardly meditating a yet more bitter outrage, he curbed the yearnings of his heart, and did not dare to lean even towards pity. The next transition of his soul was to exquisite villainy. Presuming on the unshaken submission of Hippolita, he flattered himself that she would not only acquiesce with patience to a divorce, but would obey, if it was his pleasure, in endeavouring to persuade Isabella to give him her hand—But ere he could indulge this horrid hope, he reflected that Isabella was not to be found. Coming to himself, he gave orders that every avenue to the castle should be strictly guarded, and charged his domestics on pain of their lives to suffer nobody to pass out. The young peasant, to whom he spoke favourably, he ordered to remain in a small chamber on the stairs, in which there was a pallet-bed, and the key of which he took away himself, telling the youth he would talk with him in the morning. Then dismissing his attendants, and bestowing a sullen kind of half-nod on Hippolita, he retired to his own chamber.

C H A P. II.

MATILDA, who by Hippolita's order had retired to her apartment, was ill-disposed to take any rest. The shocking fate of her brother had deeply affected her. She was surpris'd at not seeing Isabella: but the strange words which had fallen from her father, and his obscure menace to the princess his wife, accompanied by the most furious behaviour, had filled her gentle mind with terror and alarm. She waited anxiously for the return of Bianca, a young damsel that attended her, whom she had sent to learn what was become of Isabella. Bianca soon appeared, and informed her mistress of what she had gathered from the servants, that Isabella was no where to be found. She related the adventure of the young peasant, who had been discovered in the vault, though with many simple additions from the incoherent accounts of the domestics; and she dwelled principally on the gigantic leg and foot which had been seen in the gallery-chamber. This last circumstance had terrified Bianca so much, that she was rejoiced when Matilda told her that she would not go to rest, but would watch till the princess should rise.

The young princess wearied herself in conjectures on the flight of Isabella, and on the threats of Manfred to her mother. But what business could he have so urgent with the chaplain? said Matilda. Does he intend to have my brother's body interred privately in the chapel? Oh! madam, said Bianca, now I guess. As you are become his heiress, he is impatient to have you married: he has always been raving for more sons; I warrant he is now impatient for grandsons. As sure as I live, madam, I shall see you a bride at last. Good madam, you won't cast off your faithful Bianca: you won't put Donna Rosara over me, now you are a great princess? My poor Bianca, said Matilda, how fast your thoughts amble! I a great princess! What hast thou seen in Manfred's behaviour since my brother's death that bespeaks any increase of tenderness to me? No, Bianca, his heart was ever a stranger to me—but he is my father, and I must not complain. Nay, if heaven shuts my father's heart against me, it over-pays my little merit in the tenderness of my

my mother—O that dear mother! Yes, Bianca, 'tis there I feel the rugged temper of Manfred. I can support his harshness to me with patience; but it wounds my soul when I am witness to his causeless severity towards her. Oh, madam, said Bianca, all men use their wives so, when they are weary of them.—And yet you congratulated me but now, said Matilda, when you fancied my father intended to dispose of me. I would have you a great lady, replied Bianca, come what will. I do not wish to see you moped in a convent, as you would be if you had your will, and if my lady your mother, who knows that a bad husband is better than no husband at all, did not hinder you.—Bless me! what noise is that? Saint Nicholas forgive me! I was but in jest. It is the wind, said Matilda, whistling through the battlements in the tower above: you have heard it a thousand times. Nay, said Bianca, there was no harm neither in what I said: it is no sin to talk of matrimony—And so, madam, as I was saying; if my lord Manfred should offer you a handsome young prince for a bridegroom, you would drop him a curtsy, and tell him you would rather take the veil. Thank heaven! I am in no such danger, said Matilda: you know how many proposals for me he has rejected.—And you thank him, like a dutiful daughter, do you, madam?—But come, madam; suppose, to-morrow morning he was to send for you to the great council-chamber, and there you should find at his elbow a lovely young prince, with large black eyes, a smooth white forehead, and manly curling locks like jet; in short, madam, a young hero resembling the picture of the good Alfonso in the gallery, which you sit and gaze at for hours together.—Do not speak lightly of that picture, interrupted Matilda sighing: I know the adoration with which I look at that picture is uncommon—but I am not in love with a coloured pannel. The character of that virtuous prince, the veneration with which my mother has inspired me for his memory, the orisons which I know not why she has enjoined me to pour forth at his tomb, all have concurred to persuade me that somehow or other my destiny is linked with something relating to him.—Lord! madam, how should that be? said Bianca: I have always heard that your family was no way related to his; and I am sure I cannot conceive why my lady, the princess, sends you in a cold morning, or a damp evening, to pray at his tomb: he is no saint by the almanack. If you must pray, why does not she bid you address yourself to our great saint Nicholas? I am sure he is the saint I pray to for a husband. Perhaps my mind would be less affected; said Matilda, if my mother would explain her reasons to me: but it is the mystery she observes, that inspires

me with this—I know not what to call it. As she never acts from caprice, I am sure there is some fatal secret at bottom—nay, I know there is : in her agony of grief for my brother's death she dropped some words that intimated as much.—Oh, dear madam, cried Bianca, what were they ? No, said Matilda : if a parent lets fall a word, and wishes it recalled, it is not for a child to utter it. What ! was she sorry for what she had said ? asked Bianca.—I am sure, madam, you may trust me.—With my own little secrets, when I have any, I may, said Matilda ; but never with my mother's : a child ought to have no ears or eyes but as a parent directs. Well ! to be sure, madam, you was born to be a faint, said Bianca, and there's no resisting one's vocation : you will end in a convent at last. But there is my lady Isabella would not be so reserved to me : she will let me talk to her of young men ; and when a handsome cavalier has come to the castle, she has owned to me that she wished your brother Conrad resembled him. Bianca, said the princess, I do not allow you to mention my friend disrespectfully. Isabella is of a cheerful disposition, but her soul is pure as virtue itself. She knows your idle babbling humour, and perhaps has now and then encouraged it, to divert melancholy, and to enliven the solitude in which my father keeps us.—Blessed Mary ! said Bianca starting, there it is again !—Dear madam, do you hear nothing ?—This castle is certainly haunted !—Peace ! said Matilda, and listen ! I did think I heard a voice—but it must be fancy ; your terrors I suppose have infected me. Indeed ! indeed ! madam, said Bianca half-weeping with agony, I am sure I heard a voice. Does any body lie in the chamber beneath ? said the princess. Nobody has dared to lie there, answered Bianca, since the great astrologer that was your brother's tutor drowned himself. For certain, madam, his ghost and the young prince's are now met in the chamber below—for heaven's sake let us fly to your mother's apartment ! I charge you not to stir, said Matilda. If they are spirits in pain, we may ease their sufferings by questioning them. They can mean no hurt to us, for we have not injured them—and if they should, shall we be more safe in one chamber than in another ? Reach me my beads ; we will say a prayer, and then speak to them. Oh, dear lady, I would not speak to a ghost for the world, cried Bianca.—As she said those words, they heard the casement of the little chamber below Matilda's open. They listened attentively, and in few minutes thought they heard a person sing, but could not distinguish the words. This can be no evil spirit, said the princess in a low voice : it is undoubtedly one of the family—open the

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window, and we shall know the voice. I dare not indeed, madam, said Bianca. Thou art a very fool, said Matilda, opening the window gently herself. The noise the princess made was however heard by the person beneath, who stopped, and, they concluded, had heard the casement open. Is any body below? said the princess: if there is, speak. Yes, said an unknown voice. Who is it? said Matilda. A stranger, replied the voice. What stranger? said she; and how didst thou come there at this unusual hour, when all the gates of the castle are locked? I am not here willingly, answered the voice—but pardon me, lady, if I have disturbed your rest: I knew not that I was overheard. Sleep had forsaken me: I left a restless couch, and came to waste the irksome hours with gazing on the fair approach of morning, impatient to be dismissed from this castle. Thy words and accents, said Matilda, are of a melancholy cast: if thou art unhappy, I pity thee. If poverty afflicts thee, let me know it; I will mention thee to the princess, whose beneficent soul ever melts for the distressed; and she will relieve thee. I am indeed unhappy, said the stranger; and I know not what wealth is: but I do not complain of the lot which heaven has cast for me: I am young and healthy, and am not ashamed of owing my support to myself—yet think me not proud, or that I disdain your generous offers. I will remember you in my orisons, and will pray for blessings on your gracious self and your noble mistress—If I sigh, lady, it is for others, not for myself. Now I have it, madam, said Bianca whispering the princess. This is certainly the young peasant; and by my conscience he is in love!—Well, this is a charming adventure!—Do, madam, let us sift him. He does not know you, but takes you for one of my lady Hippolita's women. Art thou not ashamed, Bianca? said the princess: what right have we to pry into the secrets of this young man's heart? He seems virtuous and frank, and tells us he is unhappy: are those circumstances that authorize us to make a property of him? How are we entitled to his confidence? Lord! madam, how little you know of love! replied Bianca: why, lovers have no pleasure equal to talking of their mistress. And would you have *me* become a peasant's confidante? said the princess. Well then, let me talk to him, said Bianca: though I have the honour of being your highness's maid of honour, I was not always so great: besides, if love levels ranks, it raises them too: I have a respect for any young man in love.—Peace, simpleton! said the princess. Though he said he was unhappy, it does not follow that he must be in love. Think of all that

that has happened to-day, and tell me if there are no misfortunes but what love causes. Stranger, resumed the princess, if thy misfortunes have not been occasioned by thy own fault, and are within the compass of the princess Hippolita's power to redress, I will take upon me to answer that she will be thy protectress. When thou art dismissed from this castle, repair to holy father Jérôme at the convent adjoining to the church of saint Nicholas, and make thy story known to him, as far as thou thinkest meet: he will not fail to inform the princess, who is the mother of all that want her assistance. Farewell: it is not seemly for me to hold farther converse with a man at this unwonted hour. May the saints guard thee, gracious lady! replied the peasant—but oh, if a poor and worthless stranger might presume to beg a minute's audience farther—am I so happy?—the casement is not shut—might I venture to ask—Speak quickly, said Matilda; the morning dawns apace: should the labourers come into the fields and perceive us—What wouldst thou ask?—I know not how—I know not if I dare, said the young stranger faltering—yet the humanity with which you have spoken to me emboldens—Lady! dare I trust you?—Heavens! said Matilda, what dost thou mean? with what wouldst thou trust me? Speak boldly, if thy secret is fit to be entrusted to a virtuous breast.—I would ask, said the peasant, recollecting himself, whether what I have heard from the domestics is true, that the princess is missing from the castle? What imports it to thee to know? replied Matilda. Thy first words bespoke a prudent and becoming gravity. Dost thou come hither to pry into the secrets of Manfred? Adieu. I have been mistaken in thee.—Saying these words, she shut the casement hastily, without giving the young man time to reply. I had acted more wisely, said the princess to Bianca with some sharpness, if I had let thee converse with this peasant: his inquisitiveness seems of a piece with thy own. It is not fit for me to argue with your highness, replied Bianca; but perhaps the questions I should have put to him, would have been more to the purpose, than those you have been pleased to ask him. Oh, no doubt, said Matilda; you are a very discreet personage! May I know what you would have asked him? A by-stander often sees more of the game than those that play, answered Bianca. Does your highness think, madam, that his question about my lady Isabella was the result of mere curiosity? No, no, madam; there is more in it than you great folks are aware of. Lopez told me, that all the servants believe this young fellow contrived my lady Isabella's escape—Now, pray, madam,

observe—You and I both know that my lady Isabella never much fancied the prince your brother.—Well! he is killed just in the critical minute—I accuse nobody. A helmet falls from the moon—so my lord your father says; but Lopez and all the servants say that this young spark is a magician, and stole it from Alfonso's tomb.—Have done with this rhapsody of impertinence, said Matilda. Nay, madam, as you please, cried Bianca—yet it is very particular though, that my lady Isabella should be missing the very same day, and that this young forcerer should be found at the mouth of the trap-door—I accuse nobody—but if my young lord came honestly by his death—Dare not on thy duty, said Matilda, to breathe a suspicion on the purity of my dear Isabella's fame.—Purity, or not purity, said Bianca, gone she is: a stranger is found that nobody knows: you question him yourself: he tells you he is in love, or unhappy, it is the same thing—nay, he owned he was unhappy about others; and is any body unhappy about another, unless they are in love with them? And at the very next word he asks innocently, poor soul! if my lady Isabella is missing.—To be sure, said Matilda, thy observations are not totally without foundation—Isabella's flight amazes me: the curiosity of this stranger is very particular—yet Isabella never concealed a thought from me.—So she told you, said Bianca, to fish out your secrets—but who knows, madam, but this stranger may be some prince in disguise?—Do, madam, let me open the window, and ask him a few questions. No, replied Matilda, I will ask him myself, if he knows aught of Isabella: he is not worthy that I should converse farther with him. She was going to open the casement, when they heard the bell ring at the postern-gate of the castle, which is on the right hand of the tower, where Matilda lay. This prevented the princess from renewing the conversation with the stranger.

After continuing silent for some time; I am persuaded, said she to Bianca, that whatever be the cause of Isabella's flight, it had no unworthy motive. If this stranger was accessory to it, she must be satisfied of his fidelity and worth. I observed, did not you, Bianca? that his words were tinged with an uncommon infusion of piety. It was no ruffian's speech: his phrases were becoming a man of gentle birth. I told you, madam, said Bianca, that I was sure he was some prince in disguise.—Yet, said Matilda, if he was privy to her escape, how will you account for his not accompanying her in her flight? Why expose himself unnecessarily and rashly to my father's resentment?

ment? As for that, madam, replied she, if he could get from under the helmet, he will find ways of eluding your father's anger. I do not doubt but he has some talisman or other about him.—You resolve every thing into magic, said Matilda—but a man who has any intercourse with infernal spirits does not dare to make use of those tremendous and holy words which he uttered. Didst thou not observe with what fervour he vowed to remember *me* to heaven in his prayers? Yes, Isabella was undoubtedly convinced of his piety.—Commend me to the piety of a young fellow and a damsel that consult to elope! said Bianca. No, no, madam; my lady Isabella is of another-guess mould than you take her for. She used indeed to sigh and lift up her eyes in your company, because she knows you are a saint—but when your back was turned—You wrong her, said Matilda; Isabella is no hypocrite: she has a due sense of devotion, but never affected a call she has not. On the contrary, she always combated my inclination for the cloister: and though I own the mystery she has made to me of her flight confounds me; though it seems inconsistent with the friendship between us; I cannot forget the disinterested warmth with which she always opposed my taking the veil: she wished to see me married, though my dower would have been a loss to her and my brother's children. For her sake I will believe well of this young peasant. Then you do think there is some liking between them? said Bianca.—While she was speaking, a servant came hastily into the chamber, and told the princess that the lady Isabella was found. Where? said Matilda. She has taken sanctuary in saint Nicholas's church, replied the servant: father Jerome has brought the news himself: he is below with his highness. Where is my mother? said Matilda. She is in her own chamber, madam, and has asked for you.

Manfred had risen at the first dawn of light, and gone to Hippolita's apartment, to enquire if she knew ought of Isabella. While he was questioning her, word was brought that Jerome demanded to speak with him. Manfred, little suspecting the cause of the friar's arrival, and knowing he was employed by Hippolita in her charities, ordered him to be admitted, intending to leave them together, while he pursued his search after Isabella. Is your business with me or the princess? said Manfred. With both, replied the holy man. The lady Isabella—What of her? interrupted Manfred eagerly—is at saint Nicholas's altar, replied Jerome. That is no business of Hippolita,

lita, said Manfred with confusion: let us retire to my chamber, father; and inform me how she came thither. No, my lord, replied the good man with an air of firmness and authority that daunted even the resolute Manfred, who could not help revering the saint-like virtues of Jerome: my commission is to both; and, with your highness's good-liking, in the presence of both I shall deliver it—But first, my lord, I must interrogate the princess, whether she is acquainted with the cause of the lady Isabella's retirement from your castle.—No, on my soul, said Hippolita; does Isabella charge me with being privy to it?—Father, interrupted Manfred, I pay due reverence to your holy profession; but I am sovereign here, and will allow no meddling priest to interfere in the affairs of my domestic. If you have aught to say, attend me to my chamber—I do not use to let my wife be acquainted with the secret affairs of my state; they are not within a woman's province. My lord, said the holy man, I am no intruder into the secrets of families. My office is to promote peace, to heal divisions, to preach repentance, and teach mankind to curb their headstrong passions. I forgive your highness's uncharitable apostrophe: I know my duty, and am the minister of a mightier prince than Manfred. Harken to him who speaks through my organs. Manfred trembled with rage and shame. Hippolita's countenance declared her astonishment, and impatience to know where this would end: her silence more strongly spoke her observance of Manfred.

The lady Isabella, resumed Jerome, commends herself to both your highnesses; she thanks both for the kindness with which she has been treated in your castle: she deploras the loss of your son, and her own misfortune in not becoming the daughter of such wise and noble princes, whom she shall always respect as *parents*: she prays for uninterrupted union and felicity between you: [Manfred's colour changed] but as it is no longer possible for her to be allied to you, she entreats your consent to remain in sanctuary till she can learn news of her father; or, by the certainty of his death, be at liberty, with the approbation of her guardians, to dispose of herself in suitable marriage. I shall give no such consent, said the prince; but insist on her return to the castle without delay: I am answerable for her person to her guardians, and will not brook her being in any hands but my own. Your highness will recollect whether that can any longer be proper, replied the friar. I want no monitor, said Manfred colouring. Isabella's conduct leaves
room

room for strange suspicions—and that young villain, who was at least the accomplice of her flight, if not the cause of it—The cause! interrupted Jerome: was a *young* man the cause? This is not to be borne! cried Manfred. Am I to be bearded in my own palace by an insolent monk? Thou art privy, I guess, to their amours. I would pray to heaven to clear up your uncharitable surmises, said Jerome, if your highness were not satisfied in your conscience how unjustly you accuse me. I do pray to heaven to pardon that uncharitableness: and I implore your highness to leave the princess at peace in that holy place, where she is not liable to be disturbed by such vain and worldly fantasies as discourses of love from any man. Cant not to me, said Manfred, but return, and bring the princess to her duty. It is my duty to prevent her return hither, said Jerome. She is where orphans and virgins are safest from the snares and wiles of this world; and nothing but a parent's authority shall take her thence. I am her parent, cried Manfred, and demand her. She wished to have you for her parent, said the friar; but heaven, that forbid that connexion, has for ever dissolved all ties betwixt you: and I announce to your highness—Stop! audacious man, said Manfred, and dread my displeasure. Holy father, said Hippolita, it is your office to be no respecter of persons: you must speak as your duty prescribes: but it is my duty to hear nothing that it pleases not my lord I should hear. I will retire to my oratory, and pray to the blessed Virgin to inspire you with her holy counsels, and to restore the heart of my gracious lord to its wonted peace and gentleness. Excellent woman! said the friar.—My lord, I attend your pleasure.

Manfred, accompanied by the friar, passed to his own apartment; where shutting the door, I perceive, father, said he, that Isabella has acquainted you with my purpose. Now hear my resolve, and obey. Reasons of state, most urgent reasons, my own and the safety of my people, demand that I should have a son. It is in vain to expect an heir from Hippolita. I have made choice of Isabella. You must bring her back; and you must do more. I know the influence you have with Hippolita: her conscience is in your hands. She is, I allow, a faultless woman: her soul is set on heaven, and scorns the little grandeur of this world: you can withdraw her from it entirely. Persuade her to consent to the dissolution of our marriage, and to retire into a monastery—she shall endow one if she will; and she shall have the

means of being as liberal to your order as she or you can wish. Thus you will divert the calamities that are hanging over our heads, and have the merit of saving the principality of Otranto from destruction. You are a prudent man; and though the warmth of my temper betrayed me into some unbecoming expressions, I honour your virtue, and wish to be indebted to you for the repose of my life and the preservation of my family.

The will of heaven be done! said the friar. I am but its worthless instrument. It makes use of my tongue to tell thee, prince, of thy unwarrantable designs. The injuries of the virtuous Hippolita have mounted to the throne of pity. By me thou art reprimanded for thy adulterous intention of repudiating her: by me thou art warned not to pursue the incestuous design on thy contracted daughter. Heaven, that delivered her from thy fury, when the judgments so recently fallen on thy house ought to have inspired thee with other thoughts, will continue to watch over her. Even I, a poor and despised friar, am able to protect her from thy violence.—I, sinner as I am, and uncharitably reviled by your highness as an accomplice of I know not what amours, scorn the allurements with which it has pleased thee to tempt mine honesty. I love my order; I honour devout souls; I respect the piety of thy princess—but I will not betray the confidence she reposes in me, nor serve even the cause of religion by foul and sinful compliances—But forsooth! the welfare of the state depends on your highness having a son. Heaven mocks the short-sighted views of man. But yester-morn, whose house was so great, so flourishing as Manfred's?—Where is young Conrad now?—My lord, I respect your tears—but I mean not to check them—Let them flow, prince! they will weigh more with heaven towards the welfare of thy subjects, than a marriage, which, founded on lust or policy, could never prosper. The sceptre, which passed from the race of Alfonso to thine, cannot be preserved by a match which the church will never allow. If it is the will of the Most High that Manfred's name must perish, resign yourself, my lord, to its decrees; and thus deserve a crown that can never pass away.—Come, my lord, I like this sorrow—Let us return to the princess: she is not apprized of your cruel intentions; nor did I mean more than to alarm you. You saw with what gentle patience, with what efforts of love, she heard, she rejected hearing the extent of your guilt. I know she longs to fold you in her arms, and assure you of her unalterable affection. Father, said the prince, you
mistake

mistake my compunction : true, I honour Hippolita's virtues ; I think her a saint ; and wish it were for my soul's health to tie faster the knot that has united us.—But alas ! father, you know not the bitterest of my pangs ! It is some time that I have had scruples on the legality of our union : Hippolita is related to me in the fourth degree—It is true, we had a dispensation ; but I have been informed that she had also been contracted to another. This it is that sits heavy at my heart : to this state of unlawful wedlock I impute the visitation that has fallen on me in the death of Conrad !—Ease my conscience of this burden ; dissolve our marriage, and accomplish the work of godliness which your divin exhortations have commenced in my soul. .

How cutting was the anguish which the good man felt, when he perceived this turn in the wily prince ! He trembled for Hippolita, whose ruin he saw was determined ; and he feared, if Manfred had no hope of recovering Isabella, that his impatience for a son would direct him to some other object, who might not be equally proof against the temptation of Manfred's rank. For some time the holy man remained absorbed in thought. At length, conceiving some hope from delay, he thought the wisest conduct would be to prevent the prince from despairing of recovering Isabella. Her the friar knew he could dispose, from her affection to Hippolita, and from the aversion she had expressed to him for Manfred's addresses, to second his views, till the censures of the church could be fulminated against a divorce. With this intention, as if struck with the prince's scruples, he at length said, My lord, I have been pondering on what your highness has said ; and if in truth it is delicacy of conscience that is the real motive of your repugnance to your virtuous lady, far be it from me to endeavour to harden your heart ! The church is an indulgent mother ; unfold your griefs to her : she alone can administer comfort to your soul, either by satisfying your conscience, or, upon examination of your scruples, by setting you at liberty, and indulging you in the lawful means of continuing your lineage. In the latter case, if the lady Isabella can be brought to consent—Manfred, who concluded that he had either over-reached the good man, or that his first warmth had been but a tribute paid to appearance, was overjoyed at this sudden turn, and repeated the most magnificent promises, if he should succeed by the friar's mediation. The well-meaning priest suffered him to deceive himself, fully determined to traverse his views, instead of seconding them.

Since we now understand one another, resumed the prince, I expect, father, that you satisfy me in one point. Who is the youth that we found in the vault? He must have been privy to Isabella's flight: tell me truly; is he her lover? or is he an agent for another's passion? I have often suspected Isabella's indifference to my son: a thousand circumstances crowd on my mind that confirm that suspicion. She herself was so conscious of it, that, while I discoursed her in the gallery, she outran my suspicions, and endeavoured to justify herself from coolness to Conrad. The friar, who knew nothing of the youth but what he had learnt occasionally from the princess, ignorant what was become of him, and not sufficiently reflecting on the impetuosity of Manfred's temper, conceived that it might not be amiss to sow the seeds of jealousy in his mind: they might be turned to some use hereafter, either by prejudicing the prince against Isabella, if he persisted in that union; or, by diverting his attention to a wrong scent, and employing his thoughts on a visionary intrigue, prevent his engaging in any new pursuit. With this unhappy policy, he answered in a manner to confirm Manfred in the belief of some connection between Isabella and the youth. The prince, whose passions wanted little fuel to throw them into a blaze, fell into a rage at the idea of what the friar suggested. I will fathom to the bottom of this intrigue, cried he; and quitting Jerome abruptly, with a command to remain there till his return, he hastened to the great hall of the castle, and ordered the peasant to be brought before him.

Thou hardened young impostor! said the prince, as soon as he saw the youth; what becomes of thy boasted veracity now? It was Providence, was it, and the light of the moon, that discovered the lock of the trap-door to thee? Tell me, audacious boy, who thou art, and how long thou hast been acquainted with the princess—and take care to answer with less equivocation, than thou didst last night, or tortures shall wring the truth from thee. The young man, perceiving that his share in the flight of the princess was discovered, and concluding that any thing he should say could no longer be of service or detriment to her, replied, I am no impostor, my lord; nor have I deserved opprobrious language. I answered to every question your highness put to me last night with the same veracity that I shall speak now: and that will not be from fear of your tortures, but because my soul abhors a falsehood,
Please

Please to repeat your questions, my lord; I am ready to give you all the satisfaction in my power. You know my questions, replied the prince, and only want time to prepare an evasion. Speak directly; who art thou? and how long hast thou been known to the princess? I am a labourer at the next village, said the peasant; my name is Theodore. The princess found me in the vault last night: before that hour I never was in her presence.—I may believe as much or as little as I please of this, said Manfred; but I will hear thy own story, before I examine into the truth of it. Tell me, what reason did the princess give thee for making her escape? Thy life depends on thy answer. She told me, replied Theodore, that she was on the brink of destruction; and that, if she could not escape from the castle, she was in danger in a few moments of being made miserable for ever. And on this slight foundation, on a silly girl's report, said Manfred, thou didst hazard my displeasure? I fear no man's displeasure, said Theodore, when a woman in distress puts herself under my protection.—During this examination, Matilda was going to the apartment of Hippolita. At the upper end of the hall, where Manfred sat, was a boarded gallery with latticed windows, through which Matilda and Bianca were to pass. Hearing her father's voice, and seeing the servants assembled round him, she stopped to learn the occasion. The prisoner soon drew her attention: the steady and composed manner in which he answered, and the gallantry of his last reply, which were the first words she heard distinctly, interested her in his favour. His person was noble, handsome and commanding, even in that situation: but his countenance soon engrossed her whole care. Heavens! Bianca, said the princess softly, do I dream? or is not that youth the exact resemblance of Alfonso's picture in the gallery? She could say no more, for her father's voice grew louder at every word. This bravado, said he, surpasses all thy former insolence. Thou shalt experience the wrath with which thou dar'st to trifle. Seize him, continued Manfred, and bind him—the first news the princess hears of her champion shall be, that he has lost his head for her sake. The injustice of which thou art guilty towards me, said Theodore, convinces me that I have done a good deed in delivering the princess from thy tyranny. May she be happy, whatever becomes of me!—This is a lover! cried Manfred in a rage: a peasant within sight of death is not animated by such sentiments. Tell me, tell me, rash boy, who thou art, or the rack shall force thy secret from thee. Thou hast threatened me with death already, said the youth, for the truth

I have told thee: if that is all the encouragement I am to expect for sincerity, I am not tempted to indulge thy vain curiosity farther. Then thou wilt not speak? said Manfred. I will not, replied he. Bear him away into the court-yard, said Manfred; I will see his head this instant severed from his body.—Matilda fainted at hearing those words. Bianca shrieked, and cried, Help! help! the princess is dead! Manfred started at this ejaculation, and demanded what was the matter. The young peasant, who heard it too, was struck with horror, and asked eagerly the same question; but Manfred ordered him to be hurried into the court, and kept there for execution, till he had informed himself of the cause of Bianca's shrieks. When he learned the meaning, he treated it as a womanish panic; and ordering Matilda to be carried to her apartment, he rushed into the court, and, calling for one of his guards, bade Theodore kneel down and prepare to receive the fatal blow.

The undaunted youth received the bitter sentence with a resignation that touched every heart but Manfred's. He wished earnestly to know the meaning of the words he had heard relating to the princess; but, fearing to exasperate the tyrant more against her, he desisted. The only boon he deigned to ask was, that he might be permitted to have a confessor, and make his peace with heaven. Manfred, who hoped by the confessor's means to come at the youth's history, readily granted his request; and being convinced that father Jerome was now in his interest, he ordered him to be called and shrieve the prisoner. The holy man, who had little foreseen the catastrophe that his imprudence occasioned, fell on his knees to the prince, and adjured him in the most solemn manner not to shed innocent blood. He accused himself in the bitterest terms for his indiscretion, endeavoured to disculpate the youth, and left no method untried to soften the tyrant's rage. Manfred, more incensed than appeased by Jerome's intercession, whose retraction now made him suspect he had been imposed upon by both, commanded the friar to do his duty, telling him he would not allow the prisoner many minutes for confession. Nor do I ask many, my lord, said the unhappy young man. My sins, thank heaven! have not been numerous; nor exceed what might be expected at my years. Dry your tears, good father, and let us dispatch: this is a bad world; nor have I had cause to leave it with regret. Oh! wretched youth! said Jerome; how canst thou bear the sight of me with patience? I am thy murderer! It is I have brought this dismal hour upon thee!

thee!—I forgive thee from my soul, said the youth, as I hope heaven will pardon me. Hear my confession, father; and give me thy blessing. How can I prepare thee for thy passage, as I ought? said Jerome. Thou canst not be saved without pardoning thy foes—and canst thou forgive that impious man there? I can, said Theodore; I do.—And does not this touch thee, cruel prince? said the friar. I sent for thee to confess him, said Manfred sternly; not to plead for him. Thou didst first incense me against him—his blood be upon thy head!—It will! it will! said the good man in an agony of sorrow. Thou and I must never hope to go where this blessed youth is going.—Dispatch! said Manfred: I am no more to be moved by the whining of priests, than by the shrieks of women. What! said the youth, is it possible that my fate could have occasioned what I heard? Is the princess then again in thy power?—Thou dost but remember me of my wrath, said Manfred: prepare thee, for this moment is thy last. The youth, who felt his indignation rise, and who was touched with the sorrow which he saw he had infused into all the spectators, as well as into the friar, suppressed his emotions, and, putting off his doublet and unbuttoning his collar, knelt down to his prayers. As he stooped, his shirt slipped down below his shoulder, and discovered the mark of a bloody arrow. Gracious heaven! cried the holy man starting, what do I see? It is my child! my Theodore!

The passions that ensued must be conceived; they cannot be painted. The tears of the assistants were suspended by wonder, rather than stopped by joy. They seemed to enquire in the eyes of their lord what they ought to feel. Surprise, doubt, tenderness, respect, succeeded each other in the countenance of the youth. He received with modest submission the effusion of the old man's tears and embraces: yet afraid of giving a loose to hope, and suspecting from what had passed the inflexibility of Manfred's temper, he cast a glance towards the prince, as if to say, Canst thou be unmoved at such a scene as this?

Manfred's heart was capable of being touched. He forgot his anger in his astonishment; yet his pride forbade his owning himself affected. He even doubted whether this discovery was not a contrivance of the friar to save the youth. What may this mean? said he. How can he be thy son? Is it consistent with thy profession or reputed sanctity to avow a peasant's offspring
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for the fruit of thy irregular amours?—Oh God! said the holy man, dost thou question his being mine? Could I feel the anguish I do, if I were not his father? Spare him! good prince, spare him! and revile me as thou pleasest.—Spare him! spare him! cried the attendants, for this good man's sake!—Peace! said Manfred sternly: I must know more, ere I am disposed to pardon. A saint's bastard may be no saint himself.—Injurious lord! said Theodore: add not insult to cruelty. If I am this venerable man's son, though no prince as thou art, know, the blood that flows in my veins—Yes, said the friar, interrupting him, his blood is noble: nor is he that abject thing, my lord, you speak him. He is my lawful son; and Sicily can boast of few houses more ancient than that of Falconara—But alas! my lord, what is blood? what is nobility? We are all reptiles, miserable sinful creatures. It is piety alone that can distinguish us from the dust whence we sprung, and whither we must return.—Truce to your sermon, said Manfred; you forget you are no longer friar Jerome, but the count of Falconara. Let me know your history; you will have time to moralize hereafter, if you should not happen to obtain the grace of that sturdy criminal there. Mother of God! said the friar, is it possible my lord can refuse a father the life of his only, his long lost child? Trample me, my lord, scorn, afflict me, accept my life for his, but spare my son!—Thou canst feel then, said Manfred, what it is to lose an only son? A little hour ago thou didst preach up resignation to me: my house, if fate so pleased, must perish—but the count of Falconara—Alas! my lord, said Jerome, I confess I have offended; but aggravate not an old man's sufferings. I boast not of my family, nor think of such vanities—it is nature that pleads for this boy; it is the memory of the dear woman that bore him—Is she, Theodore, is she dead?—Her soul has long been with the blessed, said Theodore. Oh how? cried Jerome, tell me—No—she is happy! Thou art all my care now!—Most dread lord! will you—will you grant me my poor boy's life? Return to thy convent, answered Manfred; conduct the princess hither; obey me in what else thou knowest; and I promise thee the life of thy son.—Oh! my lord, said Jerome, is honesty the price I must pay for this dear youth's safety?—For me! cried Theodore: let me die a thousand deaths, rather than stain thy conscience. What is it the tyrant would exact of thee? Is the princess safe from his power? Protect her, thou venerable old man! and let all his wrath fall on me. Jerome endeavoured to check the impetuosity of the youth; and ere Manfred could reply,
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the trampling of horses was heard, and a brazen trumpet, which hung without the gate of the castle, was suddenly sounded. At the same instant the sable plumes on the enchanted helmet, which still remained at the other end of the court, were tempestuously agitated, and nodded thrice, as if bowed by some invisible wearer.

C H A P. III.

MANFRED's heart misgave him when he beheld the plumage on the miraculous casque shaken in concert with the founding of the brazen trumpet. Father! said he to Jerome, whom he now ceased to treat as count of Falconara, what mean these portents? If I have offended—[the plumes were shaken with greater violence than before] Unhappy prince that I am! cried Manfred—Holy father! will you not assist me with your prayers?—My lord, replied Jerome, heaven is no doubt displeased with your mockery of its servants. Submit yourself to the church; and cease to persecute her ministers. Dismiss this innocent youth; and learn to respect the holy character I wear: heaven will not be trifled with: you see—[the trumpet sounded again] I acknowledge I have been too hasty, said Manfred. Father, do you go to the wicket, and demand who is at the gate. Do you grant me the life of Theodore? replied the friar. I do, said Manfred; but enquire who is without.

Jerome, falling on the neck of his son, discharged a flood of tears, that spoke the fulness of his soul. You promised to go to the gate, said Manfred. I thought, replied the friar, your highness would excuse my thanking you first in this tribute of my heart. Go, dearest sir, said Theodore, obey the prince; I do not deserve that you should delay his satisfaction for me.

Jerome, enquiring who was without, was answered, A herald. From whom? said he. From the knight of the gigantic fabre, said the herald: and I must speak with the usurper of Otranto. Jerome returned to the prince, and did not fail to repeat the message in the very words it had been uttered. The first sounds struck Manfred with terror; but when he heard
2 himself

himself styled usurper, his rage rekindled, and all his courage revived. Usurper!—Insolent villain! cried he, who dares to question my title? Retire, father; this is no business for monks: I will meet this presumptuous man myself. Go to your convent, and prepare the princess's return: your son shall be a hostage for your fidelity: his life depends on your obedience.—Good heaven! my lord, cried Jerome, your highness did but this instant freely pardon my child—have you so soon forgot the interposition of heaven?—Heaven, replied Manfred, does not send heralds to question the title of a lawful prince—I doubt whether it even notifies its will through friars—but that is your affair, not mine. At present you know my pleasure; and it is not a faucy herald that shall save your son, if you do not return with the princess.

It was in vain for the holy man to reply. Manfred commanded him to be conducted to the postern-gate, and shut out from the castle: and he ordered some of his attendants to carry Theodore to the top of the black tower, and guard him strictly; scarce permitting the father and son to exchange a hasty embrace at parting. He then withdrew to the hall, and, seating himself in princely state, ordered the herald to be admitted to his presence.

Well, thou insolent! said the prince, what wouldst thou with me? I come, replied he, to thee, Manfred, usurper of the principality of Otranto, from the renowned and invincible knight, the knight of the gigantic fabre: in the name of his lord, Frederic marquis of Vicenza, he demands the lady Isabella, daughter of that prince, whom thou hast basely and traitorously got into thy power, by bribing her false guardians during his absence: and he requires thee to resign the principality of Otranto, which thou hast usurped from the said lord Frederic, the nearest of blood to the last rightful lord Alfonso the Good. If thou dost not instantly comply with these just demands, he defies thee to single combat to the last extremity. And so saying, the herald cast down his warder.

And where is this braggart, who sends thee? said Manfred. At the distance of a league, said the herald: he comes to make good his lord's claim against thee, as he is a true knight, and thou an usurper and ravisher.

Injurious as this challenge was, Manfred reflected that it was not his interest to provoke the marquis. He knew how well-founded the claim of Frederic

Frederic was; nor was this the first time he had heard of it. Frederic's ancestors had assumed the style of princes of Otranto, from the death of Alfonso the Good without issue: but Manfred, his father, and grandfather, had been too powerful for the house of Vicenza to dispossess them. Frederic, a martial and amorous young prince, had married a beautiful young lady, of whom he was enamoured, and who had died in childbed of Isabella. Her death affected him so much, that he had taken the cross and gone to the Holy Land, where he was wounded in an engagement against the infidels, made prisoner, and reported to be dead. When the news reached Manfred's ears, he bribed the guardians of the lady Isabella to deliver her up to him as a bride for his son Conrad; by which alliance he had purposed to unite the claims of the two houses. This motive, on Conrad's death, had co-operated to make him so suddenly resolve on espousing her himself; and the same reflection determined him now to endeavour at obtaining the consent of Frederic to this marriage. A like policy inspired him with the thought of inviting Frederic's champion into his castle, lest he should be informed of Isabella's flight, which he strictly enjoined his domestics not to disclose to any of the knight's retinue.

Herald, said Manfred, as soon as he had digested these reflections, return to thy master, and tell him, ere we liquidate our differences by the sword, Manfred would hold some converse with him. Bid him welcome to my castle, where, by my faith, as I am a true knight, he shall have courteous reception, and full security for himself and followers. If we cannot adjust our quarrel by amicable means, I swear he shall depart in safety, and shall have full satisfaction according to the law of arms: so help me God and his holy Trinity!—The herald made three obeisances, and retired.

During this interview Jerome's mind was agitated by a thousand contrary passions. He trembled for the life of his son, and his first idea was to persuade Isabella to return to the castle. Yet he was scarce less alarmed at the thought of her union with Manfred. He dreaded Hippolita's unbounded submission to the will of her lord: and though he did not doubt but he could alarm her piety not to consent to a divorce, if he could get access to her; yet should Manfred discover that the obstruction came from him, it might be equally fatal to Theodore. He was impatient to know whence

came the herald, who with so little management had questioned the title of Manfred: yet he did not dare absent himself from the convent, lest Isabella should leave it, and her flight be imputed to him. He returned disconsolately to the monastery, uncertain on what conduct to resolve. A monk, who met him in the porch and observed his melancholy air, said, Alas! brother, is it then true that we have lost our excellent princess Hippolita? The holy man started, and cried, What meanest thou, brother? I come this instant from the castle, and left her in perfect health. Martelli, replied the other friar, passed by the convent but a quarter of an hour ago on his way from the castle, and reported that her highness was dead. All our brethren are gone to the chapel to pray for her happy transit to a better life, and willed me to wait thy arrival. They know thy holy attachment to that good lady, and are anxious for the affliction it will cause in thee—Indeed we have all reason to weep; she was a mother to our house—But this life is but a pilgrimage; we must not murmur—we shall all follow her; may our end be like hers!—Good brother, thou dreamest, said Jerome: I tell thee I come from the castle, and left the princess well—Where is the lady Isabella?—Poor gentlewoman! replied the friar; I told her the sad news, and offered her spiritual comfort; I reminded her of the transitory condition of mortality, and advised her to take the veil: I quoted the example of the holy princess Sanchia of Arragon.—Thy zeal was laudable, said Jerome impatiently; but at present it was unnecessary: Hippolita is well—at least I trust in the Lord she is; I heard nothing to the contrary—Yet methinks, the prince's earnestness—Well, brother, but where is the lady Isabella?—I know not, said the friar: she wept much, and said she would retire to her chamber. Jerome left his comrade abruptly, and hastened to the princess, but she was not in her chamber. He enquired of the domestics of the convent, but could learn no news of her. He searched in vain throughout the monastery and the church, and dispatched messengers round the neighbourhood, to get intelligence if she had been seen; but to no purpose. Nothing could equal the good man's perplexity. He judged that Isabella, suspecting Manfred of having precipitated his wife's death, had taken the alarm, and withdrawn herself to some more secret place of concealment. This new flight would probably carry the prince's fury to the height. The report of Hippolita's death, though it seemed almost incredible, increased his consternation; and though Isabella's escape bespoke her aversion of Manfred for a husband, Jerome could feel no comfort

comfort from it, while it endangered the life of his son. He determined to return to the castle, and made several of his brethren accompany him, to attest his innocence to Manfred, and, if necessary, join their intercession with his for Theodore.

The prince, in the mean time, had passed into the court, and ordered the gates of the castle to be flung open for the reception of the stranger knight and his train. In a few minutes the cavalcade arrived. First came two harbingers with wands. Next a herald, followed by two pages and two trumpets. Then an hundred foot-guards. These were attended by as many horse. After them fifty footmen, clothed in scarlet and black, the colours of the knight. Then a led horse. Two heralds on each side of a gentleman on horseback bearing a banner with the arms of Vicenza and Otranto quarterly—a circumstance that much offended Manfred—but he stifled his resentment. Two more pages. The knight's confessor telling his beads. Fifty more footmen, clad as before. Two knights habited in complete armour, their beavers down, comrades to the principal knight. The 'squires of the two knights, carrying their shields and devices. The knight's own 'squire. An hundred gentlemen bearing an enormous sword, and seeming to faint under the weight of it. The knight himself on a chesnut steed, in complete armour, his lance in the rest, his face entirely concealed by his vizor, which was surmounted by a large plume of scarlet and black feathers. Fifty foot-guards with drums and trumpets closed the procession, which wheeled off to the right and left to make room for the principal knight.

As soon as he approached the gate, he stopped; and the herald advancing, read again the words of the challenge. Manfred's eyes were fixed on the gigantic sword, and he scarce seemed to attend to the cartel: but his attention was soon diverted by a tempest of wind that rose behind him. He turned, and beheld the plumes of the enchanted helmet agitated in the same extraordinary manner as before. It required intrepidity like Manfred's not to sink under a concurrence of circumstances that seemed to announce his fate. Yet scorning in the presence of strangers to betray the courage he had always manifested, he said boldly, Sir knight, whoever thou art, I bid thee welcome. If thou art of mortal mould, thy valour shall meet its equal: and if thou art a true knight, thou wilt scorn to employ sorcery to carry thy point.

Be these omens from heaven or hell, Manfred trusts to the righteousness of his cause and to the aid of saint Nicholas, who has ever protected his house. Alight, fir knight, and repose thyself. To-morrow thou shalt have a fair field; and heaven befriend the juster side!

The knight made no reply, but, dismounting, was conducted by Manfred to the great hall of the castle. As they traversed the court, the knight stopped to gaze at the miraculous casque; and, kneeling down, seemed to pray inwardly for some minutes. Rising, he made a sign to the prince to lead on. As soon as they entered the hall, Manfred proposed to the stranger to disarm; but the knight shook his head in token of refusal. Sir knight, said Manfred, this is not courteous; but by my good faith I will not cross thee! nor shalt thou have cause to complain of the prince of Otranto. No treachery is designed on my part: I hope none is intended on thine. Here take my gage: [giving him his ring] your friends and you shall enjoy the laws of hospitality. Rest here until refreshments are brought: I will but give orders for the accommodation of your train, and return to you. The three knights bowed, as accepting his courtesy. Manfred directed the stranger's retinue to be conducted to an adjacent hospital, founded by the princess Hippolita for the reception of pilgrims. As they made the circuit of the court to return towards the gate, the gigantic sword burst from the supporters, and, falling to the ground opposite to the helmet, remained immovable. Manfred, almost hardened to preternatural appearances, surmounted the shock of this new prodigy; and returning to the hall, where by this time the feast was ready, he invited his silent guests to take their places. Manfred, however ill his heart was at ease, endeavoured to inspire the company with mirth. He put several questions to them, but was answered only by signs. They raised their vizors but sufficiently to feed themselves, and that sparingly. Sirs, said the prince, ye are the first guests I ever treated within these walls, who scorned to hold any intercourse with me: nor has it oft been customary, I ween, for princes to hazard their state and dignity against strangers and mutes. You say you come in the name of Frederic of Vicenza: I have ever heard that he was a gallant and courteous knight; nor would he, I am bold to say, think it beneath him to mix in social converse with a prince that is his equal, and not unknown by deeds in arms.—Still ye are silent—Well! be it as it may—by the laws of hospitality and chivalry ye are masters under
this

this roof: ye shall do your pleasure—but come, give me a goblet of wine; ye will not refuse to pledge me to the healths of your fair mistresses. The principal knight sighed and crossed himself, and was rising from the board—Sir knight, said Manfred, what I said was but in sport: I shall constrain you in nothing: use your good liking. Since mirth is not your mood, let us be sad. Business may hit your fancies better: let us withdraw; and hear if what I have to unfold may be better relished than the vain efforts I have made for your pastime.

Manfred, then, conducting the three knights into an inner chamber, shut the door, and, inviting them to be seated, began thus, addressing himself to the chief personage:

You come, sir knight, as I understand, in the name of the marquis of Vicenza, to re-demand the lady Isabella his daughter, who has been contracted in the face of holy church to my son, by the consent of her legal guardians; and to require me to resign my dominions to your lord, who gives himself for the nearest of blood to prince Alfonso, whose soul God rest! I shall speak to the latter article of your demands first. You must know, your lord knows, that I enjoy the principality of Otranto from my father Don Manuel, as he received it from his father Don Ricardo. Alfonso, their predecessor, dying childless in the Holy Land, bequeathed his estates to my grandfather Don Ricardo, in consideration of his faithful services—[The stranger shook his head]—Sir knight, said Manfred warmly, Ricardo was a valiant and upright man; he was a pious man; witness his munificent foundation of the adjoining church and two convents. He was peculiarly patronized by saint Nicholas—My grandfather was incapable—I say, sir, Don Ricardo was incapable—Excuse me, your interruption has disordered me—I venerate the memory of my grandfather—Well, sirs! he held this estate; he held it by his good sword, and by the favour of saint Nicholas—so did my father; and so, sirs, will I, come what come will.—But Frederic, your lord, is nearest in blood—I have consented to put my title to the issue of the sword—does that imply a vitious title? I might have asked, where is Frederic, your lord? Report speaks him dead in captivity. You say, your actions say, he lives—I question it not—I might, sirs, I might—but I do not. Other princes would bid Frederic take his inheritance by force, if he can: they would

would not stake their dignity on a single combat: they would not submit it to the decision of unknown mutes! Pardon me, gentlemen, I am too warm: but suppose yourselves in my situation: as ye are stout knights, would it not move your choler to have your own and the honour of your ancestors called in question?—But to the point. Ye require me to deliver up the lady Isabella—Sirs, I must ask if ye are authorized to receive her? [The knight nodded.] Receive her—continued Manfred: Well! you are authorized to receive her—But, gentle knight, may I ask if you have full powers? [The knight nodded.] 'Tis well, said Manfred: then hear what I have to offer—Ye see, gentlemen, before you the most unhappy of men! [he began to weep] afford me your compassion; I am entitled to it; indeed I am. Know, I have lost my only hope, my joy, the support of my house—Conrad died yesterday morning. [The knights discovered signs of surprise.] Yes, sirs, fate has disposed of my son. Isabella is at liberty.—Do you then restore her, cried the chief knight, breaking silence. Afford me your patience, said Manfred. I rejoice to find, by this testimony of your good-will, that this matter may be adjusted without blood. It is no interest of mine dictates what little I have farther to say. Ye behold in me a man disgusted with the world: the loss of my son has weaned me from earthly cares. Power and greatness have no longer any charms in my eyes. I wished to transmit the sceptre I had received from my ancestors with honour to my son—but that is over! Life itself is so indifferent to me, that I accepted your defiance with joy: a good knight cannot go to the grave with more satisfaction than when falling in his vocation. Whatever is the will of heaven, I submit; for, alas! sirs, I am a man of many sorrows. Manfred is no object of envy—but no doubt you are acquainted with my story. [The knight made signs of ignorance, and seemed curious to have Manfred proceed.] Is it possible, sirs, continued the prince, that my story should be a secret to you? Have you heard nothing relating to me and the princess Hippolita? [They shook their heads]—No! Thus then, sirs, it is. You think me ambitious: ambition, alas, is composed of more rugged materials. If I were ambitious, I should not for so many years have been a prey to the hell of conscientious scruples—But I weary your patience: I will be brief. Know then, that I have long been troubled in mind on my union with the princess Hippolita.—Oh! sirs, if ye were acquainted with that excellent woman! if ye knew that I adore her like a mistress, and cherish her as a friend—But man was not born for perfect happiness! She shares my

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scruples,

scruples, and with her consent I have brought this matter before the church, for we are related within the forbidden degrees. I expect every hour the definitive sentence that must separate us forever. I am sure you feel for me—I see you do—Pardon these tears! [The knights gazed on each other, wondering where this would end.] Manfred continued: The death of my son betiding while my soul was under this anxiety, I thought of nothing but resigning my dominions, and retiring forever from the sight of mankind. My only difficulty was to fix on a successor, who would be tender of my people, and to dispose of the lady Isabella, who is dear to me as my own blood. I was willing to restore the line of Alfonso, even in his most distant kindred: and though, pardon me, I am satisfied it was his will that Ricardo's lineage should take place of his own relations; yet, where was I to search for those relations? I knew of none but Frederic, your lord: he was a captive to the infidels, or dead; and were he living, and at home, would he quit the flourishing state of Vicenza for the inconsiderable principality of Otranto? If he would not, could I bear the thought of seeing a hard unfeeling viceroy set over my poor faithful people?—for, sirs, I love my people, and thank heaven am beloved by them.—But ye will ask, Whither tends this long discourse? Briefly then, thus, sirs. Heaven in your arrival seems to point out a remedy for these difficulties and my misfortunes. The lady Isabella is at liberty: I shall soon be so. I would submit to any thing for the good of my people—Were it not the best, the only way to extinguish the feuds between our families, if I were to take the lady Isabella to wife?—You start—But though Hippolita's virtues will ever be dear to me, a prince must not consider himself; he is born for his people.—A servant at that instant entering the chamber, apprized Manfred that Jerome and several of his brethren demanded immediate access to him.

The prince, provoked at this interruption, and fearing that the friar would discover to the strangers that Isabella had taken sanctuary, was going to forbid Jerome's entrance. But recollecting that he was certainly arrived to notify the princess's return, Manfred began to excuse himself to the knights for leaving them for a few moments, but was prevented by the arrival of the friars. Manfred angrily reprimanded them for their intrusion, and would have forced them back from the chamber; but Jerome was too much agitated to be repulsed. He declared aloud the flight of Isabella, with protestations

ations of his own innocence. Manfred, distracted at the news, and not less at its coming to the knowledge of the strangers, uttered nothing but incoherent sentences, now upbraiding the friar, now apologizing to the knights, earnest to know what was become of Isabella, yet equally afraid of their knowing, impatient to pursue her, yet dreading to have them join in the pursuit. He offered to dispatch messengers in quest of her:—but the chief knight, no longer keeping silence, reproached Manfred in bitter terms for his dark and ambiguous dealing, and demanded the cause of Isabella's first absence from the castle. Manfred, casting a stern look at Jerome, implying a command of silence, pretended that on Conrad's death he had placed her in sanctuary until he could determine how to dispose of her. Jerome, who trembled for his son's life, did not dare contradict this falsehood; but one of his brethren, not under the same anxiety, declared frankly that she had fled to their church in the preceding night. The prince in vain endeavoured to stop this discovery, which overwhelmed him with shame and confusion. The principal stranger, amazed at the contradictions he heard, and more than half persuaded that Manfred had secreted the princess, notwithstanding the concern he expressed at her flight, rushing to the door, said, Thou traitor-prince! Isabella shall be found. Manfred endeavoured to hold him; but the other knights assisting their comrade, he broke from the prince, and hastened into the court, demanding his attendants. Manfred, finding it in vain to divert him from the pursuit, offered to accompany him; and summoning his attendants, and taking Jerome and some of the friars to guide them, they issued from the castle; Manfred privately giving orders to have the knight's company secured, while to the knight he affected to dispatch a messenger to require their assistance.

The company had no sooner quitted the castle, than Matilda, who felt herself deeply interested for the young peasant, since she had seen him condemned to death in the hall, and whose thoughts had been taken up with concerting measures to save him, was informed by some of the female attendants that Manfred had dispatched all his men various ways in pursuit of Isabella. He had in his hurry given this order in general terms, not meaning to extend it to the guard he had set upon Theodore, but forgetting it. The domestics, officious to obey so peremptory a prince, and urged by their own curiosity and love of novelty to join in any precipitate chase, had to a

man left the castle. Matilda disengaged herself from her women, stole up to the black tower, and, unbolting the door, presented herself to the astonished Theodore. Young man, said she, though filial duty and womanly modesty condemn the step I am taking, yet holy charity, surmounting all other ties, justifies this act. Fly; the doors of thy prison are open: my father and his domestics are absent; but they may soon return: begone in safety; and may the angels of heaven direct thy course!—Thou art surely one of those angels! said the enraptured Theodore: none but a blessed saint could speak, could act, could look like thee!—May I not know the name of my divine protectress? Methought thou namedst thy father: is it possible? can Manfred's blood feel holy pity?—Lovely lady, thou answerest not—But how art thou here thyself? Why dost thou neglect thy own safety, and waste a thought on a wretch like Theodore? Let us fly together: the life thou bestowest shall be dedicated to thy defence. Alas! thou mistakest, said Matilda sighing: I am Manfred's daughter, but no dangers await me. Amaze-ment! said Theodore: but last night I blessed myself for yielding thee the service thy gracious compassion so charitably returns me now. Still thou art in an error, said the princess; but this is no time for explanation. Fly, virtuous youth, while it is in my power to save thee: should my father return, thou and I both should indeed have cause to tremble. How? said Theodore: thinkest thou, charming maid, that I will accept of life at the hazard of aught calamitous to thee? Better I endured a thousand deaths—I run no risk, said Matilda, but by thy delay. Depart: it cannot be known that I assisted thy flight. Swear by the saints above, said Theodore, that thou canst not be suspected; else here I vow to await whatever can befall me. Oh! thou art too generous, said Matilda; but rest assured that no suspicion can alight on me. Give me thy beauteous hand in token that thou dost not deceive me, said Theodore; and let me bathe it with the warm tears of gratitude.—Forbear, said the princess: this must not be.—Alas! said Theodore, I have never known but calamity until this hour—perhaps shall never know other fortune again: suffer the chaste raptures of holy gratitude: 'tis my soul would print its effusions on thy hand.—Forbear, and begone, said Matilda: how would Isabella approve of seeing thee at my feet? Who is Isabella? said the young man with surprise. Ah me! I fear, said the princess, I am serving a deceitful one! Hast thou forgot thy curiosity this morning?—Thy looks, thy actions, all thy beauteous self seems an emanation of divinity,

said Theodore, but thy words are dark and mysterious——Speak, lady, speak to thy servant's comprehension.—Thou understandest but too well, said Matilda: but once more I command thee to be gone: thy blood, which I may preserve, will be on my head, if I waste the time in vain discourse. I go, lady, said Theodore, because it is thy will, and because I would not bring the grey hairs of my father with sorrow to the grave. Say but, adored lady, that I have thy gentle pity.—Stay, said Matilda; I will conduct thee to the subterraneous vault by which Isabella escaped; it will lead thee to the church of saint Nicholas, where thou mayst take sanctuary.—What! said Theodore, was it another, and not thy lovely self, that I assisted to find the subterraneous passage? It was, said Matilda: but ask no more; I tremble to see thee still abide here: fly to the sanctuary.—To sanctuary! said Theodore: No, princess; sanctuaries are for helpless damsels, or for criminals. Theodore's soul is free from guilt, nor will wear the appearance of it. Give me a sword, lady, and thy father shall learn that Theodore scorns an ignominious flight. Rash youth! said Matilda, thou wouldst not dare to lift thy presumptuous arm against the prince of Otranto? Not against *thy* father; indeed I dare not, said Theodore: excuse me, lady; I had forgotten—but could I gaze on thee, and remember thou art sprung from the tyrant Manfred?—But he is thy father, and from this moment my injuries are buried in oblivion. A deep and hollow groan, which seemed to come from above, startled the princess and Theodore. Good heaven! we are overheard! said the princess. They listened; but perceiving no farther noise, they both concluded it the effect of pent-up vapours: and the princess, preceding Theodore softly, carried him to her father's armoury; where equipping him with a complete suit, he was conducted by Matilda to the postern-gate. Avoid the town, said the princess, and all the western side of the castle: 'tis there the search must be making by Manfred and the strangers: but hie thee to the opposite quarter. Yonder, behind that forest to the east is a chain of rocks, hollowed into a labyrinth of caverns that reach to the sea-coast. There thou mayst lie concealed, till thou canst make signs to some vessel to put on shore and take thee off. Go! heaven be thy guide!—and sometimes in thy prayers remember—Matilda!—Theodore flung himself at her feet, and seizing her lily hand, which with struggles she suffered him to kiss, he vowed on the earliest opportunity to get himself knighted, and fervently entreated her permission to swear himself eternally her knight.—Ere the princess could reply, a clap of thun-

der was suddenly heard, that shook the battlements. Theodore, regardless of the tempest, would have urged his suit; but the princess, dismayed, retreated hastily into the castle, and commanded the youth to be gone, with an air that would not be disobeyed. He sighed, and retired, but with eyes fixed on the gate, until Matilda closing it put an end to an interview, in which the hearts of both had drunk so deeply of a passion which both now tasted for the first time.

Theodore went pensively to the convent, to acquaint his father with his deliverance. There he learned the absence of Jerome, and the pursuit that was making after the lady Isabella, with some particulars of whose story he now first became acquainted. The generous gallantry of his nature prompted him to wish to assist her; but the monks could lend him no lights to guess at the route she had taken. He was not tempted to wander far in search of her; for the idea of Matilda had imprinted itself so strongly on his heart, that he could not bear to absent himself at much distance from her abode. The tenderness Jerome had expressed for him concurred to confirm this reluctance; and he even persuaded himself that filial affection was the chief cause of his hovering between the castle and monastery. Until Jerome should return at night, Theodore at length determined to repair to the forest that Matilda had pointed out to him. Arriving there, he sought the gloomiest shades, as best suited to the pleasing melancholy that reigned in his mind. In this mood he roved insensibly to the caves which had formerly served as a retreat to hermits, and were now reported round the country to be haunted by evil spirits. He recollected to have heard this tradition; and being of a brave and adventurous disposition, he willingly indulged his curiosity in exploring the secret recesses of this labyrinth. He had not penetrated far before he thought he heard the steps of some person who seemed to retreat before him. Theodore, though firmly grounded in all our holy faith enjoins to be believed, had no apprehension that good men were abandoned without cause to the malice of the powers of darkness. He thought the place more likely to be infested by robbers, than by those infernal agents who are reported to molest and bewilder travellers. He had long burned with impatience to approve his valour. Drawing his sabre, he marched sedately onwards, still directing his steps as the imperfect rustling sound before him led the way. The armour he wore was a like indication to the person who avoided him. Theodore,

now convinced that he was not mistaken, redoubled his pace, and evidently gained on the person that fled; whose haste increasing, Theodore came up just as a woman fell breathless before him. He hastened to raise her; but her terror was so great, that he apprehended she would faint in his arms. He used every gentle word to dispel her alarms, and assured her that, far from injuring, he would defend her at the peril of his life. The lady recovering her spirits from his courteous demeanour, and gazing on her protector, said, Sure I have heard that voice before?—Not to my knowledge, replied Theodore, unless, as I conjecture, thou art the lady Isabella.—Merciful heaven! cried she, thou art not sent in quest of me, art thou? And saying those words she threw herself at his feet, and besought him not to deliver her up to Manfred. To Manfred! cried Theodore—No, lady: I have once already delivered thee from his tyranny, and it shall fare hard with me now, but I will place thee out of the reach of his daring. Is it possible, said she, that thou shouldst be the generous unknown whom I met last night in the vault of the castle? Sure thou art not a mortal, but my guardian angel: on my knees let me thank—Hold, gentle princess, said Theodore, nor demean thyself before a poor and friendless young man. If heaven has selected me for thy deliverer, it will accomplish its work, and strengthen my arm in thy cause. But come, lady, we are too near the mouth of the cavern; let us seek its inmost recesses: I can have no tranquillity till I have placed thee beyond the reach of danger.—Alas! what mean you, sir? said she. Though all your actions are noble, though your sentiments speak the purity of your soul, is it fitting that I should accompany you alone into these perplexed retreats? Should we be found together, what would a censorious world think of my conduct?—I respect your virtuous delicacy, said Theodore; nor do you harbour a suspicion that wounds my honour. I meant to conduct you into the most private cavity of these rocks; and then, at the hazard of my life, to guard their entrance against every living thing. Besides, lady, continued he, drawing a deep sigh, beauteous and all perfect as your form is, and though my wishes are not guiltless of aspiring, know, my soul is dedicated to another; and although—A sudden noise prevented Theodore from proceeding. They soon distinguished these sounds, Isabella! What ho! Isabella!—The trembling princess relapsed into her former agony of fear. Theodore endeavoured to encourage her, but in vain. He assured her he would die rather than suffer her to return under Manfred's power; and begging her to remain
concealed,

concealed, he went forth to prevent the person in search of her from approaching.

At the mouth of the cavern he found an armed knight discoursing with a peasant, who assured him he had seen a lady enter the passes of the rock. The knight was preparing to seek her, when Theodore, placing himself in his way, with his sword drawn, sternly forbade him at his peril to advance. And who art thou who dar'st to cross my way? said the knight haughtily. One who does not dare more than he will perform, said Theodore. I seek the lady Isabella, said the knight; and understand she has taken refuge among these rocks. Impede me not, or thou wilt repent having provoked my resentment.—Thy purpose is as odious as thy resentment is contemptible, said Theodore. Return whence thou camest, or we shall soon know whose resentment is most terrible.—The stranger, who was the principal knight that had arrived from the marquis of Vicenza, had galloped from Manfred as he was busied in getting information of the princess, and giving various orders to prevent her falling into the power of the three knights. Their chief had suspected Manfred of being privy to the princess's absconding; and this insult from a man who he concluded was stationed by that prince to secrete her, confirming his suspicions, he made no reply, but, discharging a blow with his sabre at Theodore, would soon have removed all obstruction, if Theodore, who took him for one of Manfred's captains, and who had no sooner given the provocation than prepared to support it, had not received the stroke on his shield. The valour that had so long been smothered in his breast, broke forth at once: he rushed impetuously on the knight, whose pride and wrath were not less powerful incentives to hardy deeds. The combat was furious, but not long. Theodore wounded the knight in three several places, and at last disarmed him as he fainted by the loss of blood. The peasant, who had fled on the first onset, had given the alarm to some of Manfred's domestics, who by his orders were dispersed through the forest in pursuit of Isabella. They came up as the knight fell, whom they soon discovered to be the noble stranger. Theodore, notwithstanding his hatred to Manfred, could not behold the victory he had gained without emotions of pity and generosity: but he was more touched, when he learned the quality of his adversary, and was informed that he was no retainer, but an enemy of Manfred. He assisted the servants of the latter in disarming the knight, and

in endeavouring to staunch the blood that flowed from his wounds. The knight, recovering his speech, said in a faint and faltering voice, Generous foe, we have both been in an error: I took thee for an instrument of the tyrant; I perceive thou hast made the like mistake—It is too late for excuses—I faint.—If Isabella is at hand, call her—I have important secrets to—He is dying! said one of the attendants; has nobody a crucifix about them? Andrea, do thou pray over him.—Fetch some water, said Theodore, and pour it down his throat, while I hasten to the princess. Saying this, he flew to Isabella; and in few words told her modestly, that he had been so unfortunate by mistake as to wound a gentleman from her father's court, who wished ere he died to impart something of consequence to her. The princess, who had been transported at hearing the voice of Theodore as he called her to come forth, was astonished at what she heard. Suffering herself to be conducted by Theodore, the new proof of whose valour recalled her dispersed spirits, she came where the bleeding knight lay speechless on the ground—but her fears returned when she beheld the domestics of Manfred. She would again have fled, if Theodore had not made her observe that they were unarmed, and had not threatened them with instant death, if they should dare to seize the princess. The stranger, opening his eyes, and beholding a woman, said, Art thou—pray tell me truly—art thou Isabella of Vicenza? I am, said she; good heaven restore thee!—Then thou—then thou—said the knight, struggling for utterance—seest—thy father!—Give me one—Oh! amazement! horror! what do I hear? what do I see? cried Isabella. My father! You my father! How came you here, sir? For heaven's sake speak!—Oh! run for help, or he will expire!—'Tis most true, said the wounded knight, exerting all his force; I am Frederic thy father—Yes, I came to deliver thee—It will not be—Give me a parting kiss, and take—Sir, said Theodore, do not exhaust yourself: suffer us to convey you to the castle.—To the castle! said Isabella: Is there no help nearer than the castle? Would you expose my father to the tyrant? If he goes thither, I dare not accompany him.—And yet, can I leave him?—My child, said Frederic, it matters not for me whether I am carried: a few minutes will place me beyond danger: but while I have eyes to dote on thee, forsake me not, dear Isabella! This brave knight—I know not who he is—will protect thy innocence. Sir, you will not abandon my child, will you?—Theodore, shedding tears over his victim, and vowing to guard the princess at the expence of his life, persuaded Frederic

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ric to suffer himself to be conducted to the castle. They placed him on a horse belonging to one of the domestics, after binding up his wounds as well as they were able. Theodore marched by his side; and the afflicted Isabella, who could not bear to quit him, followed mournfully behind.

C H A P. IV.

THE sorrowful troop no sooner arrived at the castle, than they were met by Hippolita and Matilda, whom Isabella had sent one of the domestics before to advertise of their approach. The ladies, causing Frederic to be conveyed into the nearest chamber, retired, while the surgeons examined his wounds. Matilda blushed at seeing Theodore and Isabella together; but endeavoured to conceal it by embracing the latter, and condoling with her on her father's mischance. The surgeons soon came to acquaint Hippolita that none of the marquis's wounds were dangerous; and that he was desirous of seeing his daughter and the princesses. Theodore, under pretence of expressing his joy at being freed from his apprehensions of the combat being fatal to Frederic, could not resist the impulse of following Matilda. Her eyes were so often cast down on meeting his, that Isabella, who regarded Theodore as attentively as he gazed on Matilda, soon divined who the object was that he had told her in the cave engaged his affections. While this mute scene passed, Hippolita demanded of Frederic the cause of his having taken that mysterious course for reclaiming his daughter; and threw in various apologies to excuse her lord for the match contracted between their children. Frederic, however incensed against Manfred, was not insensible to the courtesy and benevolence of Hippolita: but he was still more struck with the lovely form of Matilda. Wishing to detain them by his bed-side, he informed Hippolita of his story. He told her, that, while prisoner to the infidels, he had dreamed that his daughter, of whom he had learned no news since his captivity, was detained in a castle, where she was in danger of the most dreadful misfortunes; and that if he obtained his liberty, and repaired to a wood near Joppa, he would learn more. Alarmed at this dream, and incapable of obeying the direction given by it, his chains became more grievous

vous than ever. But while his thoughts were occupied on the means of obtaining his liberty, he received the agreeable news that the confederate princes, who were warring in Palestine, had paid his ransom. He instantly set out for the wood that had been marked in his dream. For three days he and his attendants had wandered in the forest without seeing a human form: but on the evening of the third they came to a cell, in which they found a venerable hermit in the agonies of death. Applying rich cordials, they brought the faint-like man to his speech. My sons, said he, I am bounden to your charity—but it is in vain—I am going to my eternal rest—yet I die with the satisfaction of performing the will of heaven. When first I repaired to this solitude, after seeing my country become a prey to unbelievers [it is, alas! above fifty years since I was witness to that dreadful scene!] faint Nicholas appeared to me, and revealed a secret, which he bade me never disclose to mortal man, but on my death-bed. This is that tremendous hour, and ye are no doubt the chosen warriors to whom I was ordered to reveal my trust. As soon as ye have done the last offices to this wretched corse, dig under the seventh tree on the left hand of this poor cave, and your pains will—Oh! good heaven receive my soul! With those words the devout man breathed his last. By break of day, continued Frederic, when we had committed the holy relics to earth, we dug according to direction—But what was our astonishment, when about the depth of six feet we discovered an enormous fabre—the very weapon yonder in the court! On the blade, which was then partly out of the scabbard, though since closed by our efforts in removing it, were written the following lines—No; excuse me, madam, added the marquis, turning to Hippolita, if I forbear to repeat them: I respect your sex and rank, and would not be guilty of offending your ear with sounds injurious to aught that is dear to you.—He paused. Hippolita trembled. She did not doubt but Frederic was destined by heaven to accomplish the fate that seemed to threaten her house. Looking with anxious fondness at Matilda, a silent tear stole down her cheek; but recollecting herself, she said, Proceed, my lord; heaven does nothing in vain: mortals must receive its divine behests with lowliness and submission. It is our part to deprecate its wrath, or bow to its decrees. Repeat the sentence, my lord: we listen resigned.—Frederic was grieved that he had proceeded so far. The dignity and patient firmness of Hippolita penetrated him with respect, and the tender silent affection, with which the princess and her daughter regarded each other,

other, melted him almost to tears. Yet apprehensive that his forbearance to obey would be more alarming, he repeated in a faltering and low voice the following lines:

Where'er a casque that suits this sword is found,
With perils is thy daughter compass'd round :
Alfonso's blood alone can save the maid,
And quiet a long-restless prince's shade.

What is there in these lines, said Theodore impatiently, that affects these princesses? Why were they to be shocked by a mysterious delicacy, that has so little foundation? Your words are rude, young man, said the marquis; and though fortune has favoured you once—My honoured lord, said Isabella, who resented Theodore's warmth, which she perceived was dictated by his sentiments for Matilda, discompose not yourself for the glozing of a peasant's son: he forgets the reverence he owes you; but he is not accustomed—Hippolita, concerned at the heat that had arisen, checked Theodore for his boldness, but with an air acknowledging his zeal; and, changing the conversation, demanded of Frederic where he had left her lord? As the marquis was going to reply, they heard a noise without; and rising to enquire the cause, Manfred, Jerome, and part of the troop, who had met an imperfect rumour of what had happened, entered the chamber. Manfred advanced hastily towards Frederic's bed to condole with him on his misfortune, and to learn the circumstances of the combat; when starting in an agony of terror and amazement, he cried, Ha! what art thou, thou dreadful spectre! Is my hour come?—My dearest, gracious lord, cried Hippolita, clasping him in her arms, what is it you see? Why do you fix your eye-balls thus?—What! cried Manfred breathless—dost thou see nothing, Hippolita? Is this ghastly phantom sent to me alone—to me, who did not—For mercy's sweetest self, my lord, said Hippolita, resume your soul, command your reason. There is none here but we, your friends.—What, is not that Alfonso? cried Manfred: dost thou not see him? Can it be my brain's delirium?—This! my lord, said Hippolita; this is Theodore, the youth who has been so unfortunate—Theodore! said Manfred mournfully, and striking his forehead—Theodore, or a phantom, he has unhinged the soul of Manfred.—But how comes he here? and how comes he in armour? I believe he went in search

of Isabella, said Hippolita. Of Isabella? said Manfred, relapsing into rage—Yes, yes, that is not doubtful—But how did he escape from durance in which I left him? Was it Isabella, or this hypocritical old friar, that procured his enlargement?—And would a parent be criminal, my lord, said Theodore, if he meditated the deliverance of his child? Jerome, amazed to hear himself in a manner accused by his son, and without foundation, knew not what to think. He could not comprehend how Theodore had escaped, how he came to be armed, and to encounter Frederic. Still he would not venture to ask any questions that might tend to inflame Manfred's wrath against his son. Jerome's silence convinced Manfred that he had contrived Theodore's release.—And is it thus, thou ungrateful old man, said the prince, addressing himself to the friar, that thou repayest mine and Hippolita's bounties? And not content with traversing my heart's nearest wishes, thou armeest thy bastard, and bringest him into my own castle to insult me!—My lord, said Theodore, you wrong my father: nor he nor I is capable of harbouring a thought against your peace. Is it insolence thus to surrender myself to your highness's pleasure? added he, laying his sword respectfully at Manfred's feet. Behold my bosom; strike, my lord, if you suspect that a disloyal thought is lodged there. There is not a sentiment engraven on my heart, that does not venerate you and yours. The grace and fervour with which Theodore uttered these words, interested every person present in his favour. Even Manfred was touched—yet still possessed with his resemblance to Alfonso, his admiration was dashed with secret horror. Rise, said he; thy life is not my present purpose.—But tell me thy history, and how thou camest connected with this old traitor here. My lord! said Jerome eagerly.—Peace, impostor! said Manfred; I will not have him prompted. My lord, said Theodore, I want no assistance; my story is very brief. I was carried at five years of age to Algiers with my mother, who had been taken by corsairs from the coast of Sicily. She died of grief in less than a twelvemonth.—The tears gushed from Jerome's eyes, on whose countenance a thousand anxious passions stood expressed. Before she died, continued Theodore, she bound a writing about my arm under my garments, which told me I was the son of the count Falconara.—It is most true, said Jerome; I am that wretched father.—Again I enjoin thee silence, said Manfred: proceed. I remained in slavery, said Theodore, until within these two years, when attending on my master in his cruizes, I was delivered by a christian vessel, which overpowered the pirate; and discovering myself

to the captain, he generously put me on shore in Sicily. But alas! instead of finding a father, I learned that his estate, which was situated on the coast, had during his absence been laid waste by the rover who had carried my mother and me into captivity: that his castle had been burnt to the ground: and that my father on his return had sold what remained, and was retired into religion in the kingdom of Naples, but where, no man could inform me. Destitute and friendless, hopeless almost of attaining the transport of a parent's embrace, I took the first opportunity of setting sail for Naples; from whence within these six days I wandered into this province, still supporting myself by the labour of my hands; nor till yester-morn did I believe that heaven had reserved any lot for me but peace of mind and contented poverty. This, my lord, is Theodore's story. I am blessed beyond my hope in finding a father; I am unfortunate beyond my desert in having incurred your highness's displeasure. He ceased. A murmur of approbation gently arose from the audience. This is not all, said Frederic; I am bound in honour to add what he suppresses. Though he is modest, I must be generous—he is one of the bravest youths on christian ground. He is warm too; and from the short knowledge I have of him, I will pledge myself for his veracity: if what he reports of himself were not true, he would not utter it—and for me, youth, I honour a frankness which becomes thy birth. But now, and thou didst offend me; yet the noble blood which flows in thy veins may well be allowed to boil out, when it has so recently traced itself to its source. Come, my lord, [turning to Manfred] if I can pardon him, surely you may: it is not the youth's fault, if you took him for a spectre. This bitter taunt galled the soul of Manfred. If beings from another world, replied he haughtily, have power to impress my mind with awe, it is more than living man can do; nor could a stripling's arm—My lord, interrupted Hippolita, your guest has occasion for repose; shall we not leave him to his rest? Saying this, and taking Manfred by the hand, she took leave of Frederic, and led the company forth. The prince, not sorry to quit a conversation which recalled to mind the discovery he had made of his most secret sensations, suffered himself to be conducted to his own apartment, after permitting Theodore, though under engagement to return to the castle on the morrow, [a condition the young man gladly accepted] to retire with his father to the convent. Matilda and Isabella were too much occupied with their own reflections, and too little content with each other, to wish for farther converse that night. They

separated each to her chamber, with more expressions of ceremony, and fewer of affection, than had passed between them since their childhood.

If they parted with small cordiality, they did but meet with greater impatience as soon as the sun was risen. Their minds were in a situation that excluded sleep, and each recollected a thousand questions which she wished she had put to the other overnight. Matilda reflected that Isabella had been twice delivered by Theodore in very critical situations, which she could not believe accidental. His eyes, it was true, had been fixed on her in Frederic's chamber; but that might have been to disguise his passion for Isabella from the fathers of both. It were better to clear this up. She wished to know the truth, lest she should wrong her friend by entertaining a passion for Isabella's lover. Thus jealousy prompted, and at the same time borrowed an excuse from friendship to justify its curiosity.

Isabella, not less restless, had better foundation for her suspicions. Both Theodore's tongue and eyes had told her his heart was engaged, it was true—yet perhaps Matilda might not correspond to his passion—She had ever appeared insensible to love; all her thoughts were set on heaven—Why did I dissuade her? said Isabella to herself; I am punished for my generosity—But when did they meet? where?—It cannot be; I have deceived myself—Perhaps last night was the first time they ever beheld each other—it must be some other object that has prepossessed his affections—If it is, I am not so unhappy as I thought; if it is not my friend Matilda—How! can I stoop to wish for the affection of a man, who rudely and unnecessarily acquainted me with his indifference? and that at the very moment in which common courtesy demanded at least expressions of civility. I will go to my dear Matilda, who will confirm me in this becoming pride—Man is false—I will advise with her on taking the veil: she will rejoice to find me in this disposition; and I will acquaint her that I no longer oppose her inclination for the cloister. In this frame of mind, and determined to open her heart entirely to Matilda, she went to that princess's chamber, whom she found already dressed, and leaning pensively on her arm. This attitude, so correspondent to what she felt herself, revived Isabella's suspicions, and destroyed the confidence she had purposed to place in her friend. They blushed at meeting, and were too much novices to disguise their sensations with address. After

some unmeaning questions and replies, Matilda demanded of Isabella the cause of her flight. The latter, who had almost forgotten Manfred's passion, so entirely was she occupied by her own, concluding that Matilda referred to her last escape from the convent, which had occasioned the events of the preceding evening, replied, Martelli brought word to the convent that your mother was dead.—Oh! said Matilda interrupting her, Bianca has explained that mistake to me: on seeing me faint, she cried out, The princess is dead! and Martelli, who had come for the usual dole to the castle—And what made you faint? said Isabella, indifferent to the rest. Matilda blushed, and stammered—My father—he was sitting in judgment on a criminal.—What criminal? said Isabella eagerly.—A young man, said Matilda—I believe—I think it was that young man that—What, Theodore? said Isabella. Yes, answered she; I never saw him before; I do not know how he had offended my father—but, as he has been of service to you, I am glad my lord has pardoned him. Served me? replied Isabella: do you term it serving me, to wound my father, and almost occasion his death? Though it is but since yesterday that I am blessed with knowing a parent, I hope Matilda does not think I am such a stranger to filial tenderness as not to resent the boldness of that audacious youth, and that it is impossible for me ever to feel any affection for one who dared to lift his arm against the author of my being. No, Matilda, my heart abhors him; and if you still retain the friendship for me that you have vowed from your infancy, you will detest a man who has been on the point of making me miserable for ever. Matilda held down her head, and replied, I hope my dearest Isabella does not doubt her Matilda's friendship: I never beheld that youth until yesterday; he is almost a stranger to me: but as the surgeons have pronounced your father out of danger, you ought not to harbour uncharitable resentment against one who I am persuaded did not know the marquis was related to you. You plead his cause very pathetically, said Isabella, considering he is so much a stranger to you? I am mistaken, or he returns your charity. What mean you? said Matilda. Nothing, said Isabella; repenting that she had given Matilda a hint of Theodore's inclination for her. Then changing the discourse, she asked Matilda what occasioned Manfred to take Theodore for a spectre? Bless me, said Matilda, did not you observe his extreme resemblance to the portrait of Alfonso in the gallery? I took notice of it to Bianca even before I saw him in armour; but with the helmet on, he is the very image of that picture. I do not much observe

observe pictures, said Isabella; much less have I examined this young man so attentively as you seem to have done.—Ah! Matilda, your heart is in danger—but let me warn you as a friend—He has owned to me that he is in love: it cannot be with you, for yesterday was the first time you ever met—was it not? Certainly, replied Matilda. But why does my dearest Isabella conclude from any thing I have said, that—She paused—then continuing, He saw you first, and I am far from having the vanity to think that my little portion of charms could engage a heart devoted to you. May you be happy, Isabella, whatever is the fate of Matilda!—My lovely friend, said Isabella, whose heart was too honest to resist a kind expression, it is you that Theodore admires; I saw it; I am persuaded of it; nor shall a thought of my own happiness suffer me to interfere with yours. This frankness drew tears from the gentle Matilda; and jealousy, that for a moment had raised a coolness between these amiable maidens, soon gave way to the natural sincerity and candour of their souls. Each confessed to the other the impression that Theodore had made on her; and this confidence was followed by a struggle of generosity, each insisting on yielding her claim to her friend. At length, the dignity of Isabella's virtue reminding her of the preference which Theodore had almost declared for her rival, made her determine to conquer her passion, and cede the beloved object to her friend.

During this contest of amity, Hippolita entered her daughter's chamber. Madam, said she to Isabella, you have so much tenderness for Matilda, and interest yourself so kindly in whatever affects our wretched house, that I can have no secrets with my child, which are not proper for you to hear. The princesses were all attention and anxiety. Know then, madam, continued Hippolita, and you, my dearest Matilda, that being convinced by all the events of these two last ominous days, that heaven purposes the sceptre of Otranto should pass from Manfred's hands into those of the marquis Frederic, I have been perhaps inspired with the thought of averting our total destruction by the union of our rival houses. With this view I have been proposing to Manfred my lord to tender this dear dear child to Frederic your father—Me to lord Frederic! cried Matilda—Good heavens! my gracious mother—and have you named it to my father? I have, said Hippolita: he listened benignly to my proposal, and is gone to break it to the marquis. Ah! wretched princess! cried Isabella, what hast thou done? What ruin has thy inadvertent

inadvertent goodness been preparing for thyself, for me, and for Matilda! Ruin from me to you and to my child! said Hippolita: What can this mean? Alas! said Isabella, the purity of your own heart prevents your seeing the depravity of others. Manfred, your lord, that impious man——Hold, said Hippolita; you must not in my presence, young lady, mention Manfred with disrespect: he is my lord and husband, and——Will not be long so, said Isabella, if his wicked purposes can be carried into execution. This language amazes me, said Hippolita. Your feeling, Isabella, is warm; but until this hour I never knew it betray you into intemperance. What deed of Manfred authorizes you to treat him as a murderer, an assassin? Thou virtuous and too credulous princess! replied Isabella; it is not thy life he aims at——it is to separate himself from thee! to divorce thee! To——to divorce me! To divorce my mother! cried Hippolita and Matilda at once.—Yes, said Isabella; and to complete his crime, he meditates—I cannot speak it! What can surpass what thou hast already uttered? said Matilda. Hippolita was silent. Grief choked her speech: and the recollection of Manfred's late ambiguous discourses confirmed what she heard. Excellent, dear lady! madam! mother! cried Isabella, flinging herself at Hippolita's feet in a transport of passion; trust me, believe me, I will die a thousand deaths sooner than consent to injure you, than yield to so odious——oh!—This is too much! cried Hippolita: what crimes does one crime suggest! Rise, dear Isabella; I do not doubt your virtue. Oh! Matilda, this stroke is too heavy for thee! Weep not, my child; and not a murmur, I charge thee. Remember, he is *thy* father still.—But you are my mother too, said Matilda fervently; and *you* are virtuous, *you* are guiltless!—Oh! must not I, must not I complain? You must not, said Hippolita—Come, all will yet be well. Manfred, in the agony for the loss of thy brother, knew not what he said: perhaps Isabella misunderstood him: his heart is good—and, my child, thou knowest not all. There is a destiny hangs over us; the hand of Providence is stretched out—Oh! could I but save thee from the wreck!—Yes, continued she in a firmer tone, perhaps the sacrifice of myself may atone for all—I will go and offer myself to this divorce—it boots not what becomes of me. I will withdraw into the neighbouring monastery, and waste the remainder of life in prayers and tears for my child and—the prince! Thou art as much too good for this world, said Isabella, as Manfred is execrable—But think not, lady, that thy weakness shall determine for me. I swear—hear me, all ye angels——Stop, I adjure

adjure thee, cried Hippolita; remember, thou dost not depend on thyself; thou hast a father.—My father is too pious, too noble, interrupted Isabella, to command an impious deed. But should he command it, can a father enjoin a cursed act? I was contracted to the son; can I wed the father?—No, madam, no; force should not drag me to Manfred's hated bed. I loathe him, I abhor him! divine and human laws forbid.—And my friend, my dearest Matilda! would I wound her tender soul by injuring her adored mother? my own mother—I never have known another.—Oh! she is the mother of both! cried Matilda. Can we, can we, Isabella, adore her too much? My lovely children, said the touched Hippolita, your tenderness overpowers me—but I must not give way to it. It is not ours to make election for ourselves; heaven, our fathers, and our husbands, must decide for us. Have patience until you hear what Manfred and Frederic have determined. If the marquis accepts Matilda's hand, I know she will readily obey. Heaven may interpose and prevent the rest. What means my child? continued she, seeing Matilda fall at her feet with a flood of speechless tears.—But no; answer me not, my daughter; I must not hear a word against the pleasure of thy father. Oh! doubt not my obedience, my dreadful obedience to him and to you! said Matilda. But can I, most respected of women, can I experience all this tenderness, this world of goodness, and conceal a thought from the best of mothers? What art thou going to utter? said Isabella trembling. Recollect thyself, Matilda. No, Isabella, said the princess, I should not deserve this incomparable parent, if the inmost recesses of my soul harboured a thought without her permission—Nay, I have offended her; I have suffered a passion to enter my heart without her avowal—But here I disclaim it; here I vow to heaven and her——My child! my child! said Hippolita, what words are these? What new calamities has fate in store for us? Thou a passion! thou, in this hour of destruction——Oh! I see all my guilt! said Matilda. I abhor myself, if I cost my mother a pang. She is the dearest thing I have on earth—Oh! I will never, never behold him more! Isabella, said Hippolita, thou art conscious to this unhappy secret, whatever it is. Speak—What! cried Matilda, have I so forfeited my mother's love that she will not permit me even to speak my own guilt? Oh! wretched, wretched Matilda!—Thou art too cruel, said Isabella to Hippolita: canst thou behold this anguish of a virtuous mind, and not commiserate it? Not pity my child! said Hippolita, catching Matilda in her arms—Oh! I know she is good, she

is all virtue, all tenderness, and duty. I do forgive thee, my excellent, my only hope! The princesses then revealed to Hippolita their mutual inclination for Theodore, and the purpose of Isabella to resign him to Matilda. Hippolita blamed their imprudence, and shewed them the improbability that either father would consent to bestow his heiress on so poor a man, though nobly born. Some comfort it gave her to find their passion of so recent a date, and that Theodore had but little cause to suspect it in either. She strictly enjoined them to avoid all correspondence with him. This Matilda fervently promised: but Isabella, who flattered herself that she meant no more than to promote his union with her friend, could not determine to avoid him; and made no reply. I will go to the convent, said Hippolita, and order new masses to be said for a deliverance from these calamities.—Oh! my mother, said Matilda, you mean to quit us: you mean to take sanctuary, and to give my father an opportunity of pursuing his fatal intention. Alas! on my knees I supplicate you to forbear—Will you leave me a prey to Frederic? I will follow you to the convent.—Be at peace, my child, said Hippolita: I will return instantly. I will never abandon thee, until I know it is the will of heaven, and for thy benefit. Do not deceive me, said Matilda. I will not marry Frederic until thou commandest it. Alas! what will become of me?—Why that exclamation? said Hippolita. I have promised thee to return.—Ah! my mother, replied Matilda, stay and save me from myself. A frown from thee can do more than all my father's severity. I have given away my heart, and you alone can make me recall it. No more, said Hippolita: thou must not relapse, Matilda. I can quit Theodore, said she, but must I wed another? Let me attend thee to the altar, and shut myself from the world forever. Thy fate depends on thy father, said Hippolita: I have ill bestowed my tenderness, if it has taught thee to revere aught beyond him. Adieu, my child! I go to pray for thee.

Hippolita's real purpose was to demand of Jerome, whether in conscience she might not consent to the divorce. She had oft urged Manfred to resign the principality, which the delicacy of her conscience rendered an hourly burthen to her. These scruples concurred to make the separation from her husband appear less dreadful to her than it would have seemed in any other situation.

Jerome, at quitting the castle overnight, had questioned Theodore severely why he had accused him to Manfred of being privy to his escape. Theodore owned it had been with design to prevent Manfred's suspicion from alighting on Matilda; and added, the holiness of Jerome's life and character secured him from the tyrant's wrath. Jerome was heartily grieved to discover his son's inclination for that princess; and, leaving him to his rest, promised in the morning to acquaint him with important reasons for conquering his passion. Theodore, like Isabella, was too recently acquainted with parental authority to submit to its decisions against the impulse of his heart. He had little curiosity to learn the friar's reasons, and less disposition to obey them. The lovely Matilda had made stronger impressions on him than filial affection. All night he pleased himself with visions of love; and it was not till late after the morning-office, that he recollected the friar's commands to attend him at Alfonso's tomb.

Young man, said Jerome, when he saw him, this tardiness does not please me. Have a father's commands already so little weight? Theodore made awkward excuses, and attributed his delay to having overslept himself. And on whom were thy dreams employed? said the friar sternly. His son blushed. Come, come, resumed the friar, inconsiderate youth, this must not be; eradicate this guilty passion from thy breast.—Guilty passion! cried Theodore: can guilt dwell with innocent beauty and virtuous modesty? It is sinful, replied the friar, to cherish those whom heaven has doomed to destruction. A tyrant's race must be swept from the earth to the third and fourth generation. Will heaven visit the innocent for the crimes of the guilty? said Theodore. The fair Matilda has virtues enough—To undo thee, interrupted Jerome. Hast thou so soon forgotten that twice the savage Manfred has pronounced thy sentence? Nor have I forgotten, sir, said Theodore, that the charity of his daughter delivered me from his power. I can forget injuries, but never benefits. The injuries thou hast received from Manfred's race, said the friar, are beyond what thou canst conceive.—Reply not, but view this holy image! Beneath this marble monument rest the ashes of the good Alfonso; a prince adorned with every virtue: the father of his people! the delight of mankind! Kneel, head-strong boy, and list, while a father unfolds a tale of horror, that will expel every sentiment from thy soul, but sensations

sensations of sacred vengeance.—Alfonso! much-injured prince! let thy unsatisfied shade sit awful on the troubled air, while these trembling lips—Ha! who comes there?—The most wretched of women, said Hippolita, entering the choir. Good father, art thou at leisure?—But why this kneeling youth? what means the horror imprinted on each countenance? why at this venerable tomb—Alas! hast thou seen aught? We were pouring forth our orisons to heaven, replied the friar with some confusion, to put an end to the woes of this deplorable province. Join with us, lady! thy spotless soul may obtain an exemption from the judgments which the portents of these days but too speakingly denounce against thy house. I pray fervently to heaven to divert them, said the pious princess. Thou knowest it has been the occupation of my life to wrest a blessing for my lord and my harmless children—One, alas! is taken from me! Would heaven but hear me for my poor Matilda! Father, intercede for her!—Every heart will bless her, cried Theodore with rapture.—Be dumb, rash youth! said Jerome. And thou, fond princess, contend not with the powers above! The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away: bless his holy name, and submit to his decrees. I do most devoutly, said Hippolita: but will he not spare my only comfort? must Matilda perish too?—Ah! father, I came—But dismiss thy son. No ear but thine must hear what I have to utter. May heaven grant thy every wish, most excellent princess! said Theodore retiring. Jerome frowned.

Hippolita then acquainted the friar with the proposal she had suggested to Manfred, his approbation of it, and the tender of Matilda that he was gone to make to Frederic. Jerome could not conceal his dislike of the motion, which he covered under pretence of the improbability that Frederic, the nearest of blood to Alfonso, and who was come to claim his succession, would yield to an alliance with the usurper of his right. But nothing could equal the perplexity of the friar, when Hippolita confessed her readiness not to oppose the separation, and demanded his opinion on the legality of her acquiescence. The friar caught eagerly at her request of his advice; and without explaining his aversion to the proposed marriage of Manfred and Isabella, he painted to Hippolita in the most alarming colours the sinfulness of her consent, denounced judgments against her if she complied, and enjoined her in the severest terms to treat any such proposition with every mark of indignation and refusal.

Manfred, in the mean time, had broken his purpose to Frederic, and proposed the double marriage. That weak prince, who had been struck with the charms of Matilda, listened but too eagerly to the offer. He forgot his enmity to Manfred, whom he saw but little hope of dispossessing by force; and flattering himself that no issue might succeed from the union of his daughter with the tyrant, he looked upon his own succession to the principality as facilitated by wedding Matilda. He made faint opposition to the proposal; affecting, for form only, not to acquiesce unless Hippolita should consent to the divorce. Manfred took that upon himself. Transported with his success, and impatient to see himself in a situation to expect sons, he hastened to his wife's apartment, determined to extort her compliance. He learned with indignation that she was absent at the convent. His guilt suggested to him that she had probably been informed by Isabella of his purpose. He doubted whether her retirement to the convent did not import an intention of remaining there, until she could raise obstacles to their divorce; and the suspicions he had already entertained of Jerome, made him apprehend that the friar would not only traverse his views, but might have inspired Hippolita with the resolution of taking sanctuary. Impatient to unravel this clue, and to defeat its success, Manfred hastened to the convent, and arrived there as the friar was earnestly exhorting the princess never to yield to the divorce.

Madam, said Manfred, what business drew you hither? Why did not you await my return from the marquis? I came to implore a blessing on your councils, replied Hippolita. My councils do not need a friar's intervention, said Manfred—and of all men living is that hoary traitor the only one whom you delight to confer with? Profane prince! said Jerome: is it at the altar that thou choolest to insult the servants of the altar?—But, Manfred, thy impious schemes are known. Heaven and this virtuous lady know them. Nay, frown not, prince. The church despises thy menaces. Her thunders will be heard above thy wrath. Dare to proceed in thy cursed purpose of a divorce, until her sentence be known, and here I lance her anathema at thy head. Audacious rebel! said Manfred, endeavouring to conceal the awe with which the friar's words inspired him; dost thou presume to threaten thy lawful prince? Thou art no lawful prince, said Jerome; thou art no prince—Go, discuss.

discuss thy claim with Frederic ; and when that is done—It is done, replied Manfred : Frederic accepts Matilda's hand, and is content to wave his claim, unless I have no male issue.—As he spoke those words three drops of blood fell from the nose of Alfonso's statue. Manfred turned pale, and the princess sunk on her knees. Behold ! said the friar : mark this miraculous indication that the blood of Alfonso will never mix with that of Manfred ! My gracious lord, said Hippolita, let us submit ourselves to heaven. Think not thy ever obedient wife rebels against thy authority. I have no will but that of my lord and the church. To that revered tribunal let us appeal. It does not depend on us to burst the bonds that unite us. If the church shall approve the dissolution of our marriage, be it so—I have but few years, and those of sorrow, to pass. Where can they be worn away so well as at the foot of this altar, in prayers for thine and Matilda's safety ?—But thou shalt not remain here until then, said Manfred. Repair with me to the castle, and there I will advise on the proper measures for a divorce.—But this meddling friar comes not thither ; my hospitable roof shall never more harbour a traitor—and for thy reverence's offspring, continued he, I banish him from my dominions. He, I ween, is no sacred personage, nor under the protection of the church. Whoever weds Isabella, it shall not be father Falconara's started-up son. They start up, said the friar, who are suddenly beheld in the seat of lawful princes ; but they wither away like the grass, and their place knows them no more. Manfred, casting a look of scorn at the friar, led Hippolita forth ; but at the door of the church whispered one of his attendants to remain concealed about the convent, and bring him instant notice, if any one from the castle should repair thither.

C H A P. V.

EVERY reflection which Manfred made on the friar's behaviour, conspired to persuade him that Jerome was privy to an amour between Isabella and Theodore. But Jerome's new presumption, so dissonant from his former meekness, suggested still deeper apprehensions. The prince even suspected that the friar depended on some secret support from Frederic, whose arrival coinciding

coinciding with the novel appearance of Theodore seemed to bespeak a correspondence. Still more was he troubled with the resemblance of Theodore to Alfonso's portrait. The latter he knew had unquestionably died without issue. Frederic had consented to bestow Isabella on him. These contradictions agitated his mind with numberless pangs. He saw but two methods of extricating himself from his difficulties. The one was to resign his dominions to the marquis.—Pride, ambition, and his reliance on ancient prophecies, which had pointed out a possibility of his preserving them to his posterity, combated that thought. The other was to press his marriage with Isabella. After long ruminating on these anxious thoughts, as he marched silently with Hippolita to the castle, he at last discoursed with that princess on the subject of his disquiet, and used every insinuating and plausible argument to extract her consent to, even her promise of promoting, the divorce. Hippolita needed little persuasion to bend her to his pleasure. She endeavoured to win him over to the measure of resigning his dominions; but finding her exhortations fruitless, she assured him, that as far as her conscience would allow, she would raise no opposition to a separation, though, without better founded scruples than what he yet alleged, she would not engage to be active in demanding it.

This compliance, though inadequate, was sufficient to raise Manfred's hopes. He trusted that his power and wealth would easily advance his suit at the court of Rome, whither he resolved to engage Frederic to take a journey on purpose. That prince had discovered so much passion for Matilda, that Manfred hoped to obtain all he wished by holding out or withdrawing his daughter's charms, according as the marquis should appear more or less disposed to co-operate in his views. Even the absence of Frederic would be a material point gained, until he could take farther measures for his security.

Dismissing Hippolita to her apartment, he repaired to that of the marquis; but crossing the great hall through which he was to pass, he met Bianca. That damsel he knew was in the confidence of both the young ladies. It immediately occurred to him to sift her on the subject of Isabella and Theodore. Calling her aside into the recess of the oriel window of the hall, and soothing her with many fair words and promises, he demanded of her whether she knew aught of the state of Isabella's affections. I! my lord? No,
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my lord—Yes, my lord—Poor lady! she is wonderfully alarmed about her father's wounds; but I tell her he will do well; don't your highness think so? I do not ask you, replied Manfred, what she thinks about her father: but you are in her secrets: come, be a good girl and tell me, is there any young man—ha?—you understand me. Lord bless me! understand your highness? No, not I: I told her a few vulnerary herbs and repose—I am not talking, replied the prince impatiently, about her father: I know he will do well. Bless me, I rejoice to hear your highness say so; for though I thought it right not to let my young lady despond, methought his greatness had a wan look, and a something—I remember when young Ferdinand was wounded by the Venetian. Thou answerest from the point, interrupted Manfred; but here, take this jewel, perhaps that may fix thy attention—Nay, no reverences; my favour shall not stop here—Come, tell me truly; how stands Isabella's heart? Well, your highness has such a way, said Bianca—to be sure—but can your highness keep a secret? If it should ever come out of your lips—it shall not, it shall not, cried Manfred. Nay, but swear, your highness—by my halidame, if it should ever be known that I said it—Why, truth is truth, I do not think my lady Isabella ever much affectioned my young lord, your son: yet he was a sweet youth as one should see. I am sure if I had been a princess—But bless me! I must attend my lady Matilda; she will marvel what is become of me.—Stay, cried Manfred, thou hast not satisfied my question. Hast thou ever carried any message, any letter?—I! Good gracious! cried Bianca: I carry a letter? I would not to be a queen. I hope your highness thinks, though I am poor, I am honest. Did your highness never hear what count Marfigli offered me, when he came a-wooing to my lady Matilda?—I have not leisure, said Manfred, to listen to thy tales. I do not question thy honesty; but it is thy duty to conceal nothing from me. How long has Isabella been acquainted with Theodore?—Nay, there is nothing can escape your highness, said Bianca—not that I know any thing of the matter. Theodore, to be sure, is a proper young man, and, as my lady Matilda says, the very image of good Alfonso: Has not your highness remarked it? Yes, yes—No—thou torturest me, said Manfred: Where did they meet? when?—Who, my lady Matilda? said Bianca. No, no, not Matilda; Isabella: When did Isabella first become acquainted with this Theodore?—Virgin Mary! said Bianca, how should I know? Thou dost know, said Manfred; and I must know; I will.—Lord! your highness is not jealous of young Theodore? said Bianca.—Jealous! No, no: why should I be jealous?—Per-

haps

haps I mean to unite them—if I was sure Isabella would have no repugnance.—Repugnance! No, I'll warrant her, said Bianca: he is as comely a youth as ever trod on christian ground: we are all in love with him: there is not a soul in the castle but would be rejoiced to have him for our prince—I mean, when it shall please heaven to call your highness to itself.—Indeed! said Manfred: has it gone so far? Oh! this cursed friar!—But I must not lose time—Go, Bianca, attend Isabella; but I charge thee, not a word of what has passed. Find out how she is affected towards Theodore; bring me good news, and that ring has a companion. Wait at the foot of the winding staircase: I am going to visit the marquis, and will talk farther with thee at my return.

Manfred, after some general conversation, desired Frederic to dismiss the two knights his companions, having to talk with him on urgent affairs. As soon as they were alone, he began in artful guise to sound the marquis on the subject of Matilda; and finding him disposed to his wish, he let drop hints on the difficulties that would attend the celebration of their marriage, unless—At that instant Bianca burst into the room, with a wildness in her look and gestures that spoke the utmost terror. Oh! my lord, my lord! cried she, we are all undone! It is come again! it is come again!—What is come again? cried Manfred amazed.—Oh! the hand! the giant! the hand!—Support me! I am terrified out of my senses, cried Bianca: I will not sleep in the castle to-night. Where shall I go? My things may come after me to-morrow.—Would I had been content to wed Francesco! This comes of ambition!—What has terrified thee thus, young woman? said the marquis: thou art safe here; be not alarmed. Oh! your greatness is wonderfully good, said Bianca, but I dare not—No, pray let me go—I had rather leave every thing behind me, than stay another hour under this roof. Go to, thou hast lost thy senses, said Manfred.—Interrupt us not; we were communing on important matters.—My lord, this wench is subject to fits—Come with me, Bianca.—Oh! the saints! No, said Bianca—for certain it comes to warn your highness; why should it appear to me else? I say my prayers morning and evening—Oh! if your highness had believed Diego! 'Tis the same hand that he saw the foot to in the gallery-chamber—Father Jerome has often told us the prophecy would be out one of these days—Bianca, said he, mark my words.—Thou ravest, said Manfred in a rage: Begone, and keep these fooleries to frighten thy companions.—What! my lord, cried Bianca, do you think

think I have seen nothing? Go to the foot of the great stairs yourself—As I live I saw it. Saw what? Tell us, fair maid, what thou hast seen, said Frederic. Can your highness listen, said Manfred, to the delirium of a silly wench, who has heard stories of apparitions until she believes them? This is more than fancy, said the marquis; her terror is too natural and too strongly impressed to be the work of imagination. Tell us, fair maiden, what it is has moved thee thus. Yes, my lord, thank your greatness, said Bianca—I believe I look very pale; I shall be better when I have recovered myself.—I was going to my lady Isabella's chamber by his highness's order—We do not want the circumstances, interrupted Manfred: since his highness will have it so, proceed; but be brief.—Lord, your highness thwarts one so! replied Bianca—I fear my hair—I am sure I never in my life—Well! as I was telling your greatness, I was going by his highness's order to my lady Isabella's chamber: she lies in the watchet-coloured chamber, on the right hand, one pair of stairs: so when I came to the great stairs—I was looking on his highness's present here. Grant me patience! said Manfred, will this wench never come to the point? What imports it to the marquis, that I gave thee a bawble for thy faithful attendance on my daughter? We want to know what thou sawest. I was going to tell your highness, said Bianca, if you would permit me.—So, as I was rubbing the ring—I am sure I had not gone up three steps, but I heard the rattling of armour; for all the world such a clatter, as Diego says he heard when the giant turned him about in the gallery-chamber.—What does she mean, my lord? said the marquis. Is your castle haunted by giants and goblins?—Lord, what, has not your greatness heard the story of the giant in the gallery-chamber? cried Bianca. I marvel his highness has not told you—mayhap you do not know there is a prophecy—This trifling is intolerable, interrupted Manfred. Let us dismiss this silly wench, my lord: we have more important affairs to discuss. By your favour, said Frederic, these are no trifles: the enormous sabre I was directed to in the wood; yon casque, its fellow—are these visions of this poor maiden's brain?—So Jaquez thinks, may it please your greatness, said Bianca. He says this moon will not be out without our seeing some strange revolution. For my part, I should not be surprised if it was to happen to-morrow; for, as I was saying, when I heard the clattering of armour, I was all in a cold sweat—I looked up, and, if your greatness will believe me, I saw upon the uppermost banister of the great stairs a hand in armour as big, as big—I thought I should have swooned—I never stopped until I came hither—Would I were well out of

this castle! My lady Matilda told me but yester-morning that her highness Hippolita knows something—Thou art an insolent! cried Manfred—Lord marquis, it much misgives me that this scene is concerted to affront me. Are my own domestics suborned to spread tales injurious to my honour? Pursue your claim by manly daring; or let us bury our feuds, as was proposed, by the intermarriage of our children: but trust me, it ill becomes a prince of your bearing to practise on mercenary wenches.—I scorn your imputation, said Frederic; until this hour I never set eyes on this damsel: I have given her no jewel!—My lord, my lord, your conscience, your guilt accuses you, and would throw the suspicion on me—But keep your daughter, and think no more of Isabella: the judgments already fallen on your house forbid me matching into it.

Manfred, alarmed at the resolute tone in which Frederic delivered these words, endeavoured to pacify him. Dismissing Bianca, he made such submissions to the marquis, and threw in such artful encomiums on Matilda, that Frederic was once more staggered. However, as his passion was of so recent a date, it could not at once surmount the scruples he had conceived. He had gathered enough from Bianca's discourse to persuade him that heaven declared itself against Manfred. The proposed marriages too removed his claim to a distance: and the principality of Otranto was a stronger temptation, than the contingent reversion of it with Matilda. Still he would not absolutely recede from his engagements; but purposing to gain time, he demanded of Manfred if it was true in fact that Hippolita consented to the divorce. The prince, transported to find no other obstacle, and depending on his influence over his wife, assured the marquis it was so, and that he might satisfy himself of the truth from her own mouth.

As they were thus discoursing, word was brought that the banquet was prepared. Manfred conducted Frederic to the great hall, where they were received by Hippolita and the young princesses. Manfred placed the marquis next to Matilda, and seated himself between his wife and Isabella. Hippolita comported herself with an easy gravity; but the young ladies were silent and melancholy. Manfred, who was determined to pursue his point with the marquis in the remainder of the evening, pushed on the feast until it waxed late; affecting unrestrained gaiety, and plying Frederic with repeated goblets of wine. The latter, more upon his guard than Manfred wished, declined

declined his frequent challenges, on pretence of his late loss of blood; while the prince, to raise his own disordered spirits, and to counterfeit unconcern, indulged himself in plentiful draughts, though not to the intoxication of his senses.

The evening being far advanced, the banquet concluded. Manfred would have withdrawn with Frederic; but the latter, pleading weakness and want of repose, retired to his chamber, gallantly telling the prince, that his daughter should amuse his highness until himself could attend him. Manfred accepted the party; and, to the no small grief of Isabella, accompanied her to her apartment. Matilda waited on her mother, to enjoy the freshness of the evening on the ramparts of the castle.

Soon as the company was dispersed their several ways, Frederic, quitting his chamber, enquired if Hippolita was alone; and was told by one of her attendants, who had not noticed her going forth, that at that hour she generally withdrew to her oratory, where he probably would find her. The marquis during the repast had beheld Matilda with increase of passion. He now wished to find Hippolita in the disposition her lord had promised. The portents that had alarmed him were forgotten in his desires. Stealing softly and unobserved to the apartment of Hippolita, he entered it with a resolution to encourage her acquiescence to the divorce, having perceived that Manfred was resolved to make the possession of Isabella an unalterable condition, before he would grant Matilda to his wishes.

The marquis was not surprised at the silence that reigned in the princess's apartment. Concluding her, as he had been advertised, in her oratory, he passed on. The door was ajar; the evening gloomy and overcast. Pushing open the door gently, he saw a person kneeling before the altar. As he approached nearer, it seemed not a woman, but one in a long woollen weed, whose back was towards him. The person seemed absorbed in prayer. The marquis was about to return, when the figure rising, stood some moments fixed in meditation, without regarding him. The marquis, expecting the holy person to come forth, and meaning to excuse his uncivil interruption, said, Reverend father, I sought the lady Hippolita.—Hippolita! replied a hollow voice: camest thou to this castle to seek Hippolita?—And then the figure, turning slowly round, discovered to Frederic the fleshless jaws and

empty sockets of a skeleton, wrapt in a hermit's cowl. Angels of grace, protect me! cried Frederic recoiling. Deserve their protection, said the spectre. Frederic, falling on his knees, adjured the phantom to take pity on him. Dost thou not remember me? said the apparition. Remember the wood of Joppa! Art thou that holy hermit? cried Frederic trembling—can I do aught for thy eternal peace?—Wast thou delivered from bondage, said the spectre, to pursue carnal delights? Hast thou forgotten the buried sabre, and the behest of heaven engraven on it?—I have not, I have not, said Frederic—But say, blest spirit, what is thy errand to me? what remains to be done? To forget Matilda! said the apparition—and vanished.

Frederic's blood froze in his veins. For some minutes he remained motionless. Then falling prostrate on his face before the altar, he besought the intercession of every saint for pardon. A flood of tears succeeded to this transport; and the image of the beauteous Matilda rushing in spite of him on his thoughts, he lay on the ground in a conflict of penitence and passion. Ere he could recover from this agony of his spirits, the princess Hippolita, with a taper in her hand, entered the oratory alone. Seeing a man without motion on the floor, she gave a shriek, concluding him dead. Her fright brought Frederic to himself. Rising suddenly, his face bedewed with tears, he would have rushed from her presence; but Hippolita, stopping him, conjured him in the most plaintive accents to explain the cause of his disorder, and by what strange chance she had found him there in that posture. Ah! virtuous princess! said the marquis, penetrated with grief—and stopped. For the love of heaven, my lord, said Hippolita, disclose the cause of this transport! What mean those doleful sounds, this alarming exclamation on my name? What woes has heaven still in store for the wretched Hippolita?—Yet silent?—By every pitying angel, I adjure thee, noble prince, continued she, falling at his feet, to disclose the purport of what lies at thy heart—I see thou feelest for me; thou feelest the sharp pangs that thou inflict—Speak, for pity!—Does aught thou knowest concern my child?—I cannot speak, cried Frederic, bursting from her—Oh! Matilda!

Quitting the princess thus abruptly, he hastened to his own apartment. At the door of it he was accosted by Manfred, who, flushed by wine and love, had come to seek him, and to propose to waste some hours of the night in music and revelling. Frederic, offended at an invitation so dissonant from the mood

mood of his soul, pushed him rudely aside, and, entering his chamber, flung the door intemperately against Manfred, and bolted it inwards. The haughty prince, enraged at this unaccountable behaviour, withdrew in a frame of mind capable of the most fatal excesses. As he crossed the court, he was met by the domestic whom he had planted at the convent as a spy on Jerome and Theodore. This man, almost breathless with the haste he had made, informed his lord, that Theodore and some lady from the castle were at that instant in private conference at the tomb of Alfonso in St. Nicholas's church. He had dogged Theodore thither, but the gloominess of the night had prevented his discovering who the woman was.

Manfred, whose spirits were inflamed, and whom Isabella had driven from her on his urging his passion with too little reserve, did not doubt but the inquietude she had expressed had been occasioned by her impatience to meet Theodore. Provoked by this conjecture, and enraged at her father, he hastened secretly to the great church. Gliding softly between the aisles, and guided by an imperfect gleam of moonshine that shone faintly through the illuminated windows, he stole towards the tomb of Alfonso, to which he was directed by indistinct whispers of the persons he sought. The first sounds he could distinguish were—Does it, alas, depend on me? Manfred will never permit our union.—No, this shall prevent it! cried the tyrant, drawing his dagger, and plunging it over her shoulder into the bosom of the person that spoke—Ah me, I am slain! cried Matilda sinking: Good heaven, receive my soul!—Savage, inhuman monster! what hast thou done? cried Theodore, rushing on him, and wrenching his dagger from him.—Stop, stop thy impious hand, cried Matilda; it is my father!—Manfred, waking as from a trance, beat his breast, twisted his hands in his locks, and endeavoured to recover his dagger from Theodore to dispatch himself. Theodore, scarce less distracted, and only mastering the transports of his grief to assist Matilda, had now by his cries drawn some of the monks to his aid. While part of them endeavoured in concert with the afflicted Theodore to stop the blood of the dying princess, the rest prevented Manfred from laying violent hands on himself.

Matilda, resigning herself patiently to her fate, acknowledged with looks of grateful love the zeal of Theodore. Yet oft as her faintness would permit her speech its way, she begged the assistants to comfort her father. Jerome
by

by this time had learnt the fatal news, and reached the church. His looks seemed to reproach Theodore; but turning to Manfred, he said, Now, tyrant! behold the completion of woe fulfilled on thy impious and devoted head! The blood of Alfonso cried to heaven for vengeance; and heaven has permitted its altar to be polluted by assassination, that thou mightest shed thy own blood at the foot of that prince's sepulchre!—Cruel man! cried Matilda, to aggravate the woes of a parent! May heaven bless my father, and forgive him as I do! My lord, my gracious sire, dost thou forgive thy child? Indeed I came not hither to meet Theodore! I found him praying at this tomb, whither my mother sent me to intercede for thee, for her—Dearest father, bless your child, and say you forgive her.—Forgive thee! Murderous monster! cried Manfred—can assassins forgive? I took thee for Isabella; but heaven directed my bloody hand to the heart of my child!—Oh! Matilda—I cannot utter it—canst thou forgive the blindness of my rage?—I can, I do, and may heaven confirm it! said Matilda—But while I have life to ask it—oh, my mother! what will she feel!—Will you comfort her, my lord? Will you not put her away? Indeed she loves you—Oh, I am faint! bear me to the castle—can I live to have her close my eyes?

Theodore and the monks besought her earnestly to suffer herself to be borne into the convent; but her instances were so pressing to be carried to the castle, that, placing her on a litter, they conveyed her thither as she requested. Theodore supporting her head with his arm, and hanging over her in an agony of despairing love, still endeavoured to inspire her with hopes of life. Jerome on the other side comforted her with discourses of heaven, and holding a crucifix before her, which she bathed with innocent tears, prepared her for her passage to immortality. Manfred, plunged in the deepest affliction, followed the litter in despair.

Ere they reached the castle, Hippolita, informed of the dreadful catastrophe, had flown to meet her murdered child; but when she saw the afflicted procession, the mightiness of her grief deprived her of her senses, and she fell lifeless to the earth in a swoon. Isabella and Frederic, who attended her, were overwhelmed in almost equal sorrow. Matilda alone seemed insensible to her own situation: every thought was lost in tenderness for her mother. Ordering the litter to stop, as soon as Hippolita was brought to herself, she asked for her father. He approached, unable to speak. Matilda, seizing his
hand

hand and her mother's, locked them in her own, and then clasped them to her heart. Manfred could not support this act of pathetic piety. He dashed himself on the ground, and cursed the day he was born. Isabella, apprehensive that these struggles of passion were more than Matilda could support, took upon herself to order Manfred to be borne to his apartment, while she caused Matilda to be conveyed to the nearest chamber. Hippolita, scarce more alive than her daughter, was regardless of every thing but her: but when the tender Isabella's care would have likewise removed her, while the surgeons examined Matilda's wound, she cried, Remove me? Never! never! I lived but in her, and will expire with her. Matilda raised her eyes at her mother's voice, but closed them again without speaking. Her sinking pulse, and the damp coldness of her hand, soon dispelled all hopes of recovery. Theodore followed the surgeons into the outer chamber, and heard them pronounce the fatal sentence with a transport equal to phrensy—Since she cannot live mine, cried he, at least she shall be mine in death!—Father! Jerome! will you not join our hands? cried he to the friar, who with the marquis had accompanied the surgeons. What means thy distracted rashness? said Jerome: is this an hour for marriage? It is; it is, cried Theodore: alas, there is no other! Young man, thou art too unadvised, said Frederic: dost thou think we are to listen to thy fond transports in this hour of fate? What pretensions hast thou to the princess? Those of a prince, said Theodore; of the sovereign of Otranto. This reverend man, my father, has informed me who I am. Thou ravest, said the marquis: there is no prince of Otranto but myself, now Manfred by murder, by sacrilegious murder, has forfeited all pretensions. My lord, said Jerome, assuming an air of command, he tells you true. It was not my purpose the secret should have been divulged so soon; but fate presses onward to its work. What his hot-headed passion has revealed, my tongue confirms. Know, prince, that when Alfonso set sail for the Holy Land—Is this a season for explanations? cried Theodore. Father, come and unite me to the princess: she shall be mine—in every other thing I will dutifully obey you. My life! my adored Matilda! continued Theodore, rushing back into the inner chamber, will you not be mine? will you not bless your——Isabella made signs to him to be silent, apprehending the princess was near her end. What, is she dead? cried Theodore: is it possible? The violence of his exclamations brought Matilda to herself. Lifting up her eyes she looked round for her mother—Life of my soul! I am here, cried Hippolita: think not I will quit thee!—Oh! you are too good, said
Matilda

Matilda—but weep not for me, my mother! I am going where sorrow never dwells.—Isabella, thou hast loved me; wot thou not supply my fondness to this dear, dear woman? Indeed I am faint!—Oh! my child! my child! said Hippolita in a flood of tears, can I not withhold thee a moment?—It will not be, said Matilda—Commend me to heaven—Where is my father? Forgive him, dearest mother—forgive him my death; it was an error—Oh! I had forgotten—Dearest mother, I vowed never to see Theodore more—Perhaps that has drawn down this calamity—but it was not intentional—can you pardon me?—Oh! wound not my agonizing soul! said Hippolita; thou never couldst offend me.—Alas, she faints! Help! help!—I would say something more, said Matilda struggling, but it wonnot be—Isabella—Theodore—for my sake—oh!—She expired. Isabella and her women tore Hippolita from the corse; but Theodore threatened destruction to all who attempted to remove him from it. He printed a thousand kisses on her clay-cold hands, and uttered every expression that despairing love could dictate.

Isabella, in the mean time, was accompanying the afflicted Hippolita to her apartment; but in the middle of the court they were met by Manfred, who, distracted with his own thoughts, and anxious once more to behold his daughter, was advancing to the chamber where she lay. As the moon was now at its height, he read in the countenances of this unhappy company the event he dreaded. What! is she dead? cried he in wild confusion—A clap of thunder at that instant shook the castle to its foundations; the earth rocked, and the clank of more than mortal armour was heard behind. Frederic and Jerome thought the last day was at hand. The latter, forcing Theodore along with them, rushed into the court. The moment Theodore appeared, the walls of the castle behind Manfred were thrown down with a mighty force, and the form of Alfonso, dilated to an immense magnitude, appeared in the centre of the ruins. Behold in Theodore, the true heir of Alfonso! said the vision: and having pronounced those words, accompanied by a clap of thunder, it ascended solemnly towards heaven, where the clouds parting asunder, the form of saint Nicholas was seen; and receiving Alfonso's shade, they were soon wrapt from mortal eyes in a blaze of glory.

The beholders fell prostrate on their faces, acknowledging the divine will. The first that broke silence was Hippolita. My lord, said she to the desponding Manfred, behold the vanity of human greatness! Conrad is gone! Matilda

Matilda is no more! in Theodore we view the true prince of Otranto. By what miracle he is so, I know not—suffice it to us, our doom is pronounced! Shall we not, can we but dedicate the few deplorable hours we have to live, in deprecating the farther wrath of heaven? Heaven ejects us—whither can we fly, but to yon holy cells that yet offer us a retreat?—Thou guiltless but unhappy woman! unhappy by my crimes! replied Manfred, my heart at last is open to thy devout admonitions. Oh! could—but it cannot be—ye are lost in wonder—let me at last do justice on myself! To heap shame on my own head is all the satisfaction I have left to offer to offended heaven. My story has drawn down these judgments: let my confession atone—But ah! what can atone for usurpation and a murdered child? a child murdered in a consecrated place!—Lift, sirs, and may this bloody record be a warning to future tyrants!

Alfonso, ye all know, died in the Holy Land—Ye would interrupt me; ye would say he came not fairly to his end—It is most true—why else this bitter cup which Manfred must drink to the dregs? Ricardo, my grandfather, was his chamberlain—I would draw a veil over my ancestor's crimes—but it is in vain: Alfonso died by poison. A fictitious will declared Ricardo his heir. His crimes pursued him—yet he lost no Conrad, no Matilda! I pay the price of usurpation for all! A storm overtook him. Haunted by his guilt, he vowed to saint Nicholas to found a church and two convents if he lived to reach Otranto. The sacrifice was accepted: the saint appeared to him in a dream, and promised that Ricardo's posterity should reign in Otranto until the rightful owner should be grown too large to inhabit the castle, and as long as issue-male from Ricardo's loins should remain to enjoy it.—Alas! alas! nor male nor female, except myself, remains of all his wretched race!—I have done—the woes of these three days speak the rest. How this young man can be Alfonso's heir I know not—yet I do not doubt it. His are these dominions; I resign them—yet I knew not Alfonso had an heir—I question not the will of heaven—poverty and prayer must fill up the woeful space, until Manfred shall be summoned to Ricardo.

What remains is my part to declare, said Jerome. When Alfonso set sail for the Holy Land, he was driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily. The other vessel, which bore Ricardo and his train, as your *lordship* must have heard, was separated from him. It is most true, said Manfred; and the title

you give me is more than an out-cast can claim—Well, be it so—proceed. Jerome blushed, and continued. For three months lord Alfonso was wind-bound in Sicily. There he became enamoured of a fair virgin named Victoria. He was too pious to tempt her to forbidden pleasures. They were married. Yet deeming this amour incongruous with the holy vow of arms by which he was bound, he was determined to conceal their nuptials until his return from the crusade, when he purposed to seek and acknowledge her for his lawful wife. He left her pregnant. During his absence she was delivered of a daughter: but scarce had she felt a mother's pangs, ere she heard the fatal rumour of her lord's death, and the succession of Ricardo. What could a friendless, helpless woman do? would her testimony avail?—Yet, my lord, I have an authentic writing.—It needs not, said Manfred; the horrors of these days, the vision we have but now seen, all corroborate thy evidence beyond a thousand parchments. Matilda's death and my expulsion—Be composed, my lord, said Hippolita; this holy man did not mean to recall your griefs. Jerome proceeded.

I shall not dwell on what is needless. The daughter of which Victoria was delivered, was at her maturity bestowed in marriage on me. Victoria died; and the secret remained locked in my breast. Theodore's narrative has told the rest.

The friar ceased. The disconsolate company retired to the remaining part of the castle. In the morning Manfred signed his abdication of the principality, with the approbation of Hippolita, and each took on them the habit of religion in the neighbouring convents. Frederic offered his daughter to the new prince, which Hippolita's tendernefs for Isabella concurred to promote: but Theodore's grief was too fresh to admit the thought of another love; and it was not till after frequent discourses with Isabella, of his dear Matilda, that he was persuaded he could know no happiness but in the society of one with whom he could forever indulge the melancholy that had taken possession of his soul.

A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
G I A N T S
L A T E L Y D I S C O V E R E D :

In a Letter to a Friend in the Country.

First Printed in the Year 1766.

AGGREGATE

GLANTS

LATELY DISCOVERED

In a Letter to a Friend in the Country

A N

A C C O U N T

O F T H E

G I A N T S

L A T E L Y D I S C O V E R E D .

D E A R W I L L .

THOUGH people in the country are enough disposed to believe wonders, yet are they prudently apt to suspend giving credit to all that are sent from London, except of a political cast. You good folks still believe in an uninterrupted generation of patriots; and though they seldom come to years of maturity, you trust in them as fast as they are produced in saint Stephen's chapel. For other monstrous births, you are fonder of them, the farther they come. Ghosts and witches are entirely of your own growth. Excepting the famous ghost of a sound in Cock-lane, from which the Methodists expected such a rich harvest (for what might not a rising church promise itself from such well-imagined nonsense as the apparition of a noise?) I think many, many years have elapsed, since the capital could boast of having regenerated a spirit. Your sagacity will therefore incline you to doubt the marvellous account I am going to give you of a new-discovered race of giants.

Perhaps

Perhaps you will take the relation for some political allegory, or think it a new-vamped edition of Swift's Brobdignags. My good friend, it is neither the one nor the other; though I must own a political mystery, and a wonderful one too, for it is really kept a secret.—The very crew of the ship, who saw five hundred of these lofty personages, did not utter a word of the matter for a whole year; and even now, that a general idea has taken wind, can scarce be brought to give any particulars to their most intimate friends.

All that the public can yet learn is, that captain Byron and his men have seen on the coast of Patagonia five hundred giants on horseback. Giants! you will cry; what do you call giants? Why, my friend, not men of fifty or an hundred feet high, yet still very personable giants, and much taller than any individual ever exhibited at Charing-cross. Come, what do you think of nine or ten feet high? and what do you think of five hundred such? Will Mrs. — cry, "Pish! that is no giant, it is only a well-made man."

I am told, for I am no reader of travels, that this gigantic nation was known to exist as early as the discovery of that continent: that sir John Narborough mentions them; and of late years Maupertuis. The Spaniards assert that they have long been acquainted with their existence—so *they*, you see, can keep a secret too. But the reasons given why we know so little of the matter are, that few ships ever touch on that coast, standing more out to sea in order to double the Cape; and that these giants are a roving nation, and seldom come down to the coast; and then I suppose only *to bob for whales*.

You will be eager to know a great deal more than I can tell you; but thus much I think is allowed: That captain Byron, being on that coast, saw a body of men at a distance on very small horses: as he approached, he perceived that the horses were common-sized horses; but that the riders were enormously tall, though I do not hear that their legs trailed much on the ground. This was fine game for a man sent on discoveries. The captain and part of his crew immediately landed, on which messieurs the giants as quickly retreated. Whether this timidity was owing to the terror which the English arms have struck into all parts of the known and, I conclude, unknown world; whether they took captain Byron for Mr. Pitt; whether they took

took our men for Spaniards, whose name must be an horror to all Americans; or whether they had any apprehensions of fire-arms; I cannot tell. Be that as it may, the more the captain and his men advanced, the faster the giants kept trotting off. Seeing this, the captain took a bold and sensible resolution: he ordered his men to lay down their arms and remain stock still, himself alone advancing. I doubt much whether Homer would have cared to venture his Jupiter alone against five hundred Titans.

Captain Byron's Titans had more of the *sçavoir vivre*, and, seeing him advance alone, stopped. He came up with them, and addressed them in all the languages he knew, and that they did not. They replied in the giant-tongue, which I am told a very reverend critic, upon the strength of one syllable which the captain remembered, affirms is plainly Phœnician. The captain, not being master of that exceedingly useful and obsolete language, had the misfortune of not comprehending a word they said. Had he been a deep scholar, he would undoubtedly have had recourse to hieroglyphics, which the Learned tell us was the first way of conveying instruction: but I must beg leave to observe, that it was very lucky the captain had not so much erudition. I do not know whether he can draw or not, but most probably, if he can, he had not his implements with him; at most, perhaps, a black-lead pencil, or a pen and ink, and the cover of a letter. He could not with such tools have asked many questions; and as the giants are probably not better painters than the Egyptians, he would have understood their answers as little as the Learned do the figures on obelisks. Thus he would have lost his time, and got no information; or, what is worse, to every man but a critic, have made a thousand absurd guesses. The captain having a great deal more sense, and the savages some, they naturally fell into that *succedaneum* to language, signs. Yet I do not hear that either side gained much information.

The first thing, or rather first sign, he said to them in this dilemma was, *Sit down*; which he explained by sitting down on the ground himself. The poor good giants understood him, dismounted and sat down too. It is said, but far be it from me to affirm it, that, when the captain (who I am told is upwards of six feet) rose again, the nearest giant to him, though sitting, was taller than he.

An hour or two was spent in fruitlessly endeavouring to understand one another: all I hear the captain comprehended was, that the giants invited him very civilly to go with them into the woods, where I suppose Gigantopolis stands, and their king resides, who, no doubt, is at least two feet taller than the tallest of his grenadiers. The captain declined the offer; at which these polite savages expressed much concern, but never once, as any still more polite people would have done, attempted to force him.

When he took his leave, they remained motionless, and continued so, as he observed by his glasses, till the ship was out of their sight.

Very few other particulars are come to my knowledge, except that they were clothed in skins of beasts, and had their eyes painted of different colours; that they had no weapons, but spears pointed with fish-bones; that they devour fish raw, and that they showed great repugnance to taste any liquids offered to them by the captain; and that though they were too polite absolutely to refuse his toast, they spit the liquor out of their mouths again; whether from apprehension of intoxication or poison, is not certain: however, it looks as if they had some notion of such European arts. What is more remarkable; the weather being very severe at that season, the whole colossal troop seemed as sensible of the cold, and shivered like us little delicate mortals of six feet high. They had a few giantesses with them; but as the captain did not survey them with the small end of his spying-glass, I do not hear that he was much struck with their charms.

This, my dear friend, is all the satisfaction I can give you. However, I am proud to be the first who has communicated this important discovery to Europe.

The speculations it has already occasioned, and will occasion, are infinite. The wolf of the Gevaudan, that terror of the French monarchy, is already forgotten. Naturalists, politicians, divines, and writers of romance, have a new field opened to them. The scale of being ascends; we mount from the pigmies of Lapland, to the giants of Patagonia.

You will ask, but I cannot answer you, Whether the scale of the country is in proportion to such inhabitants? Whether their oaks are half as lofty again as the British? And such is your zeal for England, you will already figure a fleet built of their timber. How large is the grain of their corn? Of what size their sheep, cows, and poultry? Do not go and compute by Gulliver's measures, and tell me, that a populous nation of such dimensions would devour the products of such a country as Great Tartary in half a year. Giants there are; but what proportionable food they have, except elephants and leviathans, is more than I can tell. They probably do not live upon Bantam-chickens.

As you are still more of a politician than a naturalist, you will be impatient to know if captain Byron took possession of the country for the crown of England, and to have his majesty's style run, George the third, by the grace of God, king of Great-Britain, France, Ireland, and the Giants! You will ask why some of their women were not brought away to mend our breed, which all good patriots assert has been dwindling for some hundreds of years; and whether there is any gold or diamonds in the country? Mr. Whitfield wants to know the same thing, and it is said intends a visit for the conversion of these poor blinded savages.

As soon as they are properly civilized, that is, enslaved, due care will undoubtedly be taken to specify in their charter that these giants shall be subject to the parliament of Great-Britain, and shall not wear a sheep's skin that is not legally **stamped*. A riot of giants would be very unpleasant to an infant colony. But experience, I hope, will teach us, that the invaluable liberties of Englishmen are not to be wantonly scattered all over the globe. Let us enjoy them ourselves, but they are too sacred to be communicated. If giants once get an idea of freedom, they will soon be our masters instead of our slaves. But what pretensions can they have to freedom? They are as distinct from the common species as blacks, and, by being larger, may be more useful. I would advise our prudent merchants to employ them in the sugar-trade: they are capable of more labour; but even then they must be worse treated, if possible, than our black slaves: they must be lamed and maimed, and have their spirits well broken, or they may become dangerous. This

* This was written during the contests on the famous stamp-act.

too will give a little respite to Africa, where we have half exhausted the human, I mean the black breed, by that wise maxim of our planters, that if a slave lives four years he has earned his purchase-money, consequently you may afford to work him to death in that time.

The mother-country is not only the first, but ought to be the sole object of our political considerations. If we once begin to extend the idea of the love of our country, it will embrace the universe, and consequently annihilate all notion of our country. The Romans, so much the object of modern admiration, were with difficulty persuaded to admit even the rest of Italy to be their countrymen. The true patriots never regarded any thing without the walls of Rome, except their own villas, as their country. Every thing was done for immortal Rome, and it was immortal Rome that did every thing. Conquered nations, which to them answered to discovered nations with us, for they conquered as fast as they discovered, were always treated accordingly; and it is remarkable, that two men equally famous for their eloquence have been the only two that ever had the weakness to think that conquered countries were entitled to all the blessings of the mother-country. Cicero treated Sicily and Cilicia as tenderly as the district of Arpinum, and I doubt it was the folly of that example that misled his too exact * imitator on a late occasion. However, the giants must be impressed with other ideas: Bless us! if, like that pigmy old Oliver, they should come to think the Speaker's mace a bawble!

What have we to do with America, but to conquer, enslave, and make it tend to the advantage of our commerce? Shall the noblest rivers in the world roll for savages? Shall mines teem with gold for the natives of the soil? And shall the world produce any thing but for England, France, and Spain? It is enough that the overflowings of riches in those three countries are every ten years wasted in Germany.

Still, my political friend, I am not for occupying Patagonia, as we did Virginia, Carolina, &c. Such might be the politics of queen Elizabeth's days: but modern improvements are wiser. If the giants in question are masters of a rich and flourishing empire, I think they ought to be put under their majesties, a West-Indian company; the directors of which may retail

* Alluding to Mr. Pitt's speeches against the stamp-act.

out a small portion of their imperial revenues to the proprietors, under the name of a dividend. This is an excellent scheme of government, totally unknown to the ancients. I can but think how poor Livy or Tacitus would have been hampered in giving an account of such an *imperium in imperio*. * Caffimirus Alius Caunus (for they latinized every proper name, instead of delivering it as uncouthly pronounced by their soldiers and sailors) would have founded well enough: but dividends, discounts, India bonds, &c. were not made for the majesty of history. But I am wandering from my subject; though, while I am talking of the stocks and funds, I could chalk out a very pretty new South-sea scheme, *à propos* to the Patagonians. It would not ruin above half the nation, and would make the fortunes of such industrious gentlemen, as during the want of a war in Germany cannot turn commissaries.

Command is the object of every man's ambition; but by the impolitic assent of ages and nations to hereditary monarchy, you must be begotten on a queen, or are for ever excluded from wearing a diadem; except in a very few instances; as in Poland, where the throne is elective; in Corsica, where they will not acknowledge hereditary right in the republic of Genoa; in † Russia, where a soldier's trull succeeded her husband the czar, and where there are other ways of succeeding a husband; in Peru, where they are tired of exchanging their gold for tyrants; and in Paraguay, where the ‡ outcasts of the earth, and the inventors of the oath of obedience, have thrown off all submission to their prince, and, having mounted the throne, will probably renounce the oath of chastity too. But it is to England that persons of the lowest birth are indebted for the invention and facility of wielding at least part of a sceptre. Buy but an India bond, and you have a property in the kingdom of Bengal. Rise to be a director, and the Mogul has not more power of appointing and displacing nabobs. Indian sovereigns may now be born in Threadneedle-street.

What the government means by pocketing a whole nation of giants, is not to be conceived. It ought again to draw down the vengeance of their antagonists on the present § ministers. I am sure they have done nothing worse.

* Caffim Ali Caun.

† Alluding to the czarinas, Catherine 1st and 2d.

‡ The jesuits.

§ This was written before the change of the ministry in July.

Who knows but at this instant they may be preparing to pour in forty or fifty thousand giants upon us? Their love of liberty, their tenderness of the constitution, their lenity, mildness, and disinterestedness, their attention to the merchants, in short, all their virtues may be affected, and only calculated to lull us asleep until the fatal blow is struck. I own my apprehensions are gloomy; yet, thank God, we have a pretty tall * opposition, who will not suffer us to be enslaved by any thing higher than themselves.

In the mean time, till we know something of the matter, it is to be hoped that all speculative authors, who are so kind as to govern and reform the world through the channel of the newspapers, will turn their thoughts to plans for settling this new-acquired country. I call it new-acquired, because whoever finds a country, though nobody has lost it, is from that instant entitled to take possession of it for himself, or his sovereign. Europe has no other title to America, except force and murder, which are rather the executive parts of government than a right. Though Spain pretends a knowledge of our giants, she has forfeited all pretensions to their allegiance, by concealing the discovery; as is plain from the decision of the canon law, *tit. De novis regionibus non abscondendis*.

The first thought that will occur to every good christian is, that this race of giants ought to be exterminated, and their country colonized; but I have already mentioned the great utility that may be drawn from them in the light of slaves. I have also said, that a moderate importation might be tolerated for the sake of mending our breed; but I would by no means come into a project I have heard-dropped, and in which propagation would not be concerned: I mean the scheme of bringing over a number of giants for second husbands to dowagers. Ireland is already kept in a state of humiliation. We check their trade, and do not allow them to avail themselves of the best situated harbours in the world. Matrimony is their only branch of commerce unrestricted, and it would be a most crying injustice to clog that too.

In truth, we are not sufficiently acquainted with these Goliaths to decide peremptorily on their properties. No account of them has been yet transmitted to the Royal Society: but it would be exceedingly advisable, that a jury of matrons should be sent in the next embarkation to make a report;

* The Grenvilles.

and old women for old women, I would trust to the analysis of the matrons in preference to that of the philosophers.

I will now, my friend, drop the political part of this discussion, and inform you what effect this phenomenon has had on another set of men. It has started an obvious and very perplexing question, viz. whether these giants are aborigines; if they are not, from which of the sons of Noah they are descended, and in that case how we shall account for this extraordinary increase of stature?

The modern philosophers are peremptory that these giants are aborigines; that is, that their country has been inhabited by giants from the creation of the world. The scriptures, say those gentlemen, mention giants, but never posterior to the flood; whence we ought to believe that they perished in the general deluge. Neither, add they, are we told that any son of Noah was of stature supereminent to his brethren. Yet we will suppose, say they, that some of their descendants might have shot up to an extraordinary height, without notice being taken of it in sacred writ. Nay, they allow that this increase of stature might not have appeared till after the date of holy writ. Yet, is it credible, say they, that a race of giants should have been formed, and remain unknown to all ages, all nations, all history? Did these monsters pass unobserved from the most eastern part of the continent (the supposed communication by which America was peopled) to the northern parts of the other world, and migrate down that whole continent to the most southern point of it, without leaving any trace, even by tradition, in the memory of mankind? Or are we to believe, that tribes of giants sailed from Africa to America? What vessels wafted them? Was navigation so perfected in the infant ages of the world, that fleets enormously larger than any now existing were constructed for a race of Polyphemes? Or, to come to the third point, is it the climate that has ripened them, as Jamaica swells oranges to shadocks, to this stupendous volume? But north and south of them are men of the ordinary size; nor have the same latitudes produced any thing similar. Natural philosophers cannot account for it, therefore divines certainly can; and when this people shall be better known, I do not doubt but the mystery will be cleared up; for, as these giants have indubitably remained unmixed longer than any other people, we shall probably discover stronger traces of their Jewish origin. Their cult is in all likelihood less corrupted from that
of

of the sons of Noah, than is to be found elsewhere; their language possibly the genuine Hebrew, not Phœnician; and, if I might hazard a conjecture, these giants are probably the descendants of the ten tribes so long lost, and so fruitlessly fought by the learned; and having deviated less from the true religion of their forefathers, may have been restored to, or preserved in, their primitive stature and vigour. I offer this opinion with much modesty, though I think it more reasonable than any *hypothesis* I have yet heard on the subject.

Whatever their religion shall appear to be, it will be matter of great curiosity. We scarce know of any people, except the Hottentots, or the heroes who lived in the days of Fingal, among whom no traces of any religious notions or worship have been discovered.

If they are not Jews, but idolaters, the statues of their divinities, their sacrificing instruments, or whatever are the trinkets of their devotion, will be great rarities, and worthy of a place in any museum.

Their poetry will be another object of enquiry, and, if their minds are at all in proportion to their bodies, must abound in the most lofty images, in the true sublime. Oh! if we could come at an heroic poem penned by a giant! We should see other images than our puny writers of romance have conceived; and a little different from the cold * tale of a late notable author, who did not know better what to do with his giant than to make him grow till he shook his own castle about his own ears.

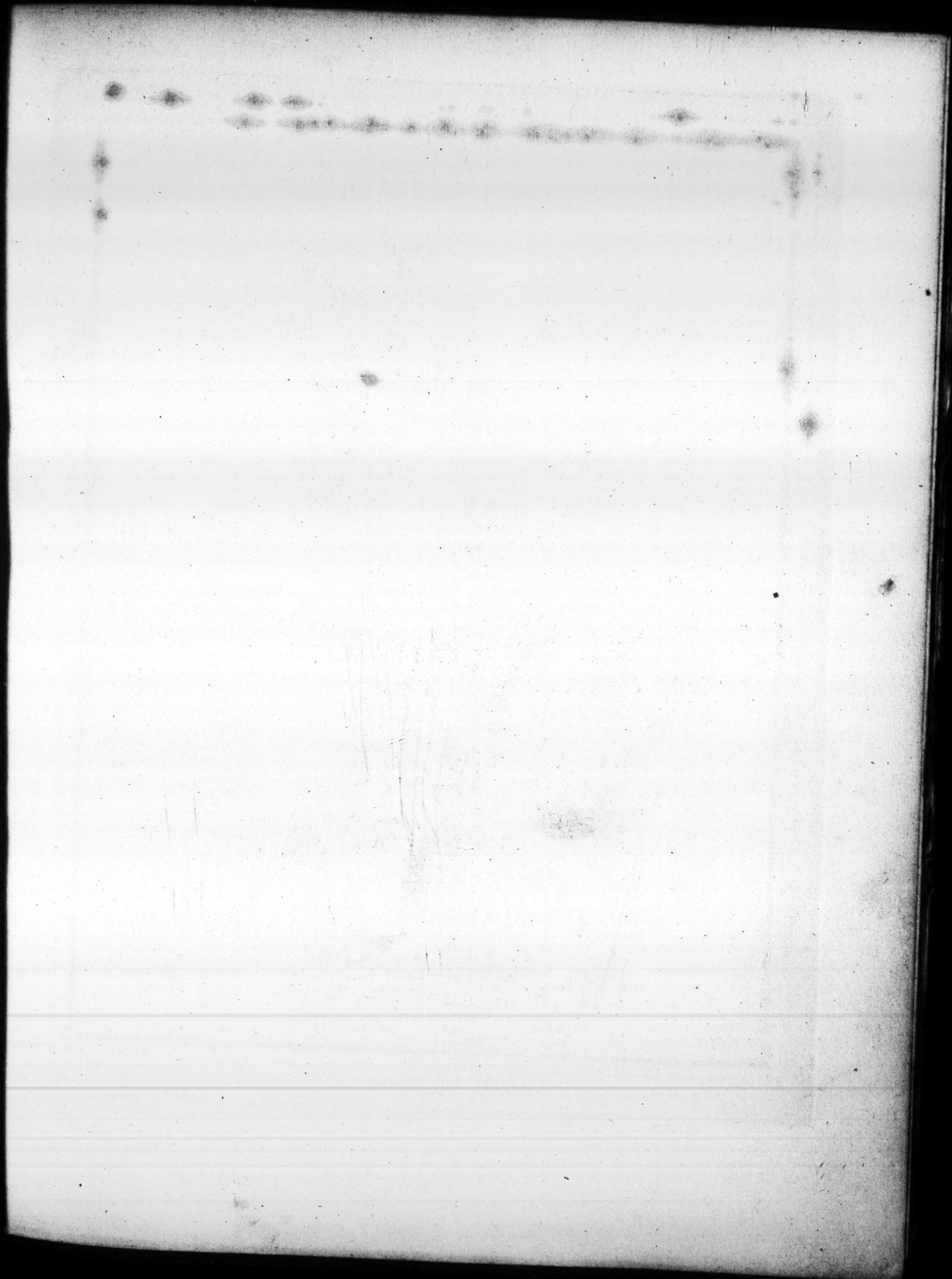
In short, my good friend, here is ample room for speculation: but I hope we shall go calmly and systematically to work: that we shall not exterminate these poor monsters till we are fully acquainted with their history, laws, opinions, police, &c. that we shall not convert them to christianity, only to cut their throats afterwards; that nobody will beg a million of acres of giant-land, till we have determined what to do with the present occupiers; and that we shall not throw away fifteen or twenty thousand men in conquering their country, as we did at the Havannah, only to restore it to the Spaniards.

Yours,

July 1, 1766.

S. T.

* The Castle of Otranto.





Vertue delin

KING RICHARD the III.

Grignon sculp.

HISTORIC DOUBTS

ON THE

LIFE AND REIGN

OF

KING RICHARD the THIRD.

L'Histoire n'est fondée que sur le temoignage des auteurs qui nous l'ont transmise. Il importe donc extrêmement, pour la sçavoir, de bien connoître quels étoient ces auteurs. Rien n'est à négliger en ce point ; le tems où ils ont vécu, leur naissance, leur patrie, la part qu'ils ont eue aux affaires, les moyens par lesquels ils ont été instruits, et l'intérêt qu'ils y pouvoient prendre, sont des circonstances essentielles qu'il n'est pas permis d'ignorer : delà dépend le plus ou le moins d'autorité qu'ils doivent avoir : et sans cette connoissance, on courra risque très souvent de prendre pour guide un historien de mauvaise foi, ou du moins mal informé.

Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript. Vol. X.

HISTORIC DOUBTS

ON THE

LIFE AND REIGN

OF

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

By the Rev. John G. Nichols, D.D.,
Professor of History in the University of
Cambridge, and formerly Secretary of the
British Museum. Translated from the
French of M. de la Harpe, by
John G. Nichols, D.D.

P R E F A C E.

SO incompetent has the generality of historians been for the province they have undertaken, that it is almost a question, whether, if the dead of past ages could revive, they would be able to reconnoitre the events of their own times, as transmitted to us by ignorance and misrepresentation. All very ancient history, except that of the illuminated Jews, is a perfect fable. It was written by priests, or collected from their reports; and calculated solely to raise lofty ideas of the origin of each nation. Gods and demi-gods were the principal actors; and truth is seldom to be expected where the personages are supernatural. The Greek historians have no advantage over the Peruvian, but in the beauty of their language, or from that language being more familiar to us. Mango Capac, the son of the sun, is as authentic a founder of a royal race, as the progenitor of the Heraclidæ. What truth indeed could be expected, when even the identity of person is uncertain? The actions of one were ascribed to many, and of many to one. It is not known whether there was a single Hercules or twenty.

As nations grew polished, history became better authenticated. Greece itself learned to speak a little truth. Rome, at the hour of its fall, had the consolation of seeing the crimes of its usurpers published. The vanquished inflicted eternal wounds on their conquerors—but who knows, if Pompey had succeeded, whether Julius Cæsar would not have been decorated as a martyr to public liberty? At some periods the suffering criminal captivates all hearts; at others, the triumphant tyrant. Augustus, drenched in the blood of his fellow-citizens, and Charles Stuart, falling in his own blood, are held up to admiration. Truth is left out of the discussion; and odes and anniversary sermons give the law to history and credulity.

But if the crimes of Rome are authenticated, the case is not the same with its virtues. An able critic has shown that nothing is more problematic than

the history of the three or four first ages of that city. As the confusions of the state increased, so do the confusions in its story. The empire had masters, whose names are only known from medals. It is uncertain of what princes several empresses were the wives. If the jealousy of two antiquaries intervenes, the point becomes inexplicable. Oriuna, on the medals of Carausius, used to pass for the moon : of late years it is become a doubt whether she was not his consort. It is of little importance whether she was moon or empress : but how little must we know of those times, when those land-marks to certainty, royal names, do not serve even that purpose ! In the cabinet of the king of France are several coins of sovereigns, whose country cannot now be guessed at.

The want of records, of letters, of printing, of critics ; wars, revolutions, factions, and other causes, occasioned these defects in ancient history. Chronology and astronomy are forced to tinker up and reconcile, as well as they can, those uncertainties. This satisfies the learned—but what should we think of the reign of George the second to be calculated two thousand years hence by eclipses, lest the conquest of Canada should be ascribed to James the first ?

At the very moment that the Roman empire was resettled, nay, when a new metropolis was erected, in an age of science and arts, while letters still held up their heads in Greece ; consequently, when the great outlines of truth, I mean events, might be expected to be established ; at that very period a new deluge of error burst upon the world. Christian monks and saints laid truth waste ; and a mock sun rose at Rome, when the Roman sun sunk at Constantinople. Virtues and vices were rated by the standard of bigotry ; and the militia of the church became the only historians. The best princes were represented as monsters ; the worst, at least the most useless, were deified, according as they depressed or exalted turbulent and enthusiastic prelates and friars. Nay, these men were so destitute of temper and common sense, that they dared to suppose that common sense would never revisit the earth ; and accordingly wrote with so little judgment, and committed such palpable forgeries, that, if we cannot discover what really happened in those ages, we can at least be very sure what did not. How many general persecutions does the church record, of which there is not the smallest trace !

What

What donations and charters were forged, for which those holy persons would lose their ears, if they were in this age to present them in the most common court of judicature! Yet how long were those impostors the only persons who attempted to write history!

But let us lay aside their interested lies, and consider how far they were qualified in other respects to transmit faithful memorials to posterity. In the ages I speak of, the barbarous monkish ages, the shadow of learning that existed was confined to the clergy: they generally wrote in Latin, or in verse, and their compositions in both were truly barbarous. The difficulties of rhyme, and the want of correspondent terms in Latin, were no small impediments to the severe march of truth. But there were worse obstacles to encounter. Europe was in a continual state of warfare. Little princes and great lords were constantly skirmishing and scrambling for trifling additions of territory, or wasting each others borders. Geography was very imperfect; no police existed; roads, such as they were, were dangerous; and posts were not established. Events were only known by rumour, from pilgrims, or by letters carried by couriers to the parties interested: the public did not enjoy even those fallible vehicles of intelligence, news-papers. In this situation did monks, at twenty, fifty, an hundred, nay a thousand miles distance, (and under the circumstances I have mentioned even twenty miles were considerable) undertake to write history—and they wrote it accordingly.

If we take a survey of our own history, and examine it with any attention, what an unsatisfactory picture does it present to us! How dry, how superficial, how void of information! How little is recorded besides battles, plagues, and religious foundations! That this should be the case, before the conquest, is not surprising. Our empire was but forming itself, or recollecting its divided members into one mass, which, from the desertion of the Romans, had split into petty kingdoms. The invasions of nations as barbarous as ourselves, interfered with every plan of policy and order that might have been formed to settle the emerging state; and swarms of foreign monks were turned loose upon us with their new faith and mysteries, to bewilder and confound the plain good sense of our ancestors. It was too much to have Danes, Saxons, and popes to combat at once!

Our language suffered as much as our government; and, not having acquired much from our Roman masters, was miserably disfigured by the subsequent invaders. The unconquered parts of the island retained some purity and some precision. The Welsh and Erse tongues wanted not harmony: but never did exist a more barbarous jargon than the dialect still venerated by antiquaries, and called *Saxon*. It was so uncouth, so inflexible to all composition, that the monks, retaining the idiom, were reduced to write in what they took or meant for Latin.

The Norman tyranny succeeded, and gave this Babel of savage sounds a wrench towards their own language. Such a mixture necessarily required ages to bring it to some standard: and, consequently, whatever compositions were formed during its progress, were sure of growing obsolete. However, the authors of those days were not likely to make these obvious reflections; and indeed seemed to have aimed at no one perfection. From the conquest to the reign of Henry the eighth it is difficult to discover any one beauty in our writers, but their simplicity. They told their tale like story-tellers; that is, they related without art or ornament: and they related whatever they heard. No councils of princes, no motives of conduct, no remoter springs of action, did they investigate or learn. We have even little light into the characters of the actors. A king or an archbishop of Canterbury are the only persons with whom we are made much acquainted. The barons are all represented as brave patriots; but we have not the satisfaction of knowing which of them were really so; nor whether they were not all turbulent and ambitious. The probability is, that both kings and nobles wished to encroach on each other: and if any sparks of liberty were struck out, in all likelihood it was contrary to the intention of either the flint or the steel.

Hence it has been thought necessary to give a new dress to English history. Recourse has been had to records, and they are far from corroborating the testimonies of our historians. Want of authentic materials has obliged our later writers to leave the mass pretty much as they found it. Perhaps all the requisite attention that might have been bestowed, has not been bestowed. It demands great industry and patience to wade into such abstruse stores as records and charters: and they being jejune and narrow in themselves, very
acute

acute criticism is necessary to strike light from their assistance. If they solemnly contradict historians in material facts, we may lose our history; but it is impossible to adhere to our historians. Partiality man cannot entirely divest himself of; it is so natural, that the bent of a writer to one side or the other of a question is almost always discoverable. But there is a wide difference between favouring and lying—and yet I doubt whether the whole stream of our historians, misled by their originals, have not falsified one reign in our annals in the grossest manner. The moderns are only guilty of taking on trust what they ought to have examined more scrupulously, as the authors whom they copied were all ranked on one side in a flagrant season of party. But no excuse can be made for the original authors, who, I doubt, have violated all rules of truth.

The confusions which attended the civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster, threw an obscurity over that part of our annals, which it is almost impossible to dispel. We have scarce any authentic monuments of the reign of Edward the fourth; and ought to read his history with much distrust, from the boundless partiality of the succeeding writers to the opposite cause. That diffidence should increase as we proceed to the reign of his brother.

It occurred to me some years ago, that the picture of Richard the third, as drawn by historians, was a character formed by prejudice and invention. I did not take Shakespeare's tragedy for a genuine representation, but I did take the story of that reign for a tragedy of imagination. Many of the crimes imputed to Richard seemed improbable; and, what was stronger, contrary to his interest. A few incidental circumstances corroborated my opinion; an original and important instrument was pointed out to me last winter, which gave rise to the following sheets; and as it was easy to perceive, under all the glare of encomiums which historians have heaped on the wisdom of Henry the seventh, that he was a mean and unfeeling tyrant, I suspected that they had blackened his rival, till Henry, by the contrast, should appear in a kind of amiable light. The more I examined their story, the more I was confirmed in my opinion:—and with regard to Henry, one consequence I could not help drawing; that we have either no authentic memorials of Richard's crimes, or, at most, no account of them but from Lancastrian historians;

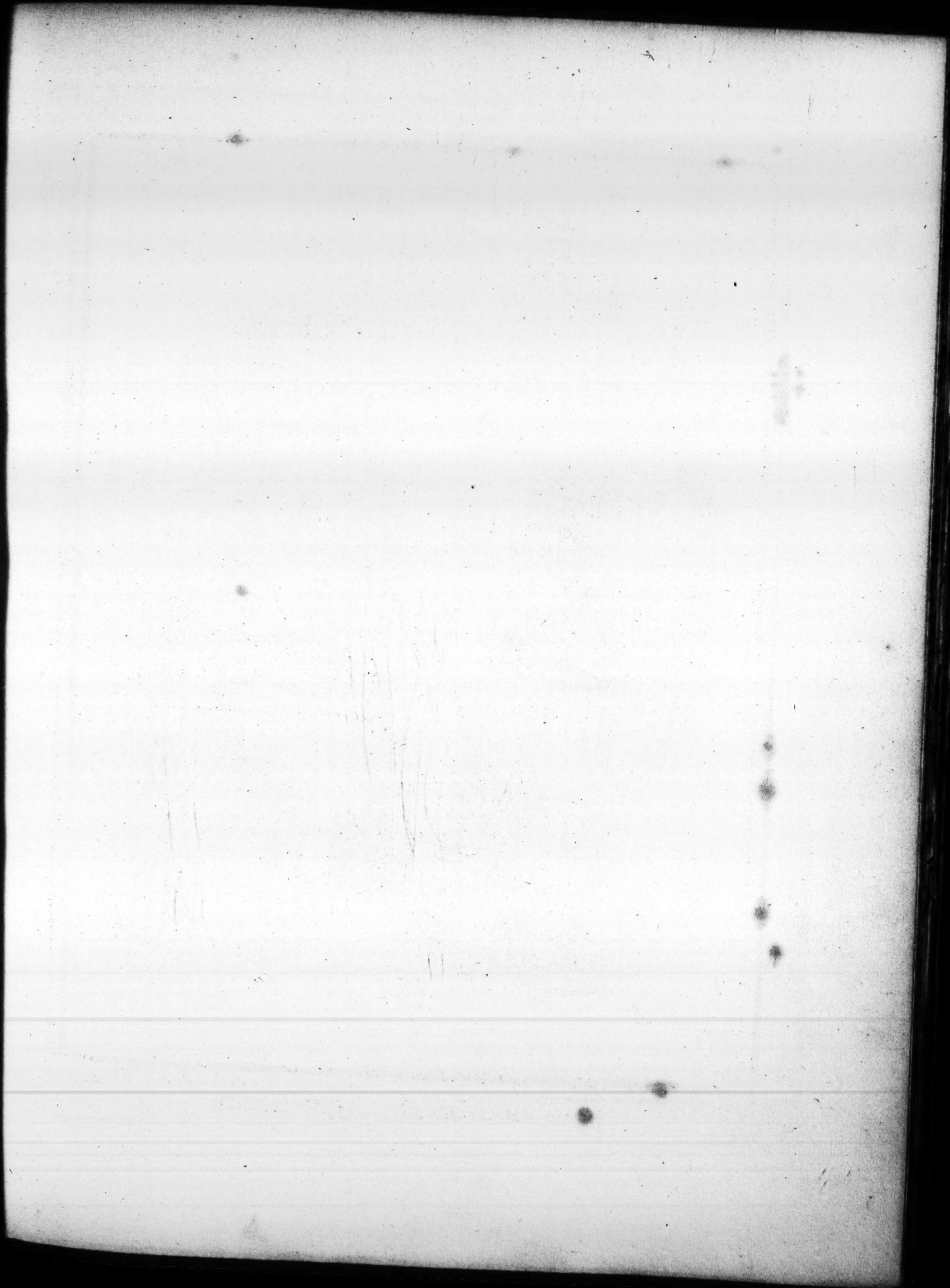
whereas

whereas the vices and injustice of Henry are, though palliated, avowed by the concurrent testimony of his panegyrist. Suspicions and calumny were fastened on Richard as so many assassinations. The murders committed by Henry were indeed executions—and executions pass for prudence with prudent historians; for when a successful king is chief-justice, historians become a voluntary jury.

If I do not flatter myself, I have unravelled a considerable part of that dark period. Whether satisfactorily or not, my readers must decide. Nor is it of any importance whether I have or not. The attempt was mere matter of curiosity and speculation. If any man, as idle as myself, should take the trouble to review and canvass my arguments, I am ready to yield so indifferent a point to better reasons. Should declamation alone be used to contradict me, I shall not think I am less in the right.

Nov. 28th, 1767.

HISTORIC





Vertue delin

Grignon Sculp

KING RICHARD III. and QUEEN ANNE.

HISTORIC DOUBTS

ON THE

Life and Reign of King RICHARD III.

THERE is a kind of literary superstition which men are apt to contract from habit, and which makes them look on any attempt towards shaking their belief in any established characters, no matter whether good or bad, as a sort of profanation. They are determined to adhere to their first impressions, and are equally offended at any innovation, whether the person, whose character is to be raised or depressed, were patriot or tyrant, saint or sinner. No indulgence is granted to those who would ascertain the truth. The more the testimonies on either side have been multiplied, the stronger is the conviction; though it generally happens that the original evidence is wondrous slender, and that the number of writers have but copied one another; or, what is worse, have only added to the original, without any new authority. Attachment so groundless is not to be regarded; and in mere matters of curiosity, it were ridiculous to pay any deference to it. If time brings new materials to light, if facts and dates confute historians, what does it signify that we have been for two or three hundred years under an error? Does antiquity consecrate darkness? Does a lie become venerable from its age?

Historic

Historic justice is due to all characters. Who would not vindicate Henry the eighth or Charles the second, if found to be falsely traduced? Why then not Richard the third? Of what importance is it to any man living, whether or not he was as bad as he is represented? No one noble family is sprung from him.

However, not to disturb too much the erudition of those who have read the dismal story of his cruelties, and settled their ideas of his tyranny and usurpation, I declare I am not going to write a vindication of him. All I mean to show is, that though he may have been as execrable as we are told he was, we have little or no reason to believe so. If the propensity of habit should still incline a single man to *suppose* that all he has read of Richard is true, I beg no more, than that that person would be so impartial as to own that he has little or no foundation for supposing so.

I will state the list of the crimes charged on Richard; I will specify the authorities on which he was accused; I will give a faithful account of the historians by whom he was accused; and will then examine the circumstances of each crime and each evidence; and, lastly, show that some of the crimes were contrary to Richard's interest, and almost all inconsistent with probability or with dates, and some of them involved in material contradictions.

Supposed crimes of Richard the third.

- 1st. His murder of Edward prince of Wales, son of Henry the sixth.
- 2d. His murder of Henry the sixth.
- 3d. The murder of his brother George duke of Clarence.
- 4th. The execution of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.
- 5th. The execution of lord Hastings.
- 6th. The murder of Edward the fifth and his brother.
- 7th. The murder of his own queen.

To which may be added, as they are thrown into the list to blacken him, his intended match with his own niece Elizabeth, the penance of Jane Shore, and his own personal deformities.

I. Of

I. Of the murder of Edward prince of Wales, son of Henry the sixth.

Edward the fourth had indubitably the hereditary right to the crown; which he pursued with singular bravery and address, and with all the arts of a politician and the cruelty of a conqueror. Indeed on neither side do there seem to have been any scruples: Yorkists and Lancastrians, Edward and Margaret of Anjou, entered into any engagements, took any oaths, violated them, and indulged their revenge, as often as they were depressed or victorious. After the battle of Tewksbury, in which Margaret and her son were made prisoners, young Edward was brought to the presence of Edward the fourth; "But after the king," says Fabian, the oldest historian of those times, "had questioned with the said sir Edward, and he had answered unto hym contrary his pleasure, he then strake him with his gauntlet upon the face; after which stroke, so by him received, he was by the kynges servants incontinently slaine." The Chronicle of Croyland of the same date says, the prince was slain "ultracibus quorundam manibus;" but names nobody.

Hall, who closes his work with the reign of Henry the eighth, says, that "The prince beyinge bold of stomache and of a good courage, answered the king's question (of how he durst so presumptuously enter into his realme with banner displayed) saynge, To recover my father's kingdome and enheritance, &c. at which wordes kyng Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, or, as some say, stroke him with his gauntlet, whome incontinent, they that stode about, which were George duke of Clarence, Richard duke of Gloucester, Thomas marques Dorset (son of queen Elizabeth Widville) and William lord Hastynge, sodainly murthered and pitiously manquelled." Thus much had the story gained from the time of Fabian to that of Hall.

Hollingshed repeats these very words, consequently is a transcriber and no new authority.

John Stowe reverts to Fabian's account, as the only one not grounded on hearsay, and affirms no more, than that the king cruelly smote the young prince on the face with his gauntlet, and after his servants slew him.

Of modern historians, Rapin and Carte, the only two who seem not to have swallowed implicitly all the vulgar tales propagated by the Lancastrians to blacken the house of York, warn us to read with allowance the exaggerated relations of those times. The latter suspects, that at the dissolution of the monasteries all evidences were suppressed that tended to weaken the right of the prince on the throne; but as Henry the eighth concentrated in himself both the claim of Edward the fourth and that ridiculous one of Henry the seventh, he seems to have had less occasion to be anxious lest the truth should come out; and indeed his father had involved that truth in so much darkness, that it was little likely to force its way. Nor was it necessary then to load the memory of Richard the third, who had left no offspring. Henry the eighth had no competitor to fear but the descendants of Clarence, of whom he seems to have had sufficient apprehension, as appeared by his murder of the old countess of Salisbury, daughter of Clarence, and his endeavours to root out her posterity. This jealousy accounts for Hall charging the duke of Clarence, as well as the duke of Gloucester, with the murder of prince Edward. But in accusations of so deep a dye, it is not sufficient ground for our belief, that an historian reports them with such a frivolous palliative as that phrase, *as some say*. A cotemporary names the king's *servants* as perpetrators of the murder: is not that more probable, than that the king's own brothers should have dipped their hands in so foul an assassination? Richard, in particular, is allowed on all hands to have been a brave and martial prince: he had great share in the victory at Tewksbury: some years afterwards he commanded his brother's troops in Scotland, and made himself master of Edinburgh. At the battle of Bosworth, where he fell, his courage was heroic: he fought Richmond, and endeavoured to decide their quarrel by a personal combat, slaying sir William Brandon, his rival's standard-bearer, with his own hand, and felling to the ground sir John Cheney, who endeavoured to oppose his fury. Such men may be carried by ambition to command the execution of those who stand in their way; but are not likely to lend their hand, in cold blood, to a base, and, to themselves, useless assassination. How did it import Richard in what manner the young prince was put to death? If he had so early planned the ambitious designs ascribed to him, he might have trusted to his brother Edward, so much more immediately concerned, that the young prince would not be spared. If those views did not, as is probable, take root in his heart till long afterwards, what interest had Richard to murder an unhappy young prince?

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This crime therefore was so unnecessary, and is so far from being established by any authority, that he deserves to be entirely acquitted of it.

II. The murder of Henry the sixth.

This charge, no better supported than the preceding, is still more improbable. "Of the death of this prince, Henry the sixth," says Fabian, "divers tales wer told. But the most common fame went, that he was sticken with a dagger by the handes of the duke of Glouceter."

The author of the Continuation of the Chronicle of Croyland says only, that the body of king Henry was found lifeless (exanime) in the Tower. "Parcat Deus," adds he, "& spatium poenitentiae ei donet, *quicumque* sacrilegas manus in christum Domini ausus est immittere. Unde et agens tyranni, patiensque gloriosi martyris titulum mereatur." The prayer for the murderer, that he may live to repent, proves that the passage was written immediately after the murder was committed. That the assassin deserved the appellation of tyrant, evinces that the historian's suspicions went high; but as he calls him *quicumque*, and as we are uncertain whether he wrote before the death of Edward the fourth, or between his death and that of Richard the third, we cannot ascertain which of the brothers he meant. In strict construction he should mean Edward, because, as he is speaking of Henry's death, Richard, then only duke of Gloucester, could not properly be called a tyrant. But as monks were not good grammatical critics, I shall lay no stress on this objection. I do think he alluded to Richard; having treated him severely in the subsequent part of his history, and having a true monkish partiality to Edward, whose cruelty and vices he slightly noticed, in favour to that monarch's severity to heretics and ecclesiastic expiations. "Is princeps, licet diebus suis cupiditatibus & luxui nimis intemperanter indulgisse credatur, in fide tamen catholicus summè, hereticorum severissimus hostis, sapientium & doctorum hominum clericorumque promotor amantissimus, sacramentorum ecclesiae devotissimus venerator, peccatorumque suorum omnium poenitentissimus fuit." That monster Philip the second possessed just the same virtues. Still, I say, let the monk suspect whom he would, if Henry was found dead, the monk was not likely to know who murdered him—and if he did, he has not told us.

Hall says, "Poore kyng Henry the sixte, a little before deprived of his realme and imperial croune, was now in the Tower of London spoyled of his life and all worldly felicity by Richard duke of Gloucester (as the constant fame ranne) which, to thintent that king Edward his brother should be clere out of al secret suspicyon of sudder invasion, murdered the said king with a dagger." Whatever Richard was, it seems he was a most excellent and kind-hearted brother, and scrupled not on any occasion to be the Jack Ketch of the times. We shall see him soon (if the evidence were to be believed) perform the same friendly office for Edward on their brother Clarence. And we must admire that he, whose dagger was so fleshed in murder for the service of another, should be so put to it to find the means of making away with his nephews, whose deaths were considerably more essential to him. But can this accusation be allowed gravely? If Richard aspired to the crown, whose whole conduct during Edward's reign was a scene, as we are told, of plausibility and decorum, would he officiously and unnecessarily have taken on himself the odium of slaying a saint-like monarch, adored by the people? Was it his interest to save Edward's character at the expence of his own? Did Henry stand in *his* way, deposed, imprisoned, and now *childless*? The blind and indiscriminate zeal with which every crime committed in that bloody age was placed to Richard's account, makes it greatly probable, that interest of party had more hand than truth in drawing his picture. Other cruelties, which I shall mention, and to which we know his motives, he certainly commanded; nor am I desirous to purge him where I find him guilty: but mob-stories or Lancastrian forgeries ought to be rejected from sober history; nor can they be repeated, without exposing the writer to the imputation of weakness and vulgar credulity.

III. The murder of his brother Clarence.

In the examination of this article, I shall set aside our historians (whose gossiping narratives, as we have seen, deserve little regard) because we have better authority to direct our enquiries: and this is, the attainder of the duke of Clarence, as it is set forth in the Parliamentary History (copied indeed from Habington's Life of Edward the fourth), and by the editors of that history justly supposed to be taken from Stowe, who had seen the original bill

of attainder. The crimes and conspiracy of Clarence are there particularly enumerated, and even his dealing with conjurers and necromancers; a charge, however absurd, yet often made use of in that age. Kleanor Cobham, wife of Humphrey duke of Gloucester, had been condemned on a parallel accusation. In France it was a common charge; and I think, so late as the reign of Henry the eighth, Edward duke of Buckingham was said to have consulted astrologers and such like cattle, on the succession of the crown. Whether Clarence was guilty we cannot easily tell; for in those times neither the public nor the prisoner were often favoured with knowing the evidence on which sentence was passed. Nor was much information of that sort given to or asked by parliament itself, previous to bills of attainder. The duke of Clarence appears to have been at once a weak, volatile, injudicious, and ambitious man. He had abandoned his brother Edward, had espoused the daughter of Warwick, the great enemy of their house, and had even been declared successor to Henry the sixth and his son prince Edward. Conduct so absurd must have left lasting impressions on Edward's mind, not to be effaced by Clarence's subsequent treachery to Henry and Warwick. The Chronicle of Croyland mentions the ill-humour and discontents of Clarence; and all our authors agree, that he kept no terms with the queen and her relations*. Habington adds, that these discontents were secretly fomented by the duke

* That Chronicle, which now and then, though seldom, is circumstantial, gives a curious account of the marriage of Richard duke of Gloucester and Anne Nevil, which I have found in no other author; and which seems to tax the envy and rapaciousness of Clarence as the causes of the dissension between the brothers. This account, and from a cotemporary, is the more remarkable, as the lady Anne is positively said to have been only betrothed to Edward prince of Wales, son of Henry the sixth, and not his widow, as she is carelessly called by all our historians, and represented in Shakespeare's masterly scene. "Postquam filius regis Henrici, cui domina Anna, minor filia comitis Warwici, desponsata fuit, in prefato bello de Tewksbury occubuit." Richard duke of Gloucester desired her for his wife. Clarence, who had married the eldest sister, was unwilling to share so rich an inheritance with his brother, and concealed the young

lady. Gloucester was too alert for him, and discovered the lady Anne in the dress of a cookmaid in London, and removed her to the sanctuary of saint Martin. The brothers pleaded each his cause in person before their elder brother in council; and every man, says the author, admired the strength of their respective arguments. The king composed their differences, bestowed the maiden on Gloucester, and parted the estate between him and Clarence; the counts of Warwick, mother of the heiresses, and who had brought that vast wealth to the house of Nevil, remaining the only sufferer, being reduced to a state of absolute necessity, as appears from Dugdale. In such times, under such despotic dispensations, the greatest crimes were only consequences of the economy of government.—Note, that sir Richard Baker is so absurd as to make Richard espouse the lady Anne after his accession, though he had a son by her ten years old at that time.

of

of Gloucester. Perhaps they were: Gloucester certainly kept fair with the queen, and profited largely by the forfeiture of his brother. But where jealousies are secretly fomented in a court, they seldom come to the knowledge of an historian; and though he may have guessed right from collateral circumstances, these insinuations are mere *gratis dicta*, and can only be treated as surmises*. Hall, Hollingshed, and Stowe, say not a word of Richard being the person who put the sentence in execution; but, on the contrary, they all say he openly resisted the murder of Clarence: all too record another circumstance, which is perfectly ridiculous, that Clarence was drowned in a barrel or butt of malmsey. Whoever can believe that a butt of wine was the engine of his death, may believe that Richard helped him into it, and kept him down till he was suffocated. But the strong evidence on which Richard must be acquitted, and indeed even of having contributed to his death, was the testimony of Edward himself. Being some time afterward solicited to pardon a notorious criminal, the king's conscience broke forth: "Unhappy brother!" cried he, "for whom no man would interceed—yet ye can all be intercessors for a villain!" If Richard had been instigator or executioner, it is not likely that the king would have assumed the whole merciless criminality to himself, without bestowing a due share on his brother Gloucester. Is it possible to renew the charge, and not recollect this acquittal!

The three preceding accusations are evidently uncertain and improbable. What follows is more obscure; and it is on the ensuing transactions that I venture to pronounce that we have little or no authority on which to form positive conclusions. I speak more particularly of the deaths of Edward the fifth and his brother. It will, I think, appear very problematic whether they were murdered or not: and even if they were murdered, it is impossible to believe the account as fabricated and divulged by Henry the seventh, on whose testimony the murder must rest at last; for they who speak most positively, revert to the story which he was pleased to publish eleven years after their supposed

* The Chronicle above quoted asserts, that the speaker of the house of commons demanded the execution of Clarence. Is it credible that on a proceeding so public and so solemn for that age, the brother of the offended monarch and of the royal criminal should have been deputed, or would have stooped to so vile an office? On such

occasions do arbitrary princes want tools? Was Edward's court so virtuous or so humane, that it could furnish no assassin but the first prince of the blood? When the house of commons undertook to colour the king's resentment, was every member of it too scrupulous to lend his hand to the deed?

deaths,

deaths, and which is so absurd, so incoherent, and so repugnant to dates and other facts, that, as it is no longer necessary to pay court to his majesty, it is no longer necessary not to treat his assertions as an impudent fiction. I come directly to this point, because the intervening articles of the execution of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan, and Hastings, will naturally find their place in that disquisition.

And here it will be important to examine those historians on whose relation the story first depends. Previous to this I must ascertain one or two dates, for they are stubborn evidence and cannot be rejected: they exist every where, and cannot be proscribed even from a court calendar.

Edward the fourth died April 9th, 1483.

Edward, his eldest son, was then thirteen years of age.

Richard, duke of York, his second son, was then about nine.

We have but two cotemporary historians, the author of the Chronicle of Croyland, and John Fabian. The first, who wrote in his convent, and only mentioned incidentally affairs of state, is very barren and concise: he appears indeed not to have been ill informed, and sometimes even in a situation of personally knowing the transactions of the times; for in one place we are told in a marginal note, that the doctor of the canon law, and one of the king's counsellors, who was sent to Calais, was the author of the Continuation. Whenever therefore his assertions are positive, and not merely flying reports, he ought to be admitted as fair evidence, since we have no better. And yet a monk who busies himself in recording the insignificant events of his own order or monastery, and who was at most occasionally made use of, was not likely to know the most important and most mysterious secrets of state; I mean, as he was not employed in those iniquitous transactions—If he had been, we should learn or might expect still less truth from him.

John Fabian was a merchant, and had been sheriff of London, and died in 1512: he consequently lived on the spot at that very interesting period. Yet no sheriff was ever less qualified to write a history of England. His narrative is dry, uncircumstantial, and unimportant: he mentions the deaths of princes and revolutions of government, with the same phlegm and brevity as he would

would speak of the appointment of churchwardens. I say not this from any partiality, or to decry the simple man as crossing my opinion; for Fabian's testimony is far from bearing hard against Richard, even though he wrote under Henry the seventh, who would have suffered no apology for his rival, and whose reign was employed not only in extirpating the house of York, but in forging the most atrocious calumnies to blacken their memories, and invalidate their just claim.

But the great source from whence all later historians have taken their materials for the reign of Richard the third, is sir Thomas More. Grafton, the next in order, has copied him verbatim: so does Hollingshed—and we are told by the former in a marginal note, that sir Thomas was under-sheriff of London when he composed his work. It is in truth a composition, and a very beautiful one. He was then in the vigour of his fancy, and fresh from the study of the Greek and Roman historians, whose manner he has imitated in divers imaginary orations. They serve to lengthen an unknown history of little more than two months into a pretty sizeable volume; but are no more to be received as genuine, than the facts they are adduced to countenance. An under-sheriff of London, aged but twenty-eight, and recently marked with the displeasure of the crown, was not likely to be furnished with materials from any high authority, and could not receive them from the best authority, I mean the adverse party, who were proscribed, and all their chiefs banished or put to death. Let us again recur to dates*. Sir Thomas More was born in 1480: he was appointed under-sheriff in 1508, and three years before had offended Henry the seventh in the tender point of opposing a subsidy. Buck, the apologist of Richard the third, ascribes the authorities of sir Thomas to the information of archbishop Morton; and it is true that he had been brought up under that prelate; but Morton died in 1500, when sir Thomas was but twenty years old, and when he had scarce thought of writing history. What materials he had gathered from his master were probably nothing more than a general narrative of the preceding times in discourse at dinner or in a winter's evening, if so raw a youth can be supposed to have been admitted to familiarity with a prelate of that rank and prime minister. But granting that such pregnant parts as More's had leaped the barrier of dignity, and insinuated himself into the archbishop's favour; could

* Vide Biog. Britannica, p. 3159.

he have drawn from a more corrupted source? Morton had not only violated his allegiance to Richard, but had been the chief engine to dethrone him and to plant a bastard scion on the throne. Of all men living there could not be more suspicious testimony than the prelate's, except the king's: and had the archbishop selected More for the historian of those dark scenes; who had so much interest to blacken Richard, as the man who had risen to be prime minister to his rival? Take it therefore either way, that the archbishop did or did not pitch on a young man of twenty to write that history, his authority was as suspicious as could be.

It may be said, on the other hand, that sir Thomas, who had smarted for his boldness (for his father, a judge of the king's bench, had been imprisoned and fined for his son's offence), had had little inducement to flatter the Lancastrian cause. It is very true; nor am I inclined to impute adulation to one of the honestest statesmen and brightest names in our annals. He who scorned to save his life by bending to the will of the son, was not likely to canvass the favour of the father, by prostituting his pen to the humour of the court. I take the truth to be, that sir Thomas wrote his *Reign of Edward the fifth* as he wrote his *Utopia*; to amuse his leisure and exercise his fancy. He took up a paltry canvas, and embroidered it with a flowing design as his imagination suggested the colours. I should deal more severely with his respected memory on any other hypothesis. He has been guilty of such palpable and material falsehoods, as, while they destroy his credit as an historian, would reproach his veracity as a man, if we could impute them to premeditated perversion of truth, and not to youthful levity and inaccuracy. Standing as they do, the sole ground-work of that reign's history, I am authorized to pronounce the work, invention and romance.

Polidore Virgil, a foreigner, and author of a light Latin history, was here during the reigns of Henry the seventh and eighth. I may quote him now-and-then, and the *Chronicle of Croyland*; but neither furnishes us with much light.

There was another foreign writer in that age of far greater authority, whose negligent simplicity and veracity are unquestionable; who had great opportunities of knowing our story, and whose testimony is corroborated by

our records : I mean Philip de Comines. He and Buck agree with one another, and with the rolls of parliament ; sir Thomas More with none of them.

Buck, so long exploded as a lover of paradoxes, and as an advocate for a monster, gains new credit the deeper this dark scene is fathomed. Undoubtedly Buck has gone too far ; nor are his style and method to be admired. With every intention of vindicating Richard, he does but authenticate his crimes, by searching in other story for parallel instances of what he calls policy. No doubt politicians will acquit Richard, if confession of his crimes be pleaded in defence of them. Policy will justify his taking off opponents. Policy will maintain him in removing those who would have barred his obtaining the crown, whether he thought he had a right to it, or was determined to obtain it. Morality, especially in the latter case, cannot take his part. I shall speak more to this immediately. Rapin conceived doubts ; but, instead of pursuing them, wandered after judgments ; and they will lead a man wherever he has a mind to be led. Carte, with more manly shrewdness, has sifted many parts of Richard's story, and guessed happily. My part has less penetration ; but the Parliamentary History, the comparison of dates, and the authentic monument lately come to light, and from which I shall give extracts, have convinced me, that if Buck is too favourable, all our other historians are blind guides, and have not made out a twentieth part of their assertions.

The story of Edward the fifth is thus related by sir Thomas More, and copied from him by all our historians.

When the king his father died, the prince kept his court at Ludlow, under the tuition of his maternal uncle Anthony earl Rivers. Richard duke of Gloucester was in the north, returning from his successful expedition against the Scots. The queen wrote instantly to her brother to bring up the young king to London, with a train of two thousand horse : a fact allowed by historians, and which, whether a prudent caution or not, was the first overt-act of the new reign ; and likely to strike, as it did strike, the duke of Gloucester and the ancient nobility with a jealousy, that the queen intended to exclude them from the administration, and to govern in concert with her own family. It is not improper to observe, that no precedent authorized her to assume such power. Joan, princess dowager of Wales, and widow of the
black

black prince, had no share in the government during the minority of her son Richard the second. Catharine of Valois, widow of Henry the fifth, was alike excluded from the regency, though her son was but a year old. And if Isabella governed on the deposition of Edward the second, it was by an usurped power, by the same power that had contributed to dethrone her husband; a power sanctified by no title, and confirmed by no act of parliament*. The first step to a female regency † enacted, though it never took place, was many years afterwards, in the reign of Henry the eighth.

Edward, on his death-bed, had patched up a reconciliation between his wife's kindred and the great lords of the court; particularly between the marquis Dorset, the queen's son, and the lord chamberlain Hastings. Yet whether the disgusted lords had only seemed to yield, to satisfy the dying king, or whether the steps taken by the queen gave them new cause of umbrage, it appears that the duke of Buckingham was the first to communicate his suspicions to Gloucester, and to dedicate himself to his service. Lord Hastings was scarce less forward to join in like measures: and all three, it is pretended, were so alert, that they contrived to have it insinuated to the queen, that it would give much offence if the young king should be brought to London with so great a force as she had ordered; on which suggestions she wrote to lord Rivers to countermand her first directions.

It is difficult not to suspect, that our historians have imagined more plotting in this transaction than could easily be compassed in so short a period, and in an age when no communication could be carried on but by special messengers, in bad roads, and with no relays of post-horses.

Edward the fourth died April 9th, and his son made his entrance into London ‡ May 4th. It is not probable that the queen communicated her directions for bringing up her son with an armed force to the lords of the council, and her newly reconciled enemies. But she might be betrayed. Still it required some time for Buckingham to send his servant Percival

* Twelve guardians were appointed by parliament, and the earl of Lancaster entrusted with the care of the king's person. The latter being excluded from exercising his charge by the queen and Mortimer, gave that as a reason for not obeying a summons to parliament. *Vide Parliam. Hist.* vol. 1, p. 208, 215.
 † Vide the act of succession in *Parliam. Hist.* vol. 3, p. 127.
 ‡ Fabian.

(though sir Thomas More vaunts his expedition) to York, where the duke of Gloucester then lay * ; for Percival's return (it must be observed too that the duke of Buckingham was in Wales, consequently did not learn the queen's orders upon the spot, but either received the account from London, or learnt it from Ludlow); for the two dukes to send instructions to their confederates in London; for the impresson to be made on the queen, and for her dispatching her counter-orders; for Percival to post back and meet Gloucester at Nottingham, and for returning thence and bringing his master Buckingham to meet Richard at Northampton, at the very time of the king's arrival there. All this might happen, undoubtedly; and yet who will believe, that such mysterious and rapid negotiations came to the knowledge of sir Thomas More twenty-five years afterwards, when, as it will appear, he knew nothing of very material and public facts that happened at the same period?

But whether the circumstances are true, or whether artfully imagined, it is certain that the king with a small force arrived at Northampton, and thence proceeded to Stony Stratford. Earl Rivers remained at Northampton, where he was cajoled by the two dukes till the time of rest, when the gates of the inn were suddenly locked, and the earl made prisoner. Early in the morning the two dukes hastened to Stony Stratford, where in the king's presence they picked a quarrel with his other half-brother the lord Richard Grey, accusing him, the marquis Dorset, and their uncle Rivers, of ambitious and hostile designs, to which end the marquis had entered the Tower, taken treasure thence, and sent a force to sea.

"These things, says sir Thomas, the dukes knew were done for good and necessary purposes, and by appointment of the council; but somewhat they must say." As sir Thomas has not been pleased to specify those purposes, and as in those times at least privy councillors were exceedingly complaisant to the ruling powers, he must allow us to doubt whether the purposes of the queen's

* It should be remarked too, that the duke of Gloucester is positively said to be celebrating his brother's obsequies there. It not only strikes off part of the term by allowing the necessary time for the news of king Edward's death to reach York, and for the preparations to be made there

to solemnize a funeral for him; but this very circumstance takes off from the probability of Richard having as yet laid any plan for dispossessing his nephew. Would he have loitered at York at such a crisis, if he had intended to step into the throne?

relations

relations were quite so innocent as he would make us believe; and whether the princes of the blood and the ancient nobility had not some reason to be jealous that the queen was usurping more power than the laws had given her. The catastrophe of her whole family so truly deserves commiseration, that we are apt to shut our eyes to all her weakness and ill-judged policy; and yet at every step we find how much she contributed to draw ruin on their heads and her own, by the confession even of her apologists. The duke of Gloucester was the first prince of the blood: the constitution pointed him out as regent: no will, no disposition of the late king was even alleged to bar his pretensions: he had served the state with bravery, success and fidelity; and the queen herself, who had been insulted by Clarence, had had no cause to complain of Gloucester. Yet all her conduct intimated designs of governing by force in the name of her son*. If these facts are impartially stated, and grounded on the confession of those who inveigh most bitterly against Richard's memory, let us allow that at least *thus far* he acted as most princes would have done in his situation, in a lawless and barbarous age; and rather instigated by others, than from any before-conceived ambition and system. If the journies of Percival are true, Buckingham was the devil that tempted Richard; and if Richard still wanted instigation, then it must follow, that he had not murdered Henry the sixth, his son, and Clarence, to pave his own way to the crown. If this fine story of Buckingham and Percival is not true, what becomes of sir Thomas More's credit, on which the whole fabric leans?

Lord Richard, sir Thomas Vaughan, and sir Richard Hawte, were arrested, and, with lord Rivers, sent prisoners to Pomfret, while the dukes conducted the king by easy stages to London.

The queen, hearing what had happened, took sanctuary at Westminster,

* Grafton says, "and in effect every one as he was neereft of kinne unto the queene, so was he planted nere about the prince." p. 761: and again, p. 762, "the duke of Gloucester understanding that the lordes, which were about the king, entended to bring him up to his coronation, accompanied with such power of their friendes, that it should be hard for him, to bring his purpose to passe, without gathering and assemble of people, and in manner of open war," &c. In the same place it appears, that the argument used to dissuade the queen from employing force was, that it would be a breach of the accommodation made by the late king between her relations and the great lords: and so undoubtedly it was: and though they are accused of violating the peace, it is plain that the queen's insincerity had been at least equal to theirs, and that the infringement of the reconciliation commenced on her side.

with

the intention, as I have shown, to bar them from any share in the administration, to which, by the custom of the realm, they were entitled. So much depends on this foundation, that I shall be excused from enforcing it. The queen's party were the aggressors; and though that alone would not justify all the following excesses, yet we must not judge of those times by the present. Neither the crown nor the great men were restrained by sober established forms and proceedings as they are at present; and from the death of Edward the third, force alone had dictated. Henry the fourth had stepped into the throne contrary to all justice. A title so defective had opened a door to attempts as violent; and the various innovations introduced in the latter years of Henry the sixth had annihilated all ideas of order. Richard duke of York had been declared successor to the crown during the life of Henry and of his son prince Edward, and, as appears by the Parliamentary History, though not noticed by our careless historians, was even appointed prince of Wales. The duke of Clarence had received much such another declaration in his favour during the short restoration of Henry. What temptations were these precedents to an affronted prince! We shall see soon what encouragement they gave him to examine closely into his nephew's pretensions; and how imprudent it was in the queen to provoke Gloucester, when her very existence as queen was liable to strong objections. Nor ought the subsequent executions of lord Rivers, lord Richard Grey, and of lord Hastings himself, to be considered in so very strong a light, as they would appear in if acted in modern times. During the wars of York and Lancaster, no forms of trial had been observed. Not only peers taken in battle had been put to death without process, but whoever, though not in arms, was made prisoner by the victorious party, underwent the same fate; as was the case of Tiptoft earl of Worcester, who had fled and was taken in disguise. Trials had never been used with any degree of strictness, as at present; and though Richard was pursued and killed as an usurper, the Solomon that succeeded him was not a jot less a tyrant. Henry the eighth was still less of a temper to give greater latitude to the laws. In fact, little ceremony or judicial proceeding was observed on trials, till the reign of Elizabeth, who, though decried of late for her despotism, in order to give some shadow of countenance to the tyranny of the Stuarts, was the first of our princes under whom any gravity or equity was allowed in cases of treason. To judge impartially therefore, we ought to recall the temper and manners of the times we read of. It is shocking to eat our enemies; but it is not so shocking in an Iroquois, as it would

would be in the king of Prussia. And this is all I contend for, that the crimes of Richard, which he really committed, at least which we have reason to believe he committed, were more the crimes of the age than of the man; and except those executions of Rivers, Grey, and Hastings, I defy any body to prove one other of those charged to his account, from any good authority.

It is alleged that the partisans of Gloucester strictly guarded the sanctuary, to prevent farther resort thither; but Sir Thomas confesses too, that *divers lords, knights, and gentlemen, either for favour of the queen, or for fear of themselves, assembled companies, and went flocking together in harness*. Let us strip this paragraph of its historic buskins, and it is plain that *the queen's party took up arms**. This is no indifferent circumstance. She had plotted to keep possession of the king, and to govern in his name by force, but had been outwitted, and her family had been imprisoned for the attempt. Conscious that she was discovered, perhaps reasonably alarmed at Gloucester's designs, she had secured herself and her younger children in sanctuary. Necessity rather than law justified her proceedings: But what excuse can be made for her faction having recourse to arms? Who was authorized, by the tenour of former reigns, to guard the king's person till parliament should declare a regency, but his uncle and the princes of the blood? Endeavouring to establish the queen's authority by force, was rebellion against the laws. I state this minutely, because the fact has never been attended to; and later historians pass it over, as if Richard had hurried on the deposition of his nephews without any colour of decency, and without the least provocation to any of his proceedings. Hastings is even said to have warned the citizens that matters were likely *to come to a field* (to a battle) from the opposition of the adverse party, though as yet no symptom had appeared of designs against the king, whom the two dukes were bringing to his coronation. Nay, it is not probable that Gloucester had as yet meditated more than securing the regency; for, had he had designs on the crown, would he have weakened his own claim by assuming the protectorate, which he could not accept but by acknowledging the title of his nephew? This in truth seems to me to have been the case. The ambition of the queen and her family alarmed the princes and the nobility: Gloucester, Buckingham, Hastings, and many more had

* This is confirmed by the Chronicle of Croyland, p. 566.

checked those attempts. The next step was to secure the regency: but none of these acts could be done without grievous provocation to the queen. As soon as her son should come of age, she might regain her power and the means of revenge. Self-security prompted the princes and lords to guard against this reverse; and what was equally dangerous to the queen, the depression of her fortune called forth and revived all the hatred of her enemies. Her marriage had given universal offence to the nobility, and been the source of all the late disturbances and bloodshed. The great earl of Warwick, provoked at the contempt shewn to him by king Edward while negotiating a match for him in France, had abandoned him for Henry the sixth, whom he had again set on the throne. These calamities were still fresh in every mind, and no doubt contributed to raise Gloucester to the throne, which he could not have attained without almost general concurrence: yet if we are to believe historians; he, Buckingham, the mayor of London, and one Dr. Shaw, operated this revolution by a sermon and a speech to the people, though the people would not even give a huzza to the proposal. The change of government in *The Rehearsal* is not effected more easily by the physician and gentleman usher,

Do you take this, and I'll seize t'other chair.

In what manner Richard assumed or was invested with the protectorate does not appear. Sir Thomas More, speaking of him by that title, says, "the protector which always you must take for the duke of Gloucester." Fabian, after mentioning the solemn * arrival of the king in London, adds, "Than provisyon was made for the kinge's coronation; in which pastime (interval) the duke being admitted for lord protectour." As the parliament was not sitting, this dignity was no doubt conferred on him by the assent of the lords and privy-council; and as we hear of no opposition, none was probably made. He was the only person to whom that rank was due; his right could not and does not seem to have been questioned. The *Chronicle of Croyland* corroborates my opinion, saying, "*Accepitque dictus Ricardus dux Glocestriæ illum*

* He was probably eye-witness of that ceremony; for he says, "The king was of the maior and his citizens met at Harnesey park, the maior and his brethren being clothed in scarlet, and the citizens in violet, to the number of V. C. horses, and than from thence conveyed unto the citie, the king beyng in blewe velvet, and all his lords and servautes in blacke cloth." p. 513.

solennem magistratum, qui duci Humfrido Glocestriæ, stante minore ætate regis Henrici, ut regni protector appellaretur, olim contingebat. Eâ igitur auctoritate usus est, de consensu & beneplacito *omnium dominorum.*" p. 556.

Thus far therefore it must be allowed that Richard acted no illegal part, nor discovered more ambition than became him. He had defeated the queen's innovations, and secured her accomplices. To draw off our attention from such regular steps, sir Thomas More has exhausted all his eloquence and imagination to work up a piteous scene, in which the queen is made to excite our compassion in the highest degree, and is furnished by that able pen with strains of pathetic oratory, which no part of her conduct affords us reason to believe she possessed. This scene is occasioned by the demand of delivering up her second son. Cardinal Bouchier, archbishop of Canterbury, is the instrument employed by the protector to effect this purpose. The fact is confirmed by Fabian in his rude and brief manner, and by the Chronicle of Croyland, and therefore cannot be disputed. But though the latter author affirms that force was used to oblige the cardinal to take that step, he by no means agrees with sir Thomas More in the repugnance of the queen to comply, nor in that idle discussion on the privileges of sanctuaries, on which sir Thomas has wasted so many words. On the contrary, the Chronicle declares, that the queen "*verbis gratanter annuens, dimisit puerum.*" The king, who had been lodged in the palace of the bishop of London, was now removed with his brother to the Tower.

This last circumstance has not a little contributed to raise horror in vulgar minds, who of late years have been accustomed to see no persons of rank lodged in the Tower but state criminals. But in that age the case was widely different. It not only appears by a map engraven so late as the reign of queen Elizabeth, that the Tower was a royal palace, in which were ranges of buildings called the king's and queen's apartments, now demolished; but it is a known fact, that they did often lodge there, especially previous to their coronations. The queen of Henry the seventh lay-in there: queen Elizabeth went thither after her triumphant entry into the city; and many other instances might be produced: but for brevity I omit them, to come to one of the principal transactions of this dark period: I mean Richard's assumption of the crown. Sir Thomas More's account of this extraordinary event is
totally

totally improbable, and positively false in the ground-work of that revolution. He tells us, that Richard meditating usurpation, divided the lords into two separate councils, assembling the king's or queen's party at Baynard's castle, but holding his own private junto at Crosby-place. From the latter he began with spreading murmurs, whispers, and reports against the legality of the late king's marriage.—Thus far we may credit him—but what man of common sense can believe, that Richard went so far as publicly to asperse the honour of his own mother? That mother, Cecily duchess dowager of York, a princess of a spotless character, was then living: so were two of her daughters, the duchesses of Suffolk and Burgundy, Richard's own sisters: one of them, the duchess of Suffolk, walked at his ensuing coronation, and her son the earl of Lincoln was by Richard himself, after the death of his own son, declared heir apparent to the crown. Is it, can it be credible, that Richard actuated a venal preacher * to declare to the people from the pulpit at Paul's cross, that his mother had been an adulteress, and that her two eldest sons †, Edward the fourth and the duke of Clarence ‡, were spurious? and that the good lady had not given a legitimate child to her husband but the protector, and I suppose the duchess of Suffolk, though no mention is said to be made of her in the sermon? For as the duchess of Suffolk was older than Richard, and consequently would have been involved in the charge of bastardy, could he have declared her son his heir, he who set aside his brother's children for their illegitimacy? Ladies of the least disputable gallantry generally suffer their husband to beget his heir; and if doubts arise on the legitimacy of their issue, the younger branches seem most liable to suspicion. But a tale so gross could not have passed even on the mob:—no proof, no presumption of

* What should we think of a modern historian, who should sink all mention of the convention parliament, and only tell us that one doctor Burnet got up into the pulpit, and assured the people that Henrietta Maria (a little more suspected of gallantry than duchess Cecily) produced Charles the second and James the second in adultery, and gave no legitimate issue to Charles the first but Mary princess of Orange, mother of king William; that the people laughed at him, and so the prince of Orange became king?

† The earl of Rutland, another son, elder

than Richard, had been murdered at the battle of Wakefield, and so was omitted in that imaginary accusation.

‡ Clarence is the first who is said to have propagated this slander; and it was much more consonant to his levity and indigested politics, than to the good sense of Richard. Who can believe that Richard renewed this story, especially as he must have altered the dates of his mother's amours, and made them continue to her conception of him, as Clarence had made them stop in his own favour?

the fact was pretended. Were the * duchess and her daughters silent on so scandalous an insinuation? Agrippina would scarce have heard it with patience. *Moriar modo imperet!* said that empress in her wild wish of crowning her son: but had he, unprovoked, aspersed her honour in the open forum, would the mother have submitted to so unnatural an insult? In Richard's case the imputation was beyond measure atrocious and absurd. What! taint the fame of his mother to pave his way to the crown! Who had heard of her guilt? And if guilty, how came she to stop the career of her intrigues? But Richard had better pretensions, and had no occasion to start doubts even on his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers to be tossed and bandied about before the multitude. Clarence had been solemnly attainted by act of parliament, and his children were out of the question. The doubts on the validity of Edward's marriage were better grounds for Richard's proceedings than aspersion of his mother's honour. On that invalidity he claimed the crown, and obtained it; and with such universal concurrence, that the nation undoubtedly was on his side:—but as he could not deprive his nephews on that foundation, without bastardizing their sisters too, no wonder the historians who wrote under the Lancastrian domination, have used all their art and industry to misrepresent the fact. If the marriage of Edward the fourth with the widow Grey was bigamy, and consequently null, what became of the title of Elizabeth of York, wife of Henry the seventh? What became of it? Why, a bastard branch of Lancaster, matched with a bastard of York, were obtruded on the nation as the right heirs of the crown; and, as far as two negatives can make an affirmative, they were so.

* It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, that the very first act of Richard's reign is dated from *quādam alterā camerā juxta capellam in hospitio domine Cecilie ducissæ Eborum*. It does not look much as if he had publicly accused his mother of adultery, when he held his first council at her house. Among the Harleian MSS. in the Museum, N° 2236, art. 6, is the following letter from Richard to this very princess his mother, which is an additional proof of the good terms on which they lived: "Madam, I recomaunde me to you as hertely as is to me possible, beseeching you in my most humble and affectuouse wise of your daly blessing to my synguler comfort and defence in my nede; and, madam, I hertely beseeche you,

that I may often here from you to my comfort; and suche newes as be here, my servaunt Thomas Bryan this berer shall shewe you, to whom please it you to yeve credence unto. And, madam, I beseeche you to be good and graciouse lady to my lord my chamberlayn to be your officer in Wiltshire in suche as Colinbourne had: I trust he shall therin do you good servyce; and that it please you, that by this berer I may understande your pleasur in this behalve. And I praye God sende you th' accomplishment of your noble desires. Written at Pountfreit, the thirde day of Juyn, with the hande of your most humble son,
Ricardus Rex."

Buck,

Buck, whose integrity will more and more appear, affirms that, before Edward had espoused the lady Grey, he had been contracted to the lady Eleanor Butler, and married to her by the bishop of Bath. Sir Thomas More, on the contrary (and here it is that I am unwillingly obliged to charge that great man with wilful falsehood), pretends that the duchess of York, his mother, endeavouring to dissuade him from so disproportionate an alliance, urged him with a pre-contract to one Elizabeth Lucy, who however, being pressed, confessed herself his concubine; but denied any marriage. Doctor Shaw too, the preacher, we are told by the same authority, pleaded from the pulpit the king's former marriage with Elizabeth Lucy; and the duke of Buckingham is said to have harangued the people to the same effect. But now let us see how the case really stood: Elizabeth Lucy was the daughter of one Wyat of Southampton, a mean gentleman, says Buck, and the wife of one Lucy, as mean a man as Wyat. The mistress of Edward she notoriously was; but what if, in Richard's pursuit of the crown, no question at all was made of this Elizabeth Lucy? We have the best and most undoubted authorities to assure us, that Edward's pre-contract or marriage, urged to invalidate his match with the lady Grey, was with the lady Eleanor Talbot, widow of the lord Butler of Sudely, and sister of the earl of Shrewsbury, one of the greatest peers in the kingdom; her mother was the lady Katherine Stafford, daughter of Humphrey duke of Buckingham, prince of the blood: an alliance in that age never reckoned unfuitable. Hear the evidence. Honest Philip de Comines says*, "that the bishop of Bath informed Richard, that he had married king Edward to an English lady; & dit cet evesque qu'il les avoit espouses, & que n'y avoit que luy & ceux deux." This is not positive, and yet the description marks out the lady Butler, and not Elizabeth Lucy. But the Chronicle of Croyland is more express. "Color autem introitus & captæ possessionis hujusmodi is erat. Ostendebatur per modum supplicationis in quodam rotulo pergameni quod filii regis Edwardi erant bastardi, supponendo illum precontraxisse cum quâdam dominâ Alienorâ Boteler, antequam reginam Elizabeth duxisset uxorem; atque insuper, quod sanguis alterius

* Liv. 5, p. 151. In the 6th book, Comines insinuates that the bishop acted out of revenge for having been imprisoned by Edward. It might be so; but as Comines had before alleged that the bishop had actually said he had married them,

it might be the truth that the prelate told out of revenge, and not a lie; nor is it probable that his tale would have had any weight, if false, and unsupported by other circumstances.

fratris sui, Georgii ducis Clarentiæ, fuisset attinctus; ita quod hodie nullus certus & incorruptus sanguis linealis ex parte Richardi ducis Eboraci poterat inveniri, nisi in personâ dicti Richardi ducis Glocestriæ. Quo circa supplicabatur ei in fine ejusdem rotuli, *ex parte dominorum & communitatis regni*, ut jus suum in se assumeret." Is this full? Is this evidence? Here we see the origin of the tale relating to the duchess of York; *nullus certus & incorruptus sanguis*: from these mistaken or perverted words flowed the report of Richard's aspersing his mother's honour. But as if truth was doomed to emerge, though stifled for near three hundred years, the roll of parliament is at length come to light (with other wonderful discoveries), and sets forth, "that though *the three estates* which petitioned Richard to assume the crown were not assembled in form of parliament;" yet it rehearſes the supplication (recorded by the Chronicle above), and declares, "that king Edward was and stood married and troth plight to one dame Eleanor Butler, daughter to the earl of Shrewsbury, with whom the said king Edward had made a pre-contract of matrimony, long before he made his pretended marriage with Elizabeth Grey." Could sir Thomas More be ignorant of this fact? Or, if ignorant, where is his competence as an historian? And how egregiously absurd is his romance of Richard's assuming the crown in consequence of doctor Shaw's sermon and Buckingham's harangue, to neither of which he pretends the people assented! Doctor Shaw no doubt tapped the matter to the people; for Fabian asserts that he never durst shew his face afterwards; and as Henry the seventh succeeded so soon, and as the slanders against Richard increased, that might happen: but it is evident that the nobility were disposed to call the validity of the queen's marriage in question, and that Richard was solemnly invited by the three estates to accept the regal dignity; and that is farther confirmed by the Chronicle of Croyland, which says that Richard, having brought together a great force from the north, from Wales and other parts, did on the twenty-sixth of June claim the crown, "*seque eodem die apud magnam aulam Westmonasterij in cathedram marmoream ibi intravit*;" but the supplication afore-mentioned had first been presented to him. This will no doubt be called violence and a force laid on the three estates; and yet that appears by no means to have been the case; for sir Thomas More, partial as he was against Richard, says, "that to be sure of all enemies, he sent for five thousand men out of the north against his coronation, which came up evill apparelled and worse harnessed, in rusty harnesse, neither defensible

fenfible nor fcoured to the fale, which muftered in Finsbury field, to the great difdain of all lookers on." Thefe rusty companions, defpifed by the citizens, were not likely to intimidate a warlike nobility; and had force been ufed to extort their affent, fir Thomas would have been the firft to have told us fo. But he fuppreffed an election that appears to have been voluntary, and invented a fcene, in which, by his own account, Richard met with nothing but backwardnefs and filence, that amounted to a refusal. The probability therefore remains, that the nobility met Richard's claim at leaft half-way, from their hatred and jealousy of the queen's family, and many of them from the conviction of Edward's pre-contract. Many might concur from provocation at the attempts that had been made to difturb the due courfe of law, and fome from apprehenfion of a minority. This laft will appear highly probable from three ftriking circumftances that I fhall mention hereafter. The great regularity with which the coronation was prepared and conducted, and the extraordinary concourfe of the nobility at it, have not at all the air of an unwelcome revolution, accomplished merely by violence. On the contrary, it bore great refemblance to a much later event, which, being the laft of the kind, we term *The Revolution*. The three eftates of nobility, clergy, and people, which called Richard to the crown, and whose act was confirmed by the fubfequent parliament, trod the fame fteps as the convention did which elected the prince of Orange; both fetting afide an illegal pretender, the legitimacy of whose birth was called in queftion. And though the partifans of the Stuarts may exult in my comparing king William to Richard the third, it will be no matter of triumph, fince it appears that Richard's caufe was as good as king William's, and that in both inftances it was a free election. The art ufed by fir Thomas More (when he could not deny a pre-contract) in endeavouring to fhift that objection on Elizabeth Lucy, a married woman, contrary to the fpecific words of the act of parliament, betrays the badnefs of the Lancaftrian caufe, which would make us doubt or wonder at the confent of the nobility in giving way to the act for baftardizing the children of Edward the fourth. But reinftate the claim of the lady Butler, which probably was well known, and conceive the intereft that her great relations muft have made to fet afide the queen's marriage, nothing appears more natural than Richard's fucceffion. His ufurpation vanifhes, and in a few pages more I fhall fhew that his confequential cruelty vanifhes too, or at moft is very problematic: but firft I muft revert to fome intervening circumftances.

In

In this whole story nothing is less known to us than the grounds on which lord Hastings was put to death. He had lived in open enmity with the queen and her family, and had been but newly reconciled to her son the marquis Dorset; yet sir Thomas owns that lord Hastings was one of the first to abet Richard's proceedings against her, and concurred in all the protector's measures. We are amazed therefore to find this lord the first sacrifice under the new government. Sir Thomas More supposes (and he could only suppose, for, whatever archbishop Morton might tell him of the plots of Henry of Richmond, Morton was certainly not entrusted with the secrets of Richard), sir Thomas, I say, supposes that Hastings either withstood the deposition of Edward the fifth, or was accused of such a design by Catesby, who was deeply in his confidence; and he owns that the protector *undoubtedly loved him well, and loth he was to have him lost*. What then is the presumption? Is it not, that Hastings really was plotting to defeat the new settlement contrary to the intention of the three estates? And who can tell whether the suddenness of the execution was not the effect of necessity? The gates of the Tower were shut during that rapid scene; the protector and his adherents appeared in the first rusty armour that was at hand: but this circumstance is alleged against them, as an incident contrived to gain belief, as if they had been in danger of their lives. The argument is gratis dictum; and as Richard loved Hastings and had used his ministry, the probability lies on the other side: and it is more reasonable to believe that Richard acted in self-defence, than that he exercised a wanton, unnecessary, and disgusting cruelty. The collateral circumstances introduced by More do but weaken * his account, and take from its probability. I do not mean the silly recapitulation of silly omens which forewarned Hastings of his fate, and, as omens generally do, to no manner of purpose; but I speak of the idle accusations put into the mouth of Richard, such as his baring his withered arm, and imputing it to sorcery,

* Except the proclamation which sir Thomas says appeared to have been prepared before hand. The death of Hastings, I allow, is the fact of which we are most sure, without knowing the immediate motives: we must conclude it was determined on his opposing Richard's claim: farther we do not know, nor whether that opposition was made in a legal or hostile manner. It is impossi-

ble to believe, that an hour before his death he should have exulted in the deaths of their common enemies, and vaunted, as sir Thomas More asserts, his connexion with Richard, if he was then actually at variance with him; nor that Richard should, without provocation, have sacrificed so excellent an accomplice. This story, therefore, must be left in the dark, as we find it.

and to his blending the queen and Jane Shore in the same plot. Cruel or not, Richard was no fool; and therefore it is highly improbable that he should lay the withering of his arm on recent witchcraft, if it was true, as sir Thomas More pretends, that it never had been otherwise.—But of the blemishes and deformity of his person I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. For the other accusation of a league between Elizabeth and Jane Shore, sir Thomas More ridicules it himself, and treats it as highly unlikely. But, being unlikely, was it not more natural for him to think that it never was urged by Richard? And though sir Thomas again draws aside our attention by the penance of Jane, which she certainly underwent, it is no kind of proof that the protector accused the queen of having plotted * with mistress Shore. What relates to that unhappy fair one I shall examine at the end of this work.

The very day on which Hastings was executed, were beheaded earl Rivers, lord Richard Grey, Vaughan, and Haute. These executions are indubitable; were consonant to the manners and violence of the age; and perhaps justifiable by that wicked code, state-necessity. I have never pretended to deny them, because I find them fully authenticated. I have in another place † done justice to the virtues and excellent qualities of earl Rivers: let therefore my impartiality be believed, when I reject other facts, for which I can discover no good authority. I can have no interest in Richard's guilt or innocence; but as Henry the seventh was so much interested to represent him as guilty, I cannot help imputing to the greater usurper, and to the worse tyrant of the two, all that appears to me to have been calumny and misrepresentation.

All obstacles thus removed, and Richard being solemnly instated in the throne by the concurrent voice of the three estates, "He openly," says sir

* So far from it, that, as Mr. Hume remarks, there is in Rymer's *Fœdera* a proclamation of Richard, in which he accuses, not the lord Hastings, but the marquis Dorset, of connection with Jane Shore. Mr. Hume thinks so authentic a paper not sufficient to overbalance the credit due to sir Thomas More. What little credit was due to him appears from the course of this work in various and indubitable instances. The proclamation against the lord Dorset and Jane Shore is

not dated till the 23d of October following. Is it credible that Richard would have made use of this woman's name again, if he had employed it before to blacken Hastings? It is not probable that, immediately on the death of the king, she had been taken into keeping by lord Hastings; but near seven months had elapsed between that death and her connection with the marquis.

† In the Catalogue of royal and noble authors, vol. 1.

Thomas More, "took upon him to be king the * ninth day of June, and the morrow after was proclaimed, riding to Westminster with great state; and calling the judges before him, straitly commanded them to execute the laws without favour or delay, with many good exhortations, of the which he followed not one." This is an invidious and false accusation. Richard, in his regal capacity, was an excellent king, and for the short time of his reign enacted many wise and wholesome laws. I doubt even whether one of the best proofs of his usurpation was not the goodness of his government, according to a common remark, that princes of doubtful titles make the best masters, as it is more necessary for them to conciliate the favour of the people: the natural corollary from which observation need not be drawn. Certain it is, that in many parts of the kingdom, not poisoned by faction, he was much beloved; and even after his death the northern counties gave open testimony of their affection to his memory.

On the sixth of July Richard was crowned, and soon after set out on a progress to York, on his way visiting Gloucester, the seat of his former duchy. And now it is that I must call up the attention of the reader, the capital and bloody scene of Richard's life being dated from this progress. The narrative teems with improbabilities and notorious falsehoods, and is flatly contradicted by so many unquestionable facts, that, if we have no other reason to believe the murder of Edward the fifth and his brother, than the account transmitted to us, we shall very much doubt whether they ever were murdered at all. I will state the account, examine it, and produce evidence to confute it, and then the reader will form his own judgment on the matter of fact.

Richard, before he left London, had taken no measures to accomplish the assassination; but, on the road, "his mind misgave him †, that while his nephews lived he should not possess the crown with security. Upon this reflection he dispatched one Richard Greene to sir Robert Brakenbury, lieutenant of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same sir Robert in any wise should put the two children to death. This John Greene did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who

* Though I have copied our historian, as the rest have copied him, in this date, I must desire the reader to take notice, that this very date is another of sir T. More's errors; for in the public acts is a deed of Edward the fifth, dated June 17. † Sir Thomas More.

plainly answered that he never would put them to death, to dye therefore." Greene returned with this answer to the king, who was then at Warwick, wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said unto a secret page of his, "Ah! whom shall a man trust? They that I have brought up myself, they that I thought would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me." "Sir," quoth the page, "there lieth one in the palet-chamber without, that I dare say will doe your grace pleasure; the thing were right hard that he would refuse;" meaning this by James Tirrel, whom, says sir Thomas a few pages afterwards, as men say, he there made a knight. "The man," continues More, "had an high heart, and sore longed upwards, not rising yet so fast as he had hoped, being hindered and kept under by sir Richard Ratcliffe and sir William Catesby, who by secret drifts kept him out of all secret trust." To be short, Tirrel voluntarily accepted the commission, received warrant to authorize Brakenbury to deliver to him the keys of the Tower for one night; and having selected two other villains called Miles Forrest and John Dighton, the two latter smothered the innocent princes in their beds, and then called Tirrel to be witness of the execution.

It is difficult to crowd more improbabilities and lies together than are comprehended in this short narrative. Who can believe, if Richard meditated the murder, that he took no care to sift Brakenbury before he left London? Who can believe that he would trust so atrocious a commission to a letter? And who can imagine, that on * Brakenbury's non-compliance Richard would have ordered him to cede the government of the Tower to Tirrel for one night only, the purpose of which had been so plainly pointed out by the preceding message? And had such weak steps been taken, could the murder itself have remained a problem? And yet sir Thomas More himself is forced to confess at the outset of this very narration, "that the deaths and final fortunes of the two young princes have nevertheless so far come in question,

* It appears from the *Fœdera* that Brakenbury was appointed constable of the Tower July 7th; that he surrendered his patent March 9th of the following year, and had one more ample granted to him. If it is supposed that Richard renewed this patent to sir Robert Brakenbury, to prevent his disclosing what he knew of a murder in which

he had refused to be concerned, I then ask if it is probable that a man too virtuous or too cautious to embark in an assassination, and of whom the supposed tyrant stood in awe, would have laid down his life in that usurper's cause, as sir Robert did, being killed on Richard's side at Bosworth, when many other of his adherents betrayed him?

that some remained long in doubt, whether they were *in his days* destroyed or no." Very memorable words, and sufficient to balance More's own testimony with the most sanguine believers. He adds, "These doubts not only arose from the uncertainty men were in, whether Perkin Warbeck was the true duke of York, but for that also all things were so covertly demeaned, that there was nothing so plain and openly proved, but that yet men had it ever inwardly suspect." Sir Thomas goes on to affirm, "that he does not relate the story after every way that he had heard, but after that way that he had heard it by such men and such means, as he thought it hard but it should be true." This affirmation rests on the credibility of certain reporters, we do not know whom, but who we shall find were no credible reporters at all. For—to proceed to the confutation—James Tirrel, a man in no secret trust with the king, and kept down by Catesby and Ratcliffe, is recommended as a proper person by a nameless page. In the first place, Richard was crowned at York (after this transaction) September 8th. Edward the fourth had not been dead four months, and Richard in possession of any power not above two months, and those very bustling and active: Tirrel must have been impatient indeed, if the page had had time to observe his discontent at the superior confidence of Ratcliffe and Catesby. It happens unluckily too, that great part of the time Ratcliffe was absent, sir Thomas More himself telling us that sir Richard Ratcliffe had the custody of the prisoners at Pontefract, and presided at their execution there. But a much more unlucky circumstance is, that James Tirrel, said to be knighted for this horrid service, was not only a knight before, but a great or very considerable officer of the crown; and in that situation had walked at Richard's preceding coronation. Should I be told that sir Thomas More did not mean to confine the ill offices done to Tirrel by Ratcliffe and Catesby solely to the time of Richard's protectorate and regal power, but, being all three attached to him when duke of Gloucester, the other two might have lessened Tirrel's credit with the duke even in the preceding reign; then I answer, that Richard's appointing him master of the horse on his accession had removed those disgusts, and left the

* This is confirmed by lord Bacon: "Neither wanted there even at that time secret rumours and whisperings (which afterwards gathered strength, and turned to great trouble) that the two young sons of king Edward the fourth, or one of them (which were said to be destroyed in

the Tower), were not indeed murdered, but conveyed secretly away, and were yet living." *Reign of Henry the seventh*, p. 4. Again, p. 19, "And all this time it was still whispered every where that at least one of the children of Edward the fourth was living."

page no room to represent him as ready through ambition and despondency to lend his ministry to assassination. Nor indeed was the master of the horse likely to be sent to supersede the constable of the Tower for one night only. That very act was sufficient to point out what Richard desired to, and did, it seems, transact so covertly.

That sir James Tirrel was and did walk as master of the horse at Richard's coronation cannot be contested. A most curious, invaluable, and authentic monument has lately been discovered, the coronation-roll of Richard the third. Two several deliveries of parcels of stuff are there expressly entered, as made to "sir James Tirrel, knyght, maister of the hors of our sayd soverayn lorde the kyng." What now becomes of sir Thomas More's informers, and of their narrative, which he thought hard but must be true?

I will go a step farther, and consider the evidence of this murder, as produced by Henry the seventh some years afterwards, when, instead of lamenting it, it was necessary for his majesty to hope it had been true; at least to hope the people would think so. On the appearance of Perkin Warbeck, who gave himself out for the second of the brothers, who was believed so by most people, and at least feared by the king to be so, he bestirred himself to prove that both the princes had been murdered by his predecessor. There had been but three actors, beside Richard who had commanded the execution, and was dead. These were sir James Tirrel, Dighton, and Forrest; and these were all the persons whose depositions Henry pretended to produce; at least two of them, for Forrest it seems had rotted piece-meal away; a kind of death unknown at present to the college. But there were some others, of whom no notice was taken; as the nameless page, Greene, one black Will or Will Slaughter who guarded the princes, the friar who buried them, and sir Robert Brakenbury, who could not be quite ignorant of what had happened: the latter was killed at Bosworth, and the friar was dead too. But why was no enquiry made after Greene and the page? Still this silence was not so impudent as the pretended confession of Dighton and sir James Tirrel. The former certainly did avow the fact, and was suffered to go unpunished wherever he pleased—undoubtedly that he might spread the tale. And observe these remarkable words of lord Bacon: "John Dighton, who it seemeth *spake best for the king*, was forewith set at liberty." In truth, every step of this pretended discovery, as it stands in lord Bacon, warns us to give no heed

heed to it. Dighton and Tirrel agreed both in a tale, *as the king gave out*. Their confession therefore was not publicly made : and as sir James Tirrel too was suffered to live *, but was shut up in the Tower, and put to death afterwards for we know not what treason ; what can we believe but that Dighton was some low mercenary wretch hired to assume the guilt of a crime he had not committed, and that sir James Tirrel never did, never would confess what he had not done ; and was therefore put out of the way on a fictitious imputation ? It must be observed too, that no enquiry was made into the murder on the accession of Henry the seventh, the natural time for it, when the passions of men were heated, and when the duke of Norfolk, lord Lovel, Catesby, Ratcliffe, and the real abettors or accomplices of Richard were attainted and executed. No mention of such a murder was † made in the very act of parliament that attainted Richard himself, and which would have been the most heinous aggravation of his crimes. And no prosecution of the supposed assassins was even thought of till eleven years afterwards, on the appearance of Perkin Warbeck. Tirrel is not named in the act of attainder to which I have had recourse ; and such omissions cannot but induce us to surmise that Henry had never been certain of the deaths of the princes, nor ever interested himself to prove that both were dead, till he had great reason to believe that one of them was alive. Let me add, that if the confessions of Dighton and Tirrel were true, sir Thomas More had no occasion to recur to the information of his unknown credible informers. If those confessions were not true, his informers were not creditable.

Having thus disproved the *account* of the murder, let us now examine whether we can be sure that the murder was committed.

Of all men it was most incumbent on cardinal Bouchier, archbishop of Canterbury, to ascertain the fact. To him had the queen entrusted her

* It appears by Hall, that sir James Tirrel had even enjoyed the favour of Henry ; for Tirrel is named as captain of Guisnes in a list of valiant officers that were sent by Henry, in his fifth year, on an expedition into Flanders. Does this look as if Tirrel was so much as suspected of the murder ? And who can believe his pretended confession afterwards ? Sir James was not executed till Henry's seventeenth year, on suspicion of treason, which suspicion arose on the flight of the earl of

Suffolk. *Vide Hall's Chronicle, fol. 18 & 55.*

† There is a heap of general accusations alleged to have been committed by Richard against Henry, in particular of his having *shed infant's blood*. Was this sufficient specification of the murder of a king ? Is it not rather a base way of insinuating a slander, of which no proof could be given ? Was not it consonant to all Henry's policy of involving every thing in obscure and general terms ?

younger son, and the prelate had pledged himself for his security—unless every step of this history is involved in falsehood. Yet what was the behaviour of the archbishop? He appears not to have made the least enquiry into the reports of the murder of both children; nay, not even after Richard's death: on the contrary, Bouchier was the very man who placed the crown on the head of the latter*; and yet not one historian censures this conduct. Threats and fear could not have dictated this shameless negligence. Every body knows what was the authority of priests in that age; an archbishop was sacred, a cardinal inviolable. As Bouchier survived Richard, was it not incumbent on him to show that the duke of York had been assassinated in spite of all his endeavours to save him? What can be argued from this inactivity of Bouchier, but that he did not believe the children were murdered†?

Richard's conduct in a parallel case is a strong presumption that this barbarity was falsely laid to his charge. Edward earl of Warwick, his nephew, and son of the duke of Clarence, was in his power too, and no indifferent rival, if king Edward's children were bastards. Clarence had been attainted; but so had almost every prince who had aspired to the crown after Richard the second. Richard duke of York, the father of Edward the fourth and Richard the third, was son of Richard earl of Cambridge, beheaded for treason; yet that duke of York held his father's attainder no bar to his succession. Yet how did Richard the third treat his nephew and competitor, the young Warwick? John Rous, a zealous Lancastrian and contemporary, shall inform

* As cardinal Bouchier set the crown on Richard's head at Westminster, so did archbishop Rotherham at York. These prelates either did not believe Richard had murdered his nephews, or were shamefully complaisant themselves. Yet their characters stand unimpeached in history. Could Richard be guilty, and the archbishops be blameless? Could both be ignorant what was become of the young princes, when both had negotiated with the queen dowager? As neither is accused of being the creature of Richard, it is probable that neither of them believed he had taken off his nephews. In the *Fœdera* there is a pardon passed to the archbishop, which at first made me suspect that he had taken some part in behalf of the royal children, as he is pardoned for all murders, treasons, concealments, mispri-

sons, riots, routs, &c. but this pardon is not only dated Dec. 13, some months after he had crowned Richard; but, on looking farther, I find such pardons frequently granted to the most eminent of the clergy. In the next reign Walter, archbishop of Dublin, is pardoned all murders, rapes, treasons, felonies, misprisions, riots, routs, extortions, &c.

† Lord Bacon tells us, "that on Simon's and Jude's even, the king (Henry the seventh) dined with Thomas Bouchier, archbishop of Canterbury, and cardinal: and from Lambeth went by land over the bridge to the Tower." Has not this the appearance of some curiosity in the king on the subject of the princes, of whose fate he was uncertain?

us; and will at the same time tell us an important anecdote, maliciously suppressed or ignorantly omitted by all our historians. Richard actually proclaimed him heir to the crown after the death of his own son, and ordered him to be served next to himself and the queen, though he afterwards set him aside, and confined him to the castle of Sheriff-Hutton*. The very day after the battle of Bosworth, the usurper Richmond was so far from being led aside from attention to his interest by the glare of his new-acquired crown, that he sent for the earl of Warwick from Sheriff-Hutton and committed him to the Tower, from whence he never stirred more, falling a sacrifice to the inhuman jealousy of Henry, as his sister, the venerable countess of Salisbury, did afterwards to that of Henry the eighth. Richard, on the contrary, was very affectionate to his family: instances appear in his treatment of the earls of Warwick and Lincoln. The lady Anne Poole, sister of the latter, Richard had agreed to marry to the prince of Scotland.

The more generous behaviour of Richard to the same young prince (Warwick) ought to be applied to the case of Edward the fifth, if no proof exists of the murder. But what suspicious words are those of sir Thomas More, quoted above, and unobserved by all our historians: "*Some remained long in doubt, says he, whether they (the children) were in his (Richard's) days destroyed or no.*" If they were not destroyed *in his days*, in *whose* days were they murdered? Who will tell me that Henry the seventh did not find, the eldest at least, prisoner in the Tower? And if he did, what was there in Henry's nature or character to prevent our surmises going farther?

And here let me lament that two of the greatest men in our annals have prostituted their admirable pens, the one to blacken a great prince, the other to varnish a pitiful tyrant. I mean the two † chancellors, sir Thomas More

* P. 218. Rous is the more to be credited for this fact, as he saw the earl of Warwick in company with Richard at Warwick the year before on the progress to York; which shows that the king treated his nephew with kindness, and did not confine him till, the plots of his enemies thickening, Richard found it necessary to secure such as had any pretensions to the crown. This will account for his preferring the earl of Lin-

coln, who, being his sister's son, could have no prior claim before himself.

† It is unfortunate, that another great chancellor should have written a history with the same propensity to misrepresentation, I mean lord Clarendon. It is hoped no more chancellors will write our story, till they can divest themselves of that habit of their profession, apologizing for a bad cause.

and

and lord Bacon. The most senseless stories of the mob are converted to history by the former; the latter is still more culpable: he has held up to the admiration of posterity, and, what is worse, to the imitation of succeeding princes, a man whose nearest approach to wisdom was mean cunning; and raised into a legislator, a sanguinary, sordid, and trembling usurper. Henry was a tyrannic husband, and ungrateful master; he cheated as well as oppressed his subjects*, bartered the honour of the nation for foreign gold, and cut off every branch of the royal family, to ensure possession to his no title. Had he had any title, he could claim it but from his mother, and her he set aside. But of all titles he preferred that of conquest, which, if allowable in a foreign prince, can never be valid in a native, but ought to make him the execration of his countrymen.

There is nothing strained in the supposition of Richard's sparing his nephew. At least it is certain *now*, that though he dispossessed, he undoubtedly treated him at first with indulgence, attention, and respect: and though the proof I am going to give must have mortified the friends of the dethroned young prince, yet it showed great aversion to cruelty, and was an indication that Richard rather assumed the crown for a season, than as meaning to detain it always from his brother's posterity. It is well known, that in the Saxon times nothing was more common in cases of minority than for the uncle to be preferred to the nephew; and though bastardizing his brother's children was, on this supposition, double dealing; yet I have no doubt but Richard went so far as to insinuate an intention of restoring the crown when young Edward should be of full age. I have three strong proofs of this hypothesis. In the first place, sir Thomas More reports that the duke of Buckingham in his conversations with Morton, after his defection from Richard, told the bishop, that the protector's first proposal had been to take the crown till Edward his nephew should attain the age of twenty-four years. Morton was certainly competent evidence of these discourses, and therefore a credible one; and the idea is confirmed by the two other proofs I alluded to; the second of which was, that Richard's son did *not* walk at his father's coronation. Sir Thomas More indeed says that Richard created him prince of Wales on assuming the crown: but this is one of sir Thomas's misrepresenta-

* "He had no purpose to go through with any warre upon France; but the truth was, that hee did but traffique with that warre to make his returne in money." *Lord Bacon's Reign of Henry the seventh*, p. 99.

tions, and is contradicted by fact; for Richard did not create his son prince of Wales till he arrived at York: a circumstance that might lead the people to believe, that in the interval of the two coronations, the latter of which was celebrated at York September 8th, the princes were murdered.

But though Richard's son did not walk at his father's coronation, Edward the fifth probably did: and this is my third proof. I conceive all the astonishment of my readers at this assertion, and yet it is founded on strongly presumptive evidence. In the * coronation-roll itself is this amazing entry: "To lord Edward, son of late king Edward the fourth, for his apparel and array, that is to say, a short gowne made of two yards and three quarters of crymsy clothe of gold, lyned with two yards $\frac{3}{4}$ of blac velvet, a long gowne made of vi yards $\overline{\text{D}}$ of crymsyn cloth of gold lynned with six yards of green damask, a shorte gowne made of two yards $\frac{3}{4}$ of purpell velvett lyned with two yards $\frac{3}{4}$ of green damask, a doublett and a stomacher made of two yards of blac fatyn, &c." besides two foot cloths, a bonet of purple velvet, nine horse harness, and nine saddle houses (houfings) of blue velvet, gilt spurs, with many other rich articles, and magnificent apparel for his henchmen or pages.

Let nobody tell me that these robes, this magnificence, these trappings for a cavalcade, were for the use of a prisoner. Marvellous as the fact is, there can be no doubt but the deposed young king walked, or it was intended should walk, at his uncle's coronation. This precious monument, a terrible reproach to sir Thomas More and his copyists, who have been silent on so public an event, exists in the great wardrobe, and is in the highest preservation; it is written on vellum, and is bound with the coronation-rolls of Henry the seventh and eighth. These are written on paper, and are in worse condition; but that of king Richard is uncommonly fair, accurate, and ample. It is the account of Peter Courteys keeper of the great wardrobe, and dates from the day of king Edward the fourth his death, to the feast of the purification in the February of the following year. Peter Courteys specifies what stuff he found in the wardrobe, what contracts he made for the

* This singular curiosity was first mentioned to me by the lord bishop of Carlisle. Mr. Astle lent me an extract of it, with other useful assistances; and Mr. Chamberlain of the great wardrobe obliged me with the perusal of the original; favours which I take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging.

ensuing coronation, and the deliveries in consequence. The whole is couched in the most minute and regular manner, and is preferable to a thousand vague and interested histories. The concourse of nobility at that ceremony was extraordinarily great: there were present no fewer than three duchesses of Norfolk. Has this the air of a forced and precipitate election? Or does it not indicate a voluntary concurrence of the nobility? No mention being made in the roll of the young duke of York, no robes being ordered for him, it looks extremely as if he was not in Richard's custody; and strengthens the probability that will appear hereafter, of his having been conveyed away.

There is another article, rather curious than decisive of any point of history. One entry is thus: "To the lady Brygitt, oon of the daughters of K. Edward IIIth, being seeke (sick) in the said wardrobe, for to have for her use two long pillows of fustian stuffed with downe, and two pilow beres of Holland cloth." The only conjecture that can be formed from this passage is, that the lady Bridget, being lodged in the great wardrobe, was not then in sanctuary.

Can it be doubted now but that Richard meant to have it thought that his assumption of the crown was only temporary? But when he proceeded to bastardize his nephew by act of parliament, then it became necessary to set him entirely aside: stronger proofs of the bastardy might have come out: and it is reasonable to infer this; for on the death of his own son, when Richard had no longer any reason of family to bar his brother Edward's children, instead of again calling them to the succession, as he at first projected or gave out he would, he settled the crown on the issue of his sister, Suffolk, declaring her eldest son the earl of Lincoln his successor. That young prince was slain in the battle of Stoke against Henry the seventh, and his younger brother the earl of Suffolk, who had fled to Flanders, was extorted from the archduke Philip, who by contrary winds had been driven into England. Henry took a solemn oath not to put him to death; but copying David rather than Solomon, he on his death-bed recommended it to his son Henry the eighth to execute Suffolk; and Henry the eighth was too pious not to obey so scriptural an injunction.

Strange as the fact was of Edward the fifth walking at his successor's coronation, I have found an event exactly parallel which happened some years

before. It is well known that the famous Joan of Naples was dethroned and murdered by the man she had chosen for her heir, Charles Durazzo. Ingratitude and cruelty were the characteristics of that wretch. He had been brought up and formed by his uncle Louis king of Hungary, who left only two daughters. Mary the eldest succeeded and was declared *king*; for that warlike nation, who regarded the sex of a word more than of a person, would not suffer themselves to be governed by the term *queen*. Durazzo quitted Naples in pursuit of new ingratitude; dethroned *king Mary*, and obliged her to walk at his coronation; an insult she and her mother soon revenged by having him assassinated.

I do not doubt but the wickedness of Durazzo will be thought a proper parallel to Richard's. But parallels prove nothing: and a man must be a very poor reasoner who thinks he has an advantage over me, because I dare produce a circumstance that resembles my subject in the case to which it is applied, and leaves my argument just as strong as it was before in every other point.

They who the most firmly believe the murder of the two princes, and from what I have said it is plain that they believe it more strongly than the age did in which it was pretended to be committed, urge the disappearance* of the princes as a proof of the murder; but that argument vanishes entirely, at least with regard to one of them, if Perkin Warbeck was the true duke of York, as I shall show that it is greatly probable he was.

With regard to the elder, his disappearance is no kind of proof that he was murdered: he might die in the Tower. The queen pleaded to the archbishop of York that both princes were weak and unhealthy. I have insinuated that it is not impossible but Henry the seventh might find him alive in the Tower. I mention that as a bare possibility—but we may be very sure that, if he did find Edward alive there, he would not have notified his existence, to acquit Richard and hazard his own crown. The circumstances of the murder were evidently false, and invented by Henry to discredit Per-

* Polydore Virgil says, "In vulgus fama va-
luit filios Edwardi regis aliquo terrarum partem
migrasse, atque ita superstites esse." And the
prior of Croyland, not his continuator, whom I

shall quote in the next note but one, and who
was still better informed, "Vulgatum est regis
Edwardi pueros concessisse in fata, sed quo ge-
nere interitus ignoratur."

kin: and the time of the murder is absolutely a fiction; for it appears by the roll of parliament, which bastardized Edward the fifth, that he was then * alive, which was seven months after the time assigned by More for his murder. If Richard spared him seven months, what could suggest a reason for his murder afterwards? To take him off then was strengthening the plan of the earl of Richmond, who aimed at the crown by marrying Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward the fourth. As the house of York never rose again, as the reverse of Richard's fortune deprived him of any friend, and as no contemporaries but Fabian and the author of the Chronicle have written a word on that period, and they too slightly to inform us, it is impossible to know whether Richard ever took any steps to refute the calumny. But we know that Fabian only mentions the deaths of the *princes as reports*; which is proof that Richard never declared their deaths, or the death of either, as he would probably have done if he had removed them for his own security. The confessions of sir Thomas More and lord Bacon, that many doubted of the murder, amount to a violent presumption that they were not murdered; and to

* Buck asserts this from the parliament-roll. The annotator in Kennett's collection says, "This author would have done much towards the credit he drives at in his history, to have specified the place of the roll and the words thereof, whence such arguments might be gathered; for, adds he, all histories relate the murders to be committed before this time." I have shown that *all histories* are reduced to one history, sir Thomas More's; for the rest copy him verbatim; and I have shown that his account is false and improbable. As the roll itself is now printed in the Parliamentary History, vol. 2, I will point out the words that imply Edward the fifth being alive when the act was passed. "Also it appeareth that *all the issue* of the said king Edward be bastards and unable to inherit or claim any thing by inheritance, by the law and custom of England." Had Edward the fifth been dead, would not the act indubitably have run thus, *were and be bastards*. No, says the act, *all the issue are bastards*. Who were rendered incapable to inherit but Edward the fifth, his brother and sisters? Would not the act have specified the daughters of Edward the fourth, if the sons had been dead? It

was to bastardize the brothers, that the act was calculated and passed; and as the words *all the issue* comprehend males and females, it is clear that both were intended to be bastardized. I must however impartially observe, that Philip de Comines says, Richard having murdered his nephews, degraded their two sisters in full parliament. I will not dwell on his mistake of mentioning *two* sisters instead of five; but it must be remarked, that neither brothers nor sisters being specified in the act, but under the general term of King Edward's issue, it would naturally strike those who were uncertain what was become of the sons, that this act was levelled against the daughters. And as Comines did not write till some years after the event, he could not well help falling into that mistake. For my own part, I know not how to believe that Richard would have passed that act, if he had murdered the two princes. It was recalling a shocking crime, and to little purpose; for, as no woman had at that time ever sat on the English throne in her own right, Richard had little reason to apprehend the claim of his nieces.

a proof

a proof that their deaths were never declared. No man has ever doubted that Edward the second, Richard the second, and Henry the sixth perished at the times that were given out. Nor Henry the fourth nor Edward the fourth thought it would much help their titles to leave it doubtful whether their competitors existed or not. Observe too, that the Chronicle of Croyland, after relating Richard's second coronation at York, says it was advised by some in the sanctuary at Westminster to convey abroad some of king Edward's daughters, "*ut si quid dictis masculis humanitus in Turri contingerat, nihilominus per salvandas personas filiarum, regnum aliquando ad veros rediret hæredes.*" He says not a word of the princes being murdered, only urges the fear of their friends that it might happen. This was a living witness, very bitter against Richard, who still never accuses him of destroying his nephews, and who speaks of them as living, after the time in which sir Thomas More, who was not then five years old, declares they were dead. Thus the Parliament-roll and the Chronicle agree, and both contradict More. "*Interim & dum hæc agerentur (the coronation at York) remanserunt duo predicti Edwardi regis filii sub certâ deputatâ custodiâ infra Turrim Londoniarum.*" These are the express words of the Chronicle, p. 567.

As Richard gained the crown by the illegitimacy of his nephews, his causing them to be murdered, would not only have shown that he did not trust to that plea, but would have transferred their claim to their sisters. And I must not be told that his intended marriage with his niece is an answer to my argument; for were that imputation true, which is very problematic, it had nothing to do with the murder of her brothers. And here the comparison and irrefragability of dates puts this matter out of all doubt. It was not till the very close of his reign that Richard is even supposed to have thought of marrying his niece. The deaths of his nephews are dated in July or August 1483. His own son did not die till April 1484, nor his queen till March 1485. He certainly therefore did not mean to strengthen his title by marrying his niece to the disinherison of his own son; and having on the loss of that son, declared his nephew the earl of Lincoln his successor, it is plain that he still trusted to the illegitimacy of his brother's children: and in no case possibly to be put, can it be thought that he wished to give strength to the claim of the princess Elizabeth.

Let

Let us now examine the accusation of his intending to marry that niece ; one of the consequences of which intention is a vague suspicion of poisoning his wife. Buck says that the queen was in a languishing condition, and that the physicians declared she could not hold out till April ; and he affirms having seen, in the earl of Arundel's library, a letter written in passionate strains of love for her uncle by Elizabeth to the duke of Norfolk, in which she expressed doubts that the month of April would never arrive. What is there in this account that looks like poison ? Does it not prove that Richard would *not* hasten the death of his queen ? The tales of poisoning for a certain time are now exploded ; nor is it in nature to believe that the princess could be impatient to marry him, if she knew or thought he had murdered her brothers. Historians tell us that the queen took much to heart the death of her son, and never got over it. Had Richard been eager to wed his niece, and had his character been as impetuously wicked as it is represented, he would not have let the forward princess wait for the slow decay of her rival ; nor did he think of it till nine months after the death of his son ; which shows it was only to prevent Richmond's marrying her. His declaring his nephew his successor, implies at the same time no thought of his getting rid of his queen, though he did not expect more issue from her : and little as Buck's authority is regarded, a cotemporary writer confirms the probability of this story. The Chronicle of Croyland says, that at * the Christmas festival, men were scandalized at seeing the queen and the lady Elizabeth dressed in robes similar and equally royal. I should suppose that Richard, learning the projected marriage of Elizabeth and the earl of Richmond, amused the young princess with the hopes of making her his queen ; and that Richard feared that alliance,

* " Per hæc festa natalia choreis aut tripudiis, variisque mutatoriis vestium Annæ reginæ atque dominæ Elizabeth, primogenitæ defuncti regis, eisdem colore & forma distributis nimis intentum est : dictumque a multis est, ipsum regem aut expectatâ morte reginæ aut per divortium, matrimonio cum dictâ Elizabeth contrahendo mentem omnibus modis applicare." p. 572. If Richard projected this match at Christmas, he was not likely to let these intentions be perceived so early, nor to wait till March, if he did not know that

the queen was incurably ill. The Chronicle says, she died of a languishing distemper. Did that look like poison ? It is scarce necessary to say that a dispensation from the pope was in that age held so clear a solution of all obstacles to the marriage of near relations, and was so easily to be obtained or purchased by a great prince, that Richard would not have been thought by his contemporaries to have incurred any guilt, even if he had proposed to wed his niece, which however is far from being clear to have been his intention.

is plain from his sending her to the castle of Sheriff-Hutton on the landing of Richmond.

The behaviour of the queen-dowager must also be noticed. She was stripped by her son-in-law Henry of all her possessions, and confined to a monastery, for delivering up her daughters to Richard. Historians too are lavish in their censures on her for consenting to bestow her daughter on the murderer of her sons and brother. But if the murder of her sons is, as we have seen, most uncertain, this solemn charge falls to the ground: and for the deaths of her brother and lord Richard Grey, one of her elder sons, it has already appeared that she imputed them to Hastings. It is much more likely that Richard convinced her he had not murdered her sons, than that she delivered up her daughters to him believing it. The rigour exercised on her by Henry the seventh on her countenancing Lambert Simnel, evidently set up to try the temper of the nation in favour of some prince of the house of York, is a violent presumption that the queen-dowager believed her second son living: and notwithstanding all the endeavours of Henry to discredit Perkin Warbeck, it will remain highly probable, that many more who ought to know the truth believed so likewise; and that fact I shall examine next.

It was in the second year of Henry the seventh that Lambert Simnel appeared. This youth first personated Richard duke of York, then Edward Earl of Warwick; and was undoubtedly an impostor. Lord Bacon owns that it was whispered every-where, that *at least one* of the children of Edward the fourth was living. Such whispers prove two things: one, that the murder was very uncertain; the second, that it would have been very dangerous to disprove the murder, Henry being at least as much interested as Richard had been to have the children dead. Richard had set them aside as bastards, and thence had a title to the crown; but Henry was himself the issue of a bastard line, and had no title at all. Faction had set him on the throne, and his match with the supposed heiress of York induced the nation to wink at the defect in his own blood. The children of Clarence and of the duchess of Suffolk were living; so was the young duke of Buckingham, legitimately sprung from the youngest son of Edward the third; whereas Henry came of the spurious stock of John of Gaunt. Lambert Simnel appeared before Henry had had time to disgust the nation, as he did afterwards by

his tyranny, cruelty, and exactions. But what was most remarkable, the queen dowager tampered in this plot. Is it to be believed, that mere turbulence and a restless spirit could in a year's time influence that woman to throw the nation again into a civil war, and attempt to dethrone her own daughter? And in favour of whom? Of the issue of Clarence, whom she had contributed to have put to death, or in favour of an impostor? There is not common sense in the supposition. No; she certainly knew or believed that Richard, her second son, had escaped and was living, and was glad to overturn the usurper without risking her child. The plot failed, and the queen dowager was shut up, where she remained till her death, "in prison, * poverty, and solitude." The king trumped up a silly accusation of her having delivered her daughters out of sanctuary to king Richard; "which proceeding," says the noble historian, "being even at that time taxed for rigorous and undue, makes it very probable there was some greater matter against her, which the king, upon reason of policie, and to avoid envy, would not publish." How truth sometimes escapes from the most courtly pens! What interpretation can be put on these words, but that the king found the queen dowager was privy to the escape at least or the existence of her second son, and secured her, lest she should bear testimony to the truth, and foment insurrections in his favour? Lord Bacon adds, "It is likewise no small argument that *there was some secret in it*, for that the priest Simon himself (who set Lambert to work), after he was taken, was never brought to execution; no, not so much as to publicke triall, but was only shut up close in a dungeon. Adde to this, that after the earl of Lincoln (a principal person of the house of York) was slaine in Stokefield, the king opened himself to some of his councell, that he was sorie for the earl's death, because by him (he said) he might have known the bottom of his danger."

The earl of Lincoln had been declared heir to the crown by Richard, and therefore certainly did not mean to advance Simnel, an impostor, to it. It will be insinuated, and lord Bacon attributes that motive to him, that the earl of Lincoln hoped to open a way to the crown for himself. It might be so: still that will not account for Henry's wish, that the earl had been saved. On the contrary, one dangerous competitor was removed by his death; and therefore, when Henry wanted to have learned *the bottom of his danger*, it is

* Lord Bacon.

plain he referred to Richard duke of York, of whose fate he was still in doubt*. He certainly was; why else was it thought dangerous to visit or see the queen dowager after her imprisonment, as lord Bacon owns it was? "For that act," continues he, "the king sustained great obloquie; which nevertheless (besides the reason of state) was somewhat sweetened to him by a great confiscation." Excellent prince! This is the man in whose favour Richard the third is represented as a monster!

"For Lambert, the king would not take his life," continues Henry's biographer, "both out of magnanimitie" (a most proper picture of so mean a mind!) "and likewise out of wisdom, thinking that if he suffered death he would be forgotten too soon; but being kept alive, he would be a continual spectacle, and a kind of remedy against the *like enchantments of people* in time to come." What! do lawful princes live in dread of a possibility of phantoms†? Oh! no; but Henry knew what he had to fear; and he hoped, by keeping up the memory of Simnel's imposture, to discredit the true duke of York, as another puppet, whenever he should really appear.

That appearance did not happen till some years afterwards, and in Henry's eleventh year. Lord Bacon has taken infinite pains to prove a second imposture; and yet owns, "that the king's manner of shewing things by pieces and by darke lights, hath so muffled it, that it hath left it almost a myserie to this day." What has he left a myserie? And what did he try to muffle? Not the imposture, but the truth. Had so politic a man any interest to leave the matter doubtful? Did he try to leave it so? On the contrary, his diligence to detect the imposture was prodigious. Did he publish his narrative to obscure or elucidate the transaction? Was it his manner to muffle any point that he could clear up, especially when it behoved him to have it cleared?

* The earl of Lincoln assuredly did not mean to blacken his uncle Richard, by whom he had been declared heir to the crown. One should therefore be glad to know what account he gave of the escape of the young duke of York. Is it probable that the earl of Lincoln gave out, that the elder had been murdered? It is more reasonable to suppose, that the earl asserted that the child had been conveyed away by means of the queen dowager or some other friend; and before

I conclude this examination, that I think will appear most probably to have been the case.

† Henry had so great a distrust of his right to the crown, that in his second year he obtained a bull from pope Innocent to qualify the privileges of sanctuaries, in which was this remarkable clause, "That if any took sanctuarie for case of treason, the king might appoint him keepers to look to him in sanctuarie." Lord Bacon, p. 39.

When Lambert Simnel first personated the earl of Warwick, did not Henry exhibit that poor prince on a Sunday throughout all the principal streets of London? Was he not conducted to Paul's cross, and openly examined by the nobility? "which did in effect marre the pageant in Ireland." Was not Lambert himself taken into Henry's service, and kept in his court for the same purpose? In short, what did Henry ever muffle and disguise but the truth? And why was his whole conduct so different in the cases of Lambert and Perkin, if their cases were not totally different? No doubt remains on the former: the gross falsehoods and contradictions in which Henry's account of the latter is involved, make it evident that he himself could never detect the imposture of the latter, if it was one. Dates, which every historian has neglected, again come to our aid, and cannot be controverted.

Richard duke of York was born in 1474. Perkin Warbeck was not heard of before 1495, when duke Richard would have been twenty-one. Margaret of York, duchess dowager of Burgundy, and sister of Edward the fourth, is said by lord Bacon to have been the Juno who persecuted the pious Æneas, Henry, and set up this phantom against him. She it was, say the historians, and says lord Bacon, p. 115, "who informed Perkin of all the circumstances and particulars that concerned the person of Richard duke of York, which he was to act, describing unto him the personages, lineaments, and features of the king and queen, his pretended parents, and of his brothers and sisters, and divers others that were nearest him in his childhood; together with all passages, some secret, some common, that were fit for a child's memory, until the death of king Edward. Then she added the particulars of the time from the king's death, until he and his brother were committed to the Tower, as well during the time he was abroad, as while he was in sanctuary. As for the times while he was in the Tower, and the manner of his brother's death, and his own escape, she knew they were things that verie few could controule: and therefore she taught him only to tell a smooth and likely tale of those matters, warning him not to vary from it." Indeed! Margaret must in truth have been a Juno, a divine power, if she could give all these instructions to purpose. This passage is so very important, the whole story depends so much upon it, that if I can show the utter impossibility of its being true, Perkin will remain the true duke of York for any thing we can prove to the contrary; and for Henry, sir Thomas More, lord

X 2

Bacon,

Bacon, and their copyists, it will be impossible to give any longer credit to their narratives.

I have said that duke Richard was born in 1474. Unfortunately his aunt Margaret was married out of England in 1467, seven years before he was born, and never returned thither. Was not she singularly capable of describing to Perkin, her nephew whom she had never seen? How well informed was she of the times of his childhood, and of all passages relating to his brother and sisters! Oh, but she had English refugees about her. She must have had many, and those of most intimate connection with the court, if she and they together could compose a tolerable story for Perkin, that was to take in the most minute passages of so many years*. Who informed Margaret, that she might inform Perkin, of what passed in sanctuary? Ay; and who told her what passed in the Tower? Let the warmest assertor of the imposture answer that question, and I will give up all I have said in this work; yes, all. Forrest was dead, and the supposed priest; sir James Tirrel and Dighton were in Henry's hands. Had they trumpeted about the story of their own guilt and infamy, till Henry, *after* Perkin's appearance, found it necessary to publish it? Sir James Tirrel and Dighton had certainly never gone to the court of Burgundy to make a merit with Margaret of having murdered her nephews. How came she to know accurately and authentically a tale which no mortal else knew? Did Perkin or did he not correspond in his narrative with Tirrel and Dighton? If he did, how was it possible for him to know it? If he did not, is it morally credible that Henry would not

* It would have required half the court of Edward the fourth to frame a consistent legend. Let us state this in a manner that must strike our apprehension. The late princess royal was married out of England, before any of the children of the late prince of Wales were born. She lived no farther than the Hague; and yet who thinks that she could have instructed a Dutch lad in so many passages of the courts of her father and brother, that he would not have been detected in an hour's time? Twenty-seven years at least had elapsed since Margaret had been in the court of England. The marquis of Dorset, the earl of Richmond himself, and most of the fugitives had taken refuge in Bretagne, not with Margaret; and yet

was she so informed of every trifling story, even of those of the nursery, that she was able to pose Henry himself, and reduce him to invent a tale that had not a shadow of probability in it. Why did he not convict Perkin out of his own mouth? Was it ever pretended that Perkin failed in his part? That was the surest and best proof of his being an impostor. Could not the whole court, the whole kingdom of England, so cross-examine this Flemish youth, as to catch him in one lie? No; lord Bacon's Juno had inspired him with full knowledge of all that had passed in the last twenty years. If Margaret was Juno, he who shall answer these questions satisfactorily, "erit mihi magnus Apollo."

have

have made those variations public? If Edward the fifth was murdered, and the duke of York saved, Perkin could know it but by being the latter. If he did not know it, what was so obvious as his detection? We must allow Perkin to be the true duke of York, or give up the whole story of Tirrel and Dighton. When Henry had Perkin, Tirrel, and Dighton in his power, he had nothing to do but to confront them, and the imposture was detected. It would not have been sufficient that Margaret had enjoined him *to tell a smooth and likely tale of those matters*. A man does not tell a likely tale, nor was a likely tale enough, of matters of which he is totally ignorant.

Still farther: why was Perkin never confronted with the queen dowager, with Henry's own queen, and with the princesses, her sisters? Why were they never asked, Is this your son? Is this your brother? Was Henry afraid to trust to their natural emotions? Yet "he himself," says lord Bacon, page 186, "saw him sometimes out of a window, or in passage." This implies that the queens and princesses never did see him; and yet they surely were the persons who could best detect the counterfeit, if he had been one. Had the young man made a *voluntary*, coherent, and credible confession, no other evidence of his imposture would be wanted; but failing that, we cannot help asking, Why the obvious means of detection were not employed? Those means having been omitted, our suspicions remain in full force.

Henry, who thus neglected every means of confounding the impostor, took every step he would have done, if convinced that Perkin was the true duke of York. His utmost industry was exerted in sifting to the bottom of the plot, in learning who was engaged in the conspiracy, and in detaching the chief supporters. It is said, though not affirmatively, that to procure confidence to his spies, he caused them to be solemnly cursed at Paul's cross. Certain it is, that by their information he came to the knowledge, not of the imposture, but what rather tended to prove that Perkin was a genuine Plantagenet: I mean, such a list of great men actually in his court and in trust about his person, that no wonder he was seriously alarmed. Sir Robert Clifford *, who had fled to Margaret, wrote to England, that he was positive that the claimant was the very identical duke of York, son of Edward the fourth, whom he had so often seen, and was perfectly acquainted with.

* A gentleman of fame and family, says lord Bacon.

This man, Clifford, was bribed back to Henry's service ; and what was the consequence ? He accused sir William Stanley, lord chamberlain, the very man who had set the crown on Henry's head in Bosworth field, and own brother to the earl of Derby, the then actual husband of Henry's mother, of being in the conspiracy ! This was indeed essential to Henry to know ; but what did it proclaim to the nation ? What could stagger the allegiance of such trust and such connections, but the firm persuasion that Perkin was the true duke of York ? A spirit of faction and disgust has even in later times hurried men into treasonable combinations ; but however sir William Stanley might be dissatisfied, as not thinking himself adequately rewarded, yet is it credible that he should risk such favour, such riches, as lord Bacon allows he possessed, on the wild bottom of a Flemish counterfeit ? The lord Fitzwalter and other great men suffered in the same cause ; and which is remarkable, the first was executed at Calais—another presumption that Henry would not venture to have his evidence made public. And the strongest presumption of all is, that not one of the sufferers is pretended to have recanted ; they all died then in the persuasion that they had engaged in a righteous cause. When peers, knights of the garter, privy-counsellors, suffer death, from conviction of a matter of which they were proper judges, (for which of them but must know their late master's son ?) it would be rash indeed in us to affirm that they laid down their lives for an imposture, and died with a lie in their mouths.

What can be said against king James of Scotland, who bestowed a lady of his own blood in marriage on Perkin ? At war with Henry, James would naturally support his rival, whether genuine or supposititious. He and Charles the eighth both gave him aid and both gave him up, as the wind of their interest shifted about. Recent instances of such conduct have been seen ; but what prince has gone so far as to stake his belief in a doubtful cause, by sacrificing a princess of his own blood in confirmation of it ?

But it is needless to multiply presumptions. Henry's conduct, and the narrative * he published, are sufficient to stagger every impartial reader. Lord Bacon confesses *the king did himself no good* by the publication of that narrative, and that mankind was astonished to find no mention in it of the duchess.

* To what degree arbitrary power dares to be seen in Portuguese and Russian manifestos with the common sense of mankind has festos.

Margaret's machinations. But how could lord Bacon stop there? Why did he not conjecture that there was no proof of that tale? What interest had Henry to manage a widow of Burgundy? He had applied to the archduke Philip to banish Perkin: Philip replied, he had no power over the lands of the duchess's dowry. It is therefore most credible that the duchess had supported Perkin, on the persuasion he was her nephew; and Henry not being able to prove the reports he had spread of her having trained up an impostor, chose to drop all mention of Margaret, because nothing was so natural as her supporting the heir of her house. On the contrary, in Perkin's confession, as it was called, and which, though preserved by Grafton, was suppressed by lord Bacon, not only as repugnant to his lordship's account, but to common sense, Perkin affirms, that "having failed to Lisbon in a ship with the lady Brampton, who, lord Bacon says, was sent by Margaret to conduct him thither, and from thence having resorted to Ireland, it was at Cork that they of the town first threaped upon him that he was son of the duke of Clarence; and others afterwards, that he was the duke of York." But the contradictions both in lord Bacon's account, and in Henry's narrative, are irreconcilable and insurmountable: the former solves the likeness*, which is allowing the likeness, of Perkin to Edward the fourth, by supposing that the king had an intrigue with his mother; of which he gives this silly relation: that Perkin Warbeck, whose surname it seems was Peter Osbeck, was son of a Flemish converted Jew (of which Hebrew extraction Perkin says not a † word in his confession), who with his wife Katherine de Faro came to London on business; and she producing a son, king Edward, in consideration of the conversion, or intrigue, stood godfather to the child and gave him the name of *Peter*. Can one help laughing at being told that a king called *Edward* gave the name of *Peter* to his godson? But of this transfretation and christening, Perkin in his supposed confession says not a word, nor pretends to have ever set foot in England till he landed there in pursuit of the crown; and yet an English birth and some stay, though in his very childhood, was a better

* As this solution of the likeness is not authorised by the youth's supposed narrative, the likeness remains uncontrovertible, and consequently another argument for his being king Edward's son.

† On the contrary, Perkin calls his grand-

father Diryck Osbeck; Diryck every body knows is Theodoric, and Theodoric is certainly no Jewish appellation. Perkin too mentions several of his relations and their employments at Tournay, without any hint of a Hebrew connection.

way of accounting for the purity of his accent, than either of the preposterous tales produced by lord Bacon or by Henry. The former says that Perkin, roving up and down between Antwerp and Tournay and other towns, and living much in English company, had the English tongue perfect. Henry was so afraid of not ascertaining a good foundation of Perkin's English accent, that he makes him learn the language twice over*. "Being sent with a merchant of Turney, called Berlo, to the mart of Antwerp, the said Berlo set me, says Perkin, to borde in a skinner's house, that dwelled beside the house of the English nation. And after this the sayd Berlo set me with a merchant of Middelborough to service for † *to learne the language*, with whom I dwelled from Christmas to Easter, and then I went into Portyngale." One does not learn any language very perfectly, and with a good, nay undistinguishable accent, between Christmas and Easter: but here let us pause. If this account was true, the other relating to the duchess Margaret was false; and then how came Perkin by so accurate a knowledge of the English court, that he did not falter, nor could be detected in his tale? If the confession was *not* true, it remains that it was trumped up by Henry, and then Perkin must be allowed the true duke of York.

* Grafton's Chronicle, p. 930.

† I take this to mean the English language, for these reasons; he had just before named the English nation, and the name of his master was John Strewé, which seems to be an English appellation: but there is a stronger reason for believing it means the English language, which is, that a Flemish lad is not set to learn his own language; though even this absurdity is advanced in this same pretended confession, Perkin affirming that his mother, after he had dwelled some time in Tournay, sent him to Antwerp to learn Flemish. If I am told by a very improbable supposition, that French was his native language at Tournay, that he learned Flemish at Antwerp, and Dutch at Middleburg, I will desire the objector to cast his eye on the map, and consider the small distance between Tournay, Middleburg, and Antwerp, and to reflect that the present United Provinces were not then divided from the rest of Flanders; and then to decide whether the dialects spoken at

Tournay, Antwerp, and Middleburg, were so different in that age, that it was necessary to be set to learn them all separately. If this cannot be answered satisfactorily, it will remain, that Perkin learned Flemish or English twice over. I am indifferent which, for still there will remain a contradiction in the confession. And if English is not meant in the passage above, it will only produce a greater difficulty, which is, that Perkin at the age of twenty learned to speak English in Ireland with so good an accent, that all England could not discover the cheat. I must be answered too, why lord Bacon rejects the youth's own confession, and substitutes another in its place, which makes Perkin born in England, though in his pretended confession Perkin affirms the contrary. Lord Bacon too confirms my interpretation of the passage in question, by saying that Perkin roved up and down between Antwerp and other towns in Flanders, living much in English company, and having the English tongue perfect. p. 115.

But

But the gross contradiction of all follows: "It was in Ireland," says Perkin, in this very narrative and confession, "that against my will they made me to learne English, and taught me what I should do and say." Amazing! What, forced him to learn English, after, as he says himself, in the very same page, he had learnt it at Antwerp! What an impudence was there in royal power to dare to obtrude such stuff on the world! Yet this confession, as it is called, was the poor young man forced to read at his execution—no doubt in dread of worse torture. Mr. Hume, though he questions it, owns that it was believed by torture to have been drawn from him. What matters how it was obtained, or whether ever obtained? It could not be true: and as Henry could put together no more plausible account, commiseration will shed a tear over a hapless youth sacrificed to the fury and jealousy of an usurper, and in all probability the victim of a tyrant, who has made the world believe that the duke of York, executed by his own orders, had been previously murdered by his predecessor*.

I have thus, I flatter myself, from the discovery of new authorities, from the comparison of dates, from fair consequences and arguments, and without straining or wresting probability, proved all I pretended to prove; not an hypothesis of Richard's universal innocence, but this assertion with which I set out, that we have no reasons, no authority for believing by far the greater part of the crimes charged on him. I have convicted historians of partiality, absurdities, contradictions, and falsehoods; and though I have destroyed their credit, I have ventured to establish no peremptory conclusion of my own. What did really happen in so dark a period it would be rash to affirm. The coronation and parliament-rolls have ascertained a few facts, either totally unknown, or misrepresented by historians. Time may bring other monu-

* Mr. Hume, to whose doubts all respect is due, tells me, he thinks no mention being made of Perkin's title in the Cornish rebellion under the lord Audeley, is a strong presumption that the nation was not persuaded of his being the true duke of York. This argument, which at most is negative, seems to me to lose its weight, when it is remembered that this was an insurrection occasioned by a poll-tax: that the rage of the people was directed against archbishop Morton and sir Reginald Bray, the supposed authors of the grievance. An insurrection against a tax in a southern county, in which no mention is made of a pretender to the crown, is surely not so forcible a presumption against him, as the persuasion of the northern counties that he was the true heir, is an argument in his favour. Much less can it avail against such powerful evidence as I have shewn exists to overturn all that Henry could produce against Perkin.

ments to light *: but one thing is sure, that should any man hereafter presume to repeat the same improbable tale on no better grounds than it has been hitherto urged, he must shut his eyes against conviction, and prefer ridiculous tradition to the scepticism due to most points of history, and to none more than to that in question.

I have little more to say, and only on what regards the person of Richard and the story of Jane Shore; but having run counter to a very valuable modern historian and friend of my own, I must both make some apology for him, and for myself for disagreeing with him. When Mr. Hume published his reigns of Edward the fifth, Richard the third, and Henry the seventh, the coronation-roll had not come to light. The stream of historians concurred to make him take this portion of our story for granted. Buck had been given up as an advancer of paradoxes, and nobody but Carte had dared to controvert the popular belief. Mr. Hume treats Carte's doubts as whimsical. I wonder he did; he, who, having so closely examined our history, had discovered how very fallible many of its authorities are. Mr. Hume himself had ventured to contest both the flattering picture drawn of Edward the first, and those ignominious portraits of Edward the second and Richard the second. He had discovered from the *Fœdera*, that Edward the fourth, while said universally to be prisoner to archbishop Nevil, was at full liberty and doing acts of royal power. Why was it whimsical in Carte to exercise the same spirit of criticism? Mr. Hume could not but know how much the characters of princes are liable to be flattered or misrepresented. It is of little importance to the world, to Mr. Hume, or to me, whether Richard's story is fairly told or not: and in this amicable discussion I have no fear of offending him by disagreeing with him. His abilities and sagacity do not rest on the shortest reign in our annals. I shall therefore attempt to give answers to the questions on which he pins the credibility due to the history of Richard.

The questions are these. 1. Had not the queen-mother and the other heads of the York party been fully assured of the death of both the young princes, would they have agreed to call over the earl of Richmond, the head of the Lancastrian party, and marry him to the princess Elizabeth?—I an-

* If diligent search was to be made in the not despair of new lights being gained to that public offices and convents of the Flemish towns part of our history. in which the duchess Margaret resided, I should

swer,

swer, that when the queen-mother could recall that consent, and send to her son the marquis Dorset to quit Richmond, assuring him of king Richard's favour to him and her house, it is impossible to say what so weak and ambitious a woman would not do. She wanted to have some one of her children on the throne, in order to recover her own power. She first engaged her daughter to Richmond, and then to Richard. She might not know what was become of her sons; and yet that is no proof they were murdered. They were out of her power, whatever was become of them; and she was impatient to rule. If she was fully assured of their deaths, could Henry, after he came to the crown and had married her daughter, be uncertain of it? I have shown that both sir Thomas More and lord Bacon owned it remained uncertain, and that Henry's account could not be true. As to the heads of the Yorkists*; how does it appear they concurred in the projected match? Indeed, who were the heads of that party? Margaret duchess of Burgundy, Elizabeth duchess of Suffolk, and her children; did they ever concur in that match? Did not they to the end endeavour to defeat and overturn it? I hope Mr. Hume will not call bishop Morton, the duke of Buckingham, and Margaret countess of Richmond, chiefs of the Yorkists. 2. The story told constantly by Perkin of his escape is utterly incredible, that those who were sent to murder his brother, took pity on him and granted him his liberty.—Answer. We do not know but from Henry's narrative and the Lancastrian historians that Perkin gave this account†. I am not authorised to believe he did, because

* The excessive affection shown by the northern counties, where the principal strength of the Yorkists lay, to Richard the third while living, and to his memory when dead, implies two things; first, that the party did *not* give him up to Henry; secondly, that they did not believe he had murdered his nephews. Tyrants of that magnitude are not apt to be popular. Examine the list of the chiefs in Henry's army, as stated by the Chronicle of Croyland, p. 574, and they will be found Lancastrians, or very private gentlemen, and but one peer, the earl of Oxford, a noted Lancastrian.

† Grafton has preserved a ridiculous oration said to be made by Perkin to the king of Scotland, in which this silly tale is told. Nothing can be

depended upon less than such orations, almost always forged by the writer, and unpardonable if they pass the bounds of truth. Perkin, in the passage in question, uses these words: "And farther to the intent that my life might be in a suretie he (the murderer of my elder brother) appointed one to convey me into some strange countrie, where, when I was furthest off, and had most neede of comfort, he forsooke me sodainly (I think he was so appointed to do) and left me desolate alone without friend or knowledge of any reliefe or refuge, &c." Would not one think one was reading the tale of Valentine and Orson, or any legend of a barbarous age, rather than the History of England, when we are told of *strange countries* and such indefinite ramblings, as would pass only in a nursery? It remains not only a

because I find no authority for the murder of the elder brother; and if there was, why is it utterly incredible that the younger should have been spared?

3. What became of him during the course of seven years from his supposed death till his appearance in 1491?—Answer. Does uncertainty of where a man has been, prove his non-identity when he appears again? When Mr. Hume will answer half the questions in this work, I will tell him where Perkin was during those seven years.

4. Why were not the queen-mother, the duchess of Burgundy, and the other friends of the family, applied to during that time, for his support and education?—Answer. Who knows that they were not applied to? The probability is, that they were. The queen's dabbling in the affair of Simnel indicates that she knew her son was alive. And when the duchess of Burgundy is accused of setting Perkin to work, it is amazing that she should be quoted as knowing nothing about him.

5. Though the duchess of Burgundy at last acknowledged him for her nephew, she had lost all pretence to authority by her former acknowledgment and support of Lambert Simnel, an avowed impostor.—Answer. Mr. Hume here makes an unwary confession by distinguishing between Lambert Simnel, an avowed impostor, and Perkin, whose imposture was problematic. But if he was a true prince, the duchess could only forfeit credit for herself, not for him: nor would her preparing the way for her nephew, by first playing off and feeling the ground by a counterfeit, be an imputation on her, but rather a proof of her wisdom and tenderness. Impostors are easily detected, as Simnel was. All Henry's art and power could never verify the cheat of Perkin; and if the latter was astonishingly adroit, the king was ridiculously clumsy.

6. Perkin himself confessed his imposture more than once, and read his confession to the people, and renewed his confession at the foot of the gibbet on which he was executed.—Answer. I have shown that this confession was such an awkward forgery that lord Bacon did not dare to quote or adhere to it, but invented a new story, more specious, but equally inconsistent with probability.

7. After Henry the eighth's accession, the titles of the houses of York and Lancaster were fully confounded, and there was no longer any necessity for defending Henry the seventh and his title; yet all the historians of that time, when the events were recent, some of these

secret but a doubt, whether the elder brother was murdered. If Perkin was the younger, and knew certainly that his brother was put to death, our doubt would vanish: but can it va-

nish on no better authority than this foolish oration? Did Grafton hear it pronounced? Did king James bestow his kinswoman on Perkin, on the strength of such a fable?

historians,

historians, such as sir Thomas More, of the highest authority, agree in treating Perkin as an impostor.—Answer. When sir Thomas More wrote, Henry the seventh was still alive; that argument therefore falls entirely to the ground: but there *was* great necessity, I will not say to defend, but even to palliate the titles of both Henry the seventh and eighth. The former, all the world agrees now, had no title*: the latter had none from his father, and a very defective one from his mother. If she had any right, it could only be after her brothers; and it is not to be supposed that so jealous a tyrant as Henry the eighth would suffer it to be said that his father and mother enjoyed the throne to the prejudice of that mother's surviving brother, in whose blood the father had imbrued his hands. The murder therefore was to be fixed on Richard the third, who was to be supposed to have usurped the throne, by murdering, and not, as was really the case, by bastardizing his nephews. If they were illegitimate, so was their sister; and if she was, what title had she conveyed to her son Henry the eighth? No wonder that both Henries were jealous of the earl of Suffolk, whom one bequeathed to slaughter, and the other executed; for if the children of Edward the fourth were spurious, and those of Clarence attainted, the right of the house of York was vested in the duchess of Suffolk and her descendants. The massacre of the children of Clarence and the duchess of Suffolk show what Henry the eighth thought of the titles both of his father and mother†. But, says Mr. Hume, all the historians of that time agree in treating Perkin as an impostor. I have shown from their own mouths that they all doubted of it. The reader must judge between us. But Mr. Hume selects sir Thomas More as the highest authority; I have proved that he was the lowest—but not in the case of Perkin, for sir Thomas More's history does not go so low; yet happening to mention him, he says, the man commonly called Perkin Warbeck was, as well with the princes as the people, held to be the younger son of Edward the fourth; and that the deaths of the young king Edward and of Richard his brother had

* Henry was so reduced to make out any title to the crown, that he caught even at a quibble. In the act of attainder, passed after his accession, he calls himself nephew of Henry the sixth. He was so; but it was by his father, who was not of the blood royal. Catherine of Valois, after bearing Henry the sixth, married Owen Tudor, and had two sons, Edmund and Jasper, the former of which married Margaret, mother of Henry the seventh, and so was he half nephew of Henry the sixth. On one side he had no blood royal, on the other only bastard blood.

† Observe, that when lord Bacon wrote, there *was* great necessity to vindicate the title even of Henry the seventh, for James the first claimed from the eldest daughter of Henry and Elizabeth.

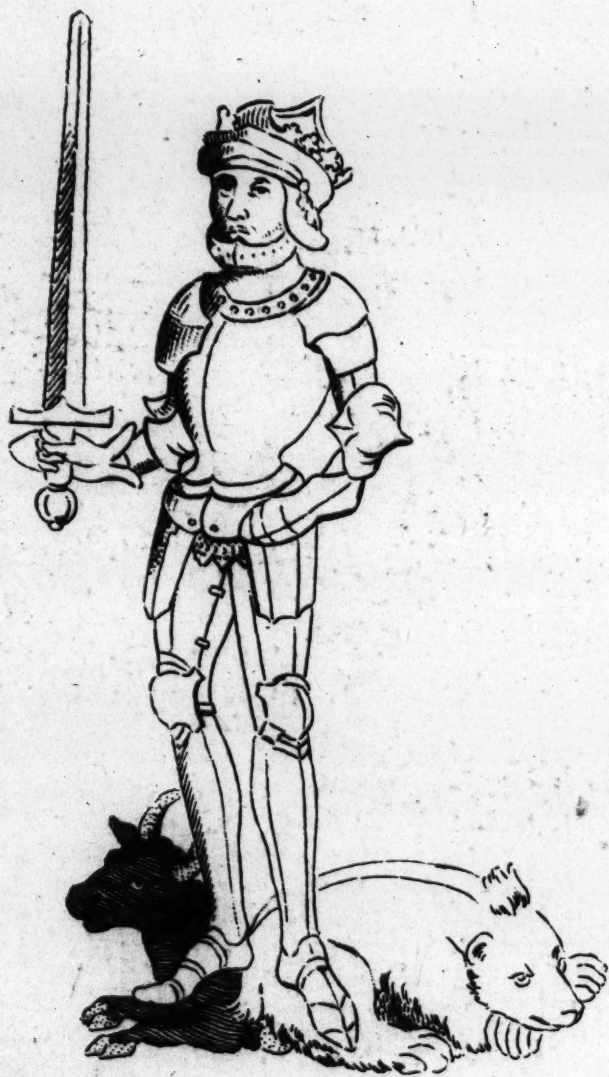
come so far in question, as some are yet in doubt, *whether they were destroyed or no in the days of king Richard*. Sir Thomas adhered to the affirmative, relying as I have shown on very bad authorities. But what is a stronger argument *ad hominem*, I can prove that Mr. Hume did not think Sir Thomas More good authority; no, Mr. Hume was a fairer and more impartial judge: at the very time that he quotes Sir Thomas More, he tacitly rejects his authority; for Mr. Hume, agreeably to truth, specifies the lady Eleanor Butler as the person to whom King Edward was contracted, and not Elizabeth Lucy, as it stands in Sir Thomas More. An attempt to vindicate Richard will perhaps no longer be thought whimsical, when so very acute a reasoner as Mr. Hume could find no better foundation than these seven queries on which to rest his condemnation.

With regard to the person of Richard, it appears to have been as much misrepresented as his actions. Philip de Comines, who was very free spoken even on his own masters, and therefore not likely to spare a foreigner, mentions the beauty of Edward the fourth; but says nothing of the deformity of Richard, though he saw them together. This is merely negative. The old countess of Desmond, who had danced with Richard, declared he was the handsomest man in the room except his brother Edward, and was very well made. But what shall we say to doctor Shaw, who in his sermon appealed to the people, whether Richard was not the express image of his father's person, who was neither ugly nor deformed? Not all the protector's power could have kept the muscles of the mob in awe and prevented their laughing at so ridiculous an apostrophe, had Richard been a little, crooked, withered, hump-backed monster, as later historians would have us believe—and very idly. Cannot a foul soul inhabit a fair body?

The truth I take to have been this. Richard, who was slender and not tall, had one shoulder a little higher than the other: a defect, by the magnifying-glasses of party, by distance of time, and by the amplification of tradition, easily swelled to shocking deformity; for falsehood itself generally pays so much respect to truth as to make it the basis of its superstructures.

I have two reasons for believing Richard was not well made about the shoulders. Among the drawings which I purchased at Vertue's sale was one of Richard and his queen, of which nothing is expressed but the out-lines.





Edw. Earl of Warwick.



Marg. Cs. of Salisbury.



Queen An



Queen Anne.

Richard 3.^d

Edward P. of Wales.





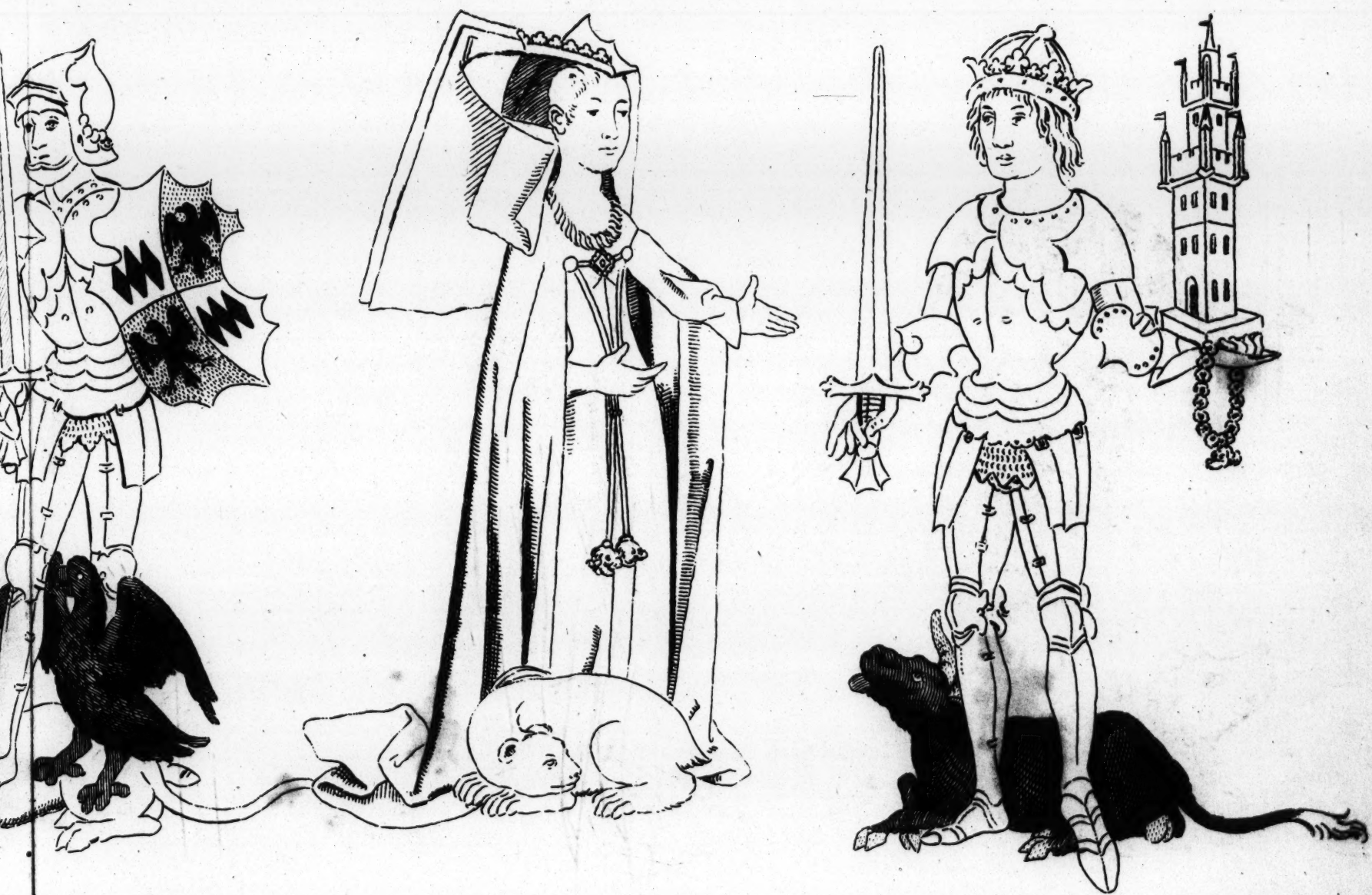
Henry Duke of Warwick.



Anne Cs. of Warwick.



*Richard Neville
Earl of Warwick.*



ard Neville
of Warwick.

Isabel Dfs. of Clarence.

George Duke of Clarence.



There is no intimation from whence the drawing was taken; but by a collateral direction for the colour of the robe, if not copied from a picture, it certainly was from some painted window; where existing I do not pretend to say: in this whole work I have not gone beyond my vouchers. Richard's face is very comely, and corresponds singularly with the portrait of him in the preface to the royal and noble authors. He has a sort of tippet of ermine doubled about his neck, which seems calculated to disguise some want of symmetry thereabouts. I have given two * prints of this drawing, which is on large folio paper, that it may lead to a discovery of the original, if not destroyed.

My other authority is John Rous, the antiquary of Warwickshire, who saw Richard at Warwick in the interval of his two coronations, and who describes him thus: "*Parvæ staturæ erat, curtam habens faciem, inæquales humeros, dexter superior, sinisterque inferior.*" What feature in this portrait gives any idea of a monster? Or who can believe that an eye-witness, and so minute a painter, would have mentioned nothing but the inequality of shoulders, if Richard's form had been a compound of ugliness? Could a Yorkist have drawn a less disgusting representation? And yet Rous was a vehement Lancastrian; and the moment he ceased to have truth before his eyes, gave into all the virulence and forgeries of his party, telling us in another place, "that Richard remained two years in his mother's womb, and came forth at last with teeth, and hair on his shoulders." I leave it to the learned in the profession to decide whether women can go two years with their burden, and produce a living infant: but that this long pregnancy did not prevent the duchess his mother from bearing afterwards, I can prove; and could we recover the register of the births of her children, I should not be surprised to find that, as she was a very fruitful woman, there was not above a year between the birth of Richard and his preceding brother † Tho-

* In the prints, the single head is most exactly copied from the drawing, which is unfinished. In the double plate, the reduced likeness of the king could not be so perfectly preserved.

† The author I am going to quote gives us the order in which the duchess Cecily's children were born, thus: Ann duchess of Exeter, Henry, Edward the fourth, Edmund earl of Rutland, Elizabeth duchess of Suffolk, Margaret

duchess of Burgundy, William, John, George duke of Clarence, Thomas, Richard the third, and Ursula. Cox, in his History of Ireland, says that Clarence was born in 1451. Buck computed Richard the third to have fallen at the age of thirty-four or five; but, by Cox's account, he could not be more than thirty-two. Still this makes it probable, that their mother bore them and their intervening brother Thomas as soon as she well could one after another.

mas,

mas. However, an ancient *bard, who wrote after Richard was born, and during the life of his father, tells us,

Richard liveth yet, but the last of all

Was Urfula, to him whom God list call.

Be it as it will, this foolish tale, with the circumstances of his being born with hair and teeth, was coined to intimate how careful Providence was when it formed a tyrant, to give due warning of what was to be expected. And yet these portents were far from prognosticating a tyrant; for this plain reason, that all other tyrants have been born without these prognostics. Does it require more time to ripen a foetus, that is to prove a destroyer, than it takes to form an Aristides? Are there outward and visible signs of a bloody nature? Who was handsomer than Alexander, Augustus, or Louis the fourteenth? And yet who ever commanded the spilling of more human blood?

Having mentioned John Rous, it is necessary I should say something more of him, as he lived in Richard's time, and even wrote his reign; and yet I have omitted him in the list of contemporary writers. The truth is, he was pointed out to me after the preceding sheets were finished; and upon inspection I found him too despicable and lying an author, even amongst monkish authors, to venture to quote him, but for two facts; for the one of which, as he was an eye-witness, and for the other, as it was of public notoriety, he is competent authority.

The first is his description of the person of Richard; the second, relating to the young earl of Warwick, I have recorded in its place.

This John Rous, so early as in the reign of Edward the fourth, had retired to the hermitage of Guy's cliff, where he was a chantry priest, and where he spent the remaining part of his life in what he called studying and writing antiquities. Amongst other works, most of which are not unfortunately lost, he composed a history of the kings of England. It begins with the creation, and is compiled indiscriminately from the Bible and from monastic writers. Moses, he tells us, does not mention all the cities founded before the deluge, but Barnard de Breydenback, dean of Mayence, does.

* See Vincent's Errors in Brooke's Heraldry, p. 623.

With

With the same taste he acquaints us, that though the book of Genesis says nothing of the matter, Giraldus Cambrensis writes, that Caphera or Cefara, Noah's niece, being apprehensive of the deluge, set out for Ireland, where with three men and fifty women she arrived safe with one ship, the rest perishing in the general destruction.

A history so happily begun never falls off: prophecies, omens,¹ judgments, and religious foundations, compose the bulk of the book. The lives and actions of our monarchs, and the great events of their reigns, seemed to the author to deserve little place in a history of England. The lives of Henry the sixth and Edward the fourth, though the author lived under both, take up but two pages in octavo, and that of Richard the third, three. We may judge how qualified such an author was to clear up a period so obscure, or what secrets could come to his knowledge at Guy's cliff: accordingly he retails all the vulgar reports of the times; as that Richard poisoned his wife, and put his nephews to death, though he owns few knew in what manner; but as he lays the scene of their deaths *before* Richard's assumption of the crown, it is plain he was the worst informed of all. To Richard he ascribes the death of Henry the sixth; and adds, that many persons believed he executed the murder with his own hands: but he records another circumstance that alone must weaken all suspicion of Richard's guilt in that transaction. Richard not only caused the body to be removed from Chertsey and solemnly interred at Windsor, but it was publicly exposed, and, if we will believe the monk, was found almost entire, and emitted a gracious perfume, though no care had been taken to embalm it. Is it credible that Richard, if the murderer, would have exhibited this unnecessary mummery, only to revive the memory of his own guilt? Was it not rather intended to recall the cruelty of his brother Edward, whose children he had set aside, and whom, by the comparison of this act of piety, he hoped to * depreciate in the eyes of the people? The very example had been pointed out to him by Henry the fifth, who bestowed a pompous funeral on Richard the second, murdered by order of his father.

Indeed the devotion of Rous to that Lancastrian saint, Henry the sixth, seems chiefly to engross his attention, and yet it draws him into a contra-

* This is not a mere random conjecture, but annexed to the forest of Whichwoode, to the corroborated by another instance of like address. great annoyance of the subject. This we are told He disforested a large circuit, which Edward had by Rous himself, p. 216.

dition; for, having said that the murder of Henry the sixth had made Richard detested by all nations who heard of it, he adds, two pages afterwards, that an embassy arrived at Warwick (while Richard kept his court there) from the * king of Spain, to propose a marriage between their children. Of this embassy Rous is a proper witness: Guy's cliff, I think, is but a mile from Warwick; and he is too circumstantial on what passed there not to have been on the spot. In other respects he seems inclined to be impartial, recording several good and generous acts of Richard.

But there is one circumstance, which, besides the weakness and credulity of the man, renders his testimony exceeding suspicious. After having said that, *if he may speak truth in Richard's favour* †, he must own that, though small in stature and strength, Richard was a noble knight, and defended himself to the last breath with eminent valour, the monk suddenly turns and apostrophizes Henry the seventh, to whom he had dedicated his work, and whom he flatters to the best of his poor abilities; but above all things for having bestowed the name of Arthur on his eldest son, who, this injudicious and over-hasty prophet foresees, will restore the glory of his great ancestor of the same name. Had Henry christened his second son Merlin, I do not doubt but poor Rous would have had still more divine visions about Henry the eighth, though born to shake half the pillars of credulity.

In short, no reliance can be had on an author of such a frame of mind, so removed from the scene of action, and so devoted to the Welsh intruder on the throne. Super-added to this incapacity and defects, he had prejudices or attachments of a private nature: he had singular affection for the Beauchamps, earls of Warwick, zealous Lancastrians, and had written their lives. One capital crime that he imputes to Richard is the imprisonment of his mother-in-law, Ann Beauchamp countess of Warwick, mother of his queen. It does seem that this great lady was very hardly treated; but I have shown from the Chronicle of Croyland, that it was Edward the fourth, not Richard, that stripped her of her possessions. She was widow too of that turbulent

* Drake says, that an ambassador from the queen of Spain was present at Richard's coronation at York. Rous himself owns, that amidst a great concourse of nobility that attended the king at York, was the duke of Albany, brother of the king of Scotland. Richard therefore ap-

pears not to have been abhorred by either the courts of Spain or Scotland.

† Attamen si ad ejus honorem veritatem dicam, p. 218.

Warwick, the king-maker; and Henry the seventh bore witness that she was faithfully loyal to Henry the sixth. Still it seems extraordinary that the queen did not or could not obtain the enlargement of her mother. When Henry the seventh attained the crown, she recovered her liberty and vast estates: yet young as his majesty was both in years and avarice, for this munificence took place in his third year, still he gave evidence of the falsehood and rapacity of his nature; for though by act of parliament he cancelled the former act that had deprived her, *as against all reason, conscience, and course of nature, and contrary to the laws of God and man**, and restored her possessions to her, this was but a farce, and like his wonted hypocrisy; for the very same year he obliged her to convey the whole estate to him, leaving her nothing but the manor of Sutton for her maintenance. Richard had married her daughter; but what claim had Henry to her inheritance? This attachment of Rous to the house of Beauchamp, and the dedication of his work to Henry, would make his testimony most suspicious, even if he had guarded his work within the rules of probability, and not rendered it a contemptible legend.

Every part of Richard's story is involved in obscurity: we neither know what natural children he had, nor what became of them. Sandford says he had a daughter called Katherine, whom William Herbert earl of Huntingdon covenanted to marry, and to make her a fair and sufficient estate of certain of his manors to the yearly value of 200l. over and above all charges. As this lord received a confirmation of his title from Henry the seventh, no doubt the poor young lady would have been sacrificed to that interest. But Dugdale seems to think she died before the nuptials were consummated: "whether this marriage took effect or not I cannot say; for sure it is that she died in her tender years †." Drake ‡ affirms, that Richard knighted at York a natural son called Richard of Gloucester, and supposes it to be the same person of whom Peck has preserved so extraordinary an account §. But never was a supposition worse grounded. The relation given by the latter of himself was, that he never saw the king till the night before the battle of Bosworth; and that the king had not then acknowledged, but intended to acknowledge him, if victorious. The deep privacy in which this person had

* V. Dugdale's Warwickshire in Beauchamp.

† Baronage, p. 258.

‡ In his History of York.

§ See his Desiderata curiosa.

lived, demonstrates how severely the persecution had raged against all that were connected with Richard, and how little truth was to be expected from the writers on the other side. Nor could Peck's Richard Plantagenet be the same person with Richard of Gloucester, for the former was never known till he discovered himself to sir Thomas Moyle; and Hall says that king Richard's natural son was in the hands of Henry the seventh. Buck says, that Richard made his son Richard of Gloucester captain of Calais; but it appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, that Richard's natural son, who was captain of Calais, was called John. None of these accounts accord with Peck's; nor, for want of knowing his mother, can we guess why king Richard was more secret on the birth of this son (if Peck's Richard Plantagenet was truly so) than on those of his other natural children. Perhaps the truest remark that can be made on this whole story is, that the avidity with which our historians swallowed one gross ill-concocted legend, prevented them from desiring or daring to sift a single part of it. If crumbs of truth are mingled with it, at least they are now undistinguishable in such a mass of error and improbability.

It is evident from the conduct of Shakespeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of queen Elizabeth. In his play of Richard the third, he seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which queen Margaret had vented against them; and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them. This indeed is the authority which I do not pretend to combat. Shakespeare's immortal scenes will exist, when such poor arguments as mine are forgotten. Richard at least will be tried and executed on the stage, when his defence remains on some obscure shelf of a library. But while these pages may excite the curiosity of a day, it may not be unentertaining to observe, that there is another of Shakespeare's plays that may be ranked among the historic, though not one of his numerous critics and commentators have discovered the drift of it; I mean *The Winter Evening's Tale*, which was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on
any

any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says,

—————for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for.

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is where Paulina, describing the new-born princess and her likeness to her father, says, *she has the very trick of his frown*. There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king,

—————'Tis yours;
And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.——

The Winter Evening's Tale was therefore in reality a second part of Henry the eighth.

With regard to Jane Shore, I have already shown that it was her connection with the marquis Dorset, not with lord Hastings, that drew on her the resentment of Richard. When an event is thus wrested to serve the purpose of a party, we ought to be very cautious how we trust an historian who is capable of employing truth only as cement in a fabric of fiction. Sir Thomas More tells us, that Richard pretended Jane "was of counsell with the lord Hastings to destroy him; and in conclusion, when no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd seriously to her charge what she could not deny," namely, her adultery; "and for this cause, as a godly continent prince,

prince, cleane and faultlesse of himself, sent out of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens manners, he caused the bishop of London to put her to open penance."

This sarcasm on Richard's morals would have had more weight, if the author had before confined himself to deliver nothing but the precise truth. He does not seem to be more exact in what relates to the penance itself. Richard, by his proclamation, taxed mistress Shore with plotting treason in confederacy with the marquis Dorset. Consequently, it was not from defect of proof of her being accomplice with lord Hastings that she was put to open penance. If Richard had any hand in that sentence, it was because he *had* proof of her plotting with the marquis. But I doubt, and with some reason, whether her penance was inflicted by Richard. We have seen that he acknowledged at least two natural children; and sir Thomas More hints that Richard was far from being remarkable for his chastity. Is it therefore probable, that he acted so silly a farce as to make his brother's mistress do penance? Most of the charges on Richard are so idle, that instead of being an able and artful usurper, as his antagonists allow, he must have been a weaker hypocrite than ever attempted to wrest a sceptre out of the hands of a legal possessor.

It is more likely that the churchmen were the authors of Jane's penance; and that Richard, interested to manage that body, and provoked by her connection with so capital an enemy as Dorset, might give her up, and permit the clergy (who probably had burned incense to her in her prosperity) to revenge his quarrel. My reason for this opinion is grounded on a letter of Richard extant in the Museum, by which it appears that the fair, unfortunate, and amiable Jane (for her virtues far out-weighed her frailty), being a prisoner by Richard's order in Ludgate, had captivated the king's solicitor, who contracted to marry her. Here follows the letter:

Harl. MSS. N° 2378.

By the KING.

"Right reverend fadre in God, &c. Signifying unto you, that it is shewed unto us, that our servaunt and solicitor Thomas Lynom, merveilously blinded and abused with the late (wife) of Willm Shore, now being
in

in Ludgate by oure commandment, hath made contract of matrymony with hir (as it is said) and entendith, to our full grete merveile, to procede to th'effect of the same. We for many causes wold be fory that hee soo shulde be disposed. Pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may exhorte and sture hym to the contrarye. And if ye finde him utterly set for to marye hur, and noen otherwise will be advertised, then (if it may stand with the lawe of the churche) We be content (the tyme of mariage deferred to our comyng next to London) that upon sufficient suretie founde of hure good abering, ye doo send for hure keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment by warrant of these, committing hur to the rule and guiding of hure fadre, or any othre by your discretion in the mene season. Yeven, &c.

To the right reverend fadre in God, &c. the bishop of Lincoln,
our chauncellor."

It appears from this letter, that Richard thought it indecent for his solicitor to marry a woman who had suffered public punishment for adultery, and who was confined by his command—but where is the tyrant to be found in this paper? Or what prince ever spoke of such a scandal, and, what is stronger, of such contempt of his authority, with so much lenity and temper? He enjoins his chancellor to dissuade the solicitor from the match—but should he persist—A tyrant would have ordered the solicitor to prison too—but Richard—Richard, if his servant will not be dissuaded, allows the match; and in the mean time commits Jane—to whose custody?—her own father's. I cannot help thinking that some holy person had been her persecutor, and not so patient and gentle a king. And I believe so, because of the salvo for the church: "let them be married, says Richard, if it may stand with the law of the churche."

From the proposed marriage, one should at first conclude that Shore, the former husband of Jane, was dead; but by the king's query, whether the marriage would be lawful? and by her being called in the letter *the late wife of William Shore*, not *of the late William Shore*, I should suppose that her husband was living, and that the penance itself was the consequence of a suit preferred by him to the ecclesiastic court for divorce. If the injured husband ventured, on the death of Edward the fourth, to petition to be separated
from

from his wife, it was natural enough for the church to proceed farther, and enjoin her to perform penance, especially when they fell in with the king's resentment to her. Richard's proclamation and the letter above-recited seem to point out this account of Jane's misfortunes; the letter implying, that Richard doubted whether her divorce was so complete as to leave her at liberty to take another husband. As we hear no more of the marriage, and as Jane to her death retained the name of Shore, my solution is corroborated; the chancellor-bishop, no doubt, going more roundly to work than the king had done. Nor, however sir Thomas More reviles Richard for his cruel usage of mistress Shore, did either of the succeeding kings redress her wrongs, though she lived to the eighteenth year of Henry the eighth. She had sown her good deeds, her good offices, her alms, her charities, in a court. Not one took root; nor did the ungrateful soil repay her a grain of relief in her penury and comfortless old age.

I have thus gone through the several accusations against Richard; and have shown that they rest on the slightest and most suspicious ground, if they rest on any at all. I have proved that they ought to be reduced to the sole authorities of sir Thomas More and Henry the seventh; the latter interested to blacken and misrepresent every action of Richard; and perhaps driven to father on him even his own crimes. I have proved that More's account cannot be true. I have shown that the writers, contemporary with Richard, either do not accuse him, or give their accusations as mere vague and uncertain reports: and what is as strong, the writers next in date, and who wrote the earliest after the events are said to have happened, assert little or nothing from their own information, but adopt the very words of sir Thomas More, who was absolutely mistaken or misinformed.

For the sake of those who have a mind to canvass this subject, I will recapitulate the most material arguments that tend to disprove what has been asserted; but as I attempt not to affirm what *did* happen in a period that will still remain very obscure, I flatter myself that I shall not be thought either fantastic or paradoxical, for not blindly adopting an improbable tale, which our historians have never given themselves the trouble to examine.

What mistakes I may have made myself, I shall be willing to acknowledge; what weak reasoning, to give up: but I shall not think a long chain of arguments,

guments, of proofs and probabilities, is confuted at once, because some single fact may be found erroneous. Much less shall I be disposed to take notice of detached or trifling cavils. The work itself is but an enquiry into a short portion of our annals. I shall be content if I have informed or amused my readers, or thrown any light on so clouded a scene; but I cannot be of opinion that a period thus distant deserves to take up more time than I have already bestowed upon it.

It seems then to me to appear,

That Fabian and the authors of the Chronicle of Croyland, who were contemporaries with Richard, charge him directly with none of the crimes, since imputed to him, and disculpate him of others.

That John Rous, the third contemporary, could know the facts he alleges but by hearsay, confounds the date of them, dedicated his work to Henry the seventh, and is an author to whom no credit is due, from the lies and fables with which his work is stuffed.

That we have no authors who lived near the time but Lancastrian authors, who wrote to flatter Henry the seventh, or who spread the tales which he invented.

That the murder of prince Edward, son of Henry the sixth, was committed by king Edward's servants, and is imputed to Richard by no contemporary.

That Henry the sixth was found dead in the Tower; that it was not known how he came by his death; and that it was against Richard's interest to murder him.

That the duke of Clarence was defended by Richard; that the parliament petitioned for his execution; that no author of the time is so absurd as to charge Richard with being the executioner; and that king Edward took the deed wholly on himself.

That Richard's stay at York on his brother's death had no appearance of a design to make himself king.

That the ambition of the queen, who attempted to usurp the government, contrary to the then established custom of the realm, gave the first provocation to Richard and the princes of the blood to assert their rights; and that Richard was solicited by the duke of Buckingham to vindicate those rights.

That the preparation of an armed force under earl Rivers, the seizure of the Tower and treasure, and the equipment of a fleet by the marquis Dorset, gave occasion to the princes to imprison the relations of the queen; and that, though they were put to death without trial (the only cruelty which is proved on Richard), it was consonant to the manners of that barbarous and turbulent age, and not till after the queen's party had taken up arms.

That the execution of lord Hastings, who had first engaged with Richard against the queen, and whom sir Thomas More confesses Richard was *lothe to lose*, can be accounted for by nothing but absolute necessity, and the law of self-defence.

That Richard's assumption of the protectorate was in every respect agreeable to the laws and usage; was probably bestowed on him by the universal consent of the council and peers, and was a strong indication that he had then no thought of questioning the right of his nephew.

That the tale of Richard aspersing the chastity of his own mother is incredible, it appearing that he lived with her in perfect harmony, and lodged with her in her palace at that very time.

That it is as little credible that Richard gained the crown by a sermon of doctor Shaw, and a speech of the duke of Buckingham, if the people only laughed at those orators.

That there had been a precontract or marriage between Edward the fourth and lady Eleanor Talbot; and that Richard's claim to the crown was founded on the illegitimacy of Edward's children.

That

That a convention of the nobility, clergy, and people, invited him to accept the crown on that title.

That the ensuing parliament ratified the act of the convention, and confirmed the bastardy of Edward's children.

That nothing can be more improbable than Richard's having taken no measures before he left London to have his nephews murdered, if he had any such intention.

That the story of sir James Tirrel, as related by sir Thomas More, is a notorious falsehood; sir James Tirrel being at that time master of the horse, in which capacity he had walked at Richard's coronation.

That Tirrel's jealousy of sir Richard Ratcliffe is another palpable falsehood; Tirrel being already preferred, and Ratcliffe absent.

That all that relates to sir Robert Brakenbury is no less false: Brakenbury either being too good a man to die for a tyrant or murderer, or too bad a man to have refused being his accomplice.

That sir Thomas More and lord Bacon both confess that many doubted whether the two princes were murdered in Richard's days or not; and it certainly never was proved that they were murdered by Richard's order.

That sir Thomas More relied on nameless and uncertain authority; that it appears by dates and facts that his authorities were bad and false; that if sir James Tirrel and Dighton had really committed the murder and confessed it, and if Perkin Warbeck had made a voluntary, clear, and probable confession of his imposture, there could have remained no doubt of the murder.

That Greene, the nameless page, and Will Slaughter, having never been questioned about the murder, there is no reason to believe what is related of them in the supposed tragedy.

That sir James Tirrel not being attainted on the death of Richard, but having, on the contrary, been employed in great services by Henry the seventh,

seventh, it is not probable that he was one of the murderers. That lord Bacon owning that Tirrel's confession did not please the king so well as Dighton's; that Tirrel's imprisonment and execution some years afterwards for a new treason, of which we have no evidence, and which appears to have been mere suspicion, destroy all probability of his guilt in the supposed murder of the children.

That the impunity of Dighton, if really guilty, was scandalous; and can only be accounted for on the supposition of his being a false witness to serve Henry's cause against Perkin Warbeck.

That the silence of the two archbishops, and Henry's not daring to specify the murder of the princes in the act of attainder against Richard, wear all the appearance of their not having been murdered.

That Richard's tenderness and kindness to the earl of Warwick, proceeding so far as to proclaim him his successor, betrays no symptom of that cruel nature which would not stick at assassinating any competitor.

That it is indubitable that Richard's first idea was to keep the crown but till Edward the fifth should attain the age of twenty-four.

That with this view he did *not* create his own son prince of Wales till after he had proved the bastardy of his brother's children.

That there is no proof that those children were murdered.

That Richard made, or intended to make, his nephew Edward the fifth walk at his coronation.

That there is strong presumption from the Parliament-roll and from the Chronicle of Croyland, that both princes were living some time after sir Thomas More fixes the dates of their deaths.

That when his own son was dead, Richard was so far from intending to get rid of his wife, that he proclaimed his nephews, first the earl of Warwick, and then the earl of Lincoln, his heirs apparent.

That

That there is not the least probability of his having poisoned his wife, who died of a languishing distemper; that no proof was ever pretended to be given of it; that a bare supposition of such a crime, without proofs or very strong presumptions, is scarce ever to be credited.

That he seems to have had no intention of marrying his niece, but to have amused her with the hopes of that match, to prevent her marrying Richmond.

That Buck would not have dared to quote her letter as extant in the earl of Arundel's library, if it had not been there; that others of Buck's assertions, having been corroborated by subsequent discoveries, leave no doubt of his veracity on this; and that that letter disculpates Richard from poisoning his wife; and only shews the impatience of his niece to be queen.

That it is probable the queen-dowager knew her second son was living, and connived at the appearance of Lambert Simnel, to feel the temper of the nation.

That Henry the seventh certainly thought that she and the earl of Lincoln were privy to the existence of Richard duke of York, and that Henry lived in terror of his appearance.

That the different conduct of Henry with regard to Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, implies how different an opinion he had of them; that in the first case he used the most natural and most rational methods to prove him an impostor, whereas his whole behaviour in Perkin's case was mysterious, and betrayed his belief or doubt that Warbeck was the true duke of York.

That it was morally impossible for the duchess of Burgundy at the distance of twenty-seven years to instruct a Flemish lad so perfectly in all that had passed in the court of England, that he would not have been detected in a few hours.

That she could not inform him, nor could he know, what passed in the Tower, unless he was the true duke of York.

That if he was not the true duke of York, Henry had nothing to do but confront him with Tirrel and Dighton, and the imposture must have been discovered.

That Perkin never being confronted with the queen-dowager and the princesses her daughters, proves that Henry did not dare to trust to their acknowledging him.

That if he was not the true duke of York, he might have been detected by not knowing the queens and princesses, if shown to him, without his being told who they were.

That it is not pretended that Perkin ever failed in language, accent, or circumstances; and that his likeness to Edward the fourth is allowed.

That there are gross and manifest blunders in his pretended confession.

That Henry was so afraid of not ascertaining a good account of the purity of his English accent, that he makes him learn English twice over.

That lord Bacon did not dare to adhere to this ridiculous account, but forges another, though in reality not much more credible.

That a number of Henry's best friends, as the lord chamberlain, who placed the crown on his head, knights of the garter, and men of the fairest characters, being persuaded that Perkin was the true duke of York, and dying for that belief, without recanting, makes it very rash to deny that he was not so.

That the proclamation in Rymer's Foedera against Jane Shore, for plotting with the marquis Dorset, not with lord Hastings, destroys all the credit of sir Thomas More, as to what relates to the latter peer.

In short, that Henry's character, as we have received it from his own apologists, is so much worse and more hateful than Richard's, that we may well believe Henry invented and propagated by far the greater part of the

flanders against Richard: that Henry, not Richard, probably put to death the true duke of York, as he did the earl of Warwick: and that we are not certain whether Edward the fifth was murdered; nor, if he was, by whose order he was murdered.

After all that has been said, it is scarce necessary to add a word on the supposed discovery that was made of the skeletons of the two young princes, in the reign of Charles the second. Two skeletons found in the dark abyss of so many secret transactions, with no marks to ascertain the time, the age of their interment, can certainly verify nothing. We must believe both princes died there, before we can believe that their bones were found there: and upon what that belief can be founded, or how we shall cease to doubt whether Perkin Warbeck was not one of those children, I am at a loss to guess.

As little is it requisite to argue on the grants made by Richard the third to his supposed accomplices in that murder, because the argument will serve either way. It was very natural that they who had tasted most of Richard's bounty should be suspected as the instruments of his crimes. But till it can be proved that those crimes were committed, it is in vain to bring evidence to show who assisted him in perpetrating them. For my own part, I know not what to think of the death of Edward the fifth: I can neither entirely acquit Richard of it, nor condemn him; because there are no proofs on either side; and though a court of justice would, from that defect of evidence, absolve him, opinion may fluctuate backwards and forwards, and at last remain in suspense.

For the younger brother, the balance seems to incline greatly on the side of Perkin Warbeck, as the true duke of York; and if one was saved, one knows not how or why to believe that Richard destroyed only the elder.

We must leave this whole story dark, though not near so dark as we found it: and it is perhaps as wise to be uncertain on one portion of our history, as to believe so much as is believed in all histories, though very probably as falsely delivered to us as the period which we have here been examining.

ADDITION.

A D D I T I O N.

The following notice, obligingly communicated to me by Mr. Stanley, came too late to be inserted in the body of the work, and yet ought not to be omitted.

After the death of Perkin Warbeck, his widow the lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the earl of Huptley, from her exquisite beauty, and upon account of her husband, called *The white Rose of Scotland*, was married to sir Matthew Cradock, and is buried with him in Herbert's isle, in Swansea church in Wales, where their tomb is still to be seen, with this inscription in ancient characters:

"Here lies Sr Mathie Cradok knight, fume time deputie unto the right honorable Charles Erle of Worcets in the countie of Glamorgan, R. Attor. G. R. Chauncelor of the fame, steward of Gower and Hilvei, and mi ladie Katerin his wife."

They had a daughter Mary, who was married to sir Edward Herbert, son of the first earl of Pembroke; and from that match are descended the earls of Pembroke and Powis, Hans Stanley, esq. George Rice, esq. &c.

S U P P L E M E N T

T O T H E

HISTORIC DOUBTS

O N T H E

Life and Reign of King RICHARD III.

With REMARKS on some ANSWERS that have been
made to that Work.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conjurer, by your leave.
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Hud. part II, cant. 3.

WHEN I published my doubts on the reign of king Richard the third,
I concluded, from the obscurity of the subject, and from my own
want of abilities, and superficial knowledge of our story, that men of deeper
reading and masters of sounder reasoning would easily overthrow my argu-
ments [though offered but as doubts], and would destroy what foundations I
had pretended to lay, though corroborated by some facts, and established on
some new and not totally despicable materials. To this humiliation, for the
fake of truth, and of clearing up a very dark and intricate period, I was
ready to submit. I wished to see a foolish and absurd tale removed from the
pages of our gravest historians; and flattered myself, that not only the ridi-
culous and incoherent parts of the legend would be given up by men of sense,

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but that some able writer would deign to state the whole matter in so clear and consistent a manner, that not only my doubts [which indeed are of little importance to any body] would be removed, but that the history of that period would receive such satisfactory, at least probable lights, as would prevent the reign of Richard from disgracing our annals by an intrusion of mob-stories and childish improbabilities, which at present in our best historians place that reign on a level with the story of Jack the giant-killer.

The remoteness of the time in question gave me those hopes. I should not indeed have been so weak as to flatter myself, while the spirit of party is in full vigour, that any concessions on later reigns would be made to a candid enquirer after truth. That perverse spirit, wilfully blind, adheres obstinately to the sacred disputes of our ancestors, and renders our history but a more bulky compilation of controversial pamphlets. To this hour the reigns of the Stuarts, the most ignominious period of our annals, are defended, justified, varnished, nay panegyricized, by able writers as well as by the most contemptible; as if that disgraceful succession was the favourite portion of our history with our favourite historians. Elizabeth and Cromwell, who, with all their faults, raised the dignity and honour of our country, and made it the terror of foreign nations, consoling us at least by national glory for national servitude, are depressed and vilified, in compliment to a despicable race, who, with equal ambition were destitute of every talent to support it, and who naturally sunk in the esteem of Europe, as fast as they lost the hearts and respect of their own subjects.

The satisfaction I expected, nobody has deigned to give me; and were I so idly vain as to conclude, because my arguments have *not* been answered, that therefore they are unanswerable, I might indulge myself in the delusion of thinking that I have done some service to our history in clearing away a load of rubbish, that had obtained a prescriptive right of lying in the way of our historians, merely because it had been carelessly thrown there by writers, whose very dirt and mortar passed for buildings. Far from such presumption, I am persuaded that my doubts have not seemed to deserve an answer from those who are capable of giving one. To such men I must have appeared a paradoxical writer; and the story of Richard the third with all its absurdities is still deemed authentic, *because* sir Thomas More, who wrote it in his youth, proved afterwards a very great man; and *because* lord Bacon, who
copied

copied it afterwards into a fulsome panegyric, and who however corrected the original silly account without making it consistent, was the founder of modern philosophy, and as bright a genius as ever shone in the orb of literature. Nobody respects such great names more than I do. Yet, if whatever fell from the pen of More be holy writ, why should we not embrace his religion as well as his history? In his graver years he fell into all the follies of enthusiasm and bigotry, which he had ridiculed in his youth. I have shown many palpable falsities in his history. It is a poor refuge to set up his name against his mistakes: and methinks of all men living a sceptic philosopher is the last one should expect to find pinning his faith on the sleeve of reverend authority. Lord Bacon is still less entitled to our implicit assent. To say nothing of his slavish flattery to his living masters, can that man be received as an historian of unquestionable veracity, who has laboured to consecrate the crimes of Henry the seventh, and held forth the meanest tyrant as the model of political wisdom? Such historians stain the records of truth, and no talents can rescue their characters from contempt. To enshrine guilt, is sinning against virtue and wounding posterity. Tyrants are lulled with the hope of finding similar panegyrists: and as history is the tribunal at which all princes must appear, shall the bad dare to hope for advocates at that bar? Shall Henry the seventh of England and Henry the fourth of France receive the same palm from the same judicatory?

I am sorry to be forced to repeat these arguments, having mentioned them before; but such magic is there in great names, and it is so commode to use them instead of reasons, that one is obliged to expose the futility of such authorities when they are made the standard of truth against truth itself.

When I said that my arguments had not received an answer, I did not mean that my book had not been answered. It has been treated like the works of much better authors, and been attended both with that abuse and compliment that are essentially necessary to flatter a writer with the hopes of not being forgotten. I am very grateful for both; and equally satisfied with having offended some, and pleased others of my readers.

The first marks of disapprobation were conveyed in the Critical Review. I was severely reprov'd by that monthly court for not having taken due notice of Mr. Guthrie's History of England. The charge I acknowledge was just.

When I examined the story of Richard the third, it is true that I consulted the living works of dead authors, not the dead works of living authors. And it ought to be some palliation of my offence, that I not only had never seen Mr. Guthrie's History of England, but had never met with a single person that had read it. It had remained a profound secret to mortal eyes; or was consumed by those all-devouring enemies of the ingenious, time and the oven. However, I am sincerely sorry for my neglect; and the more so, as I find by the review, that my misfortune did not consist in differing with Mr. Guthrie, but in happening to be of the same opinion. It seems, Mr. Guthrie, long before the appearance of my Doubts, had condemned great part of the traditional history of Richard as a fable. It was therefore presumptuous in me to be as sagacious as so inimitable a writer; or a grievous affront not to acknowledge that he had previously started the same opinion. Why he should be ambitious of singularity I do not know. The more persons see through an absurdity, the more probable it is that the absurdity exists. Indeed, when an author has compiled our annals, I find he looks on the whole history of England as his property. It is an invasion of his freehold to contest a single fact that he has occupied. Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Hume assert their right to the whole manour. Mr. Guthrie will not suffer me to agree with him, nor Mr. Hume to disagree with him. When they have adjusted their title between themselves, I will swear to the lawful monarch—in the mean time I hope I may be allowed to treat one of them at least as a pretender.

To the abuse with which those literary inquisitors the reviewers have honoured me, I acquiesce with gratitude. Not only in the case in question, but on other occasions, they have obliged me with that censure which bad authors, turned to critics, are so apt to pass on better writers than themselves. I have had the satisfaction of seeing my trifling writings rise in the favour of the public, in proportion as they have been condemned by the judicious gentlemen who are so laborious and kind as for a shilling a month to inform their humble auditors what they should think of every book, which the latter never read. May it ever be my fate [should I again attempt to amuse the public] to pass through the innoxious flames of such criticism; secure of losing no particle of my little merit by being grinned and mouthed at by as grotesque imps, as those that pipe and drum in the pictures of Teniers, to divert, one should think, rather than terrify saint Antony!

As I look on abuse as a flattering tribute paid by wounded or impotent enemies, so I am apt to suspect that when an author is profuse of compliments to his adversary, he really but laughs in secret at his opponent's abilities, and exalts them officiously, in order to render his own triumph more conspicuous.

Next to the capital offence of not having consulted Mr. Guthrie's departed history, I seem to have disgusted him or his champions by having treated disrespectfully some ancient chroniclers, particularly

"Those classics of an age that knew of none,"

Ingulphus, Matthew Paris, William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, and Hoveden; though by the way I have never mentioned them. It would puzzle me, I am told, to produce a Latin historian *now alive*, superior to William of Malmesbury, with regard to spirit, sentiment, and authenticity, nay, in the beauty of composition and elegance of diction. It would puzzle me indeed; as, except Buonamici's, I did not know that our modern histories were written in Latin. If they are, I offer them as an oblation one and all to the shades of the elegant Ingulphus, and as elegant Mr. Guthrie, the latter of whom for aught I know may have written his history in Latin too. Nay, from one passage, I have some suspicion that he may have written it in Greek, the thought being truly Anacreontic. He suspects that the duke of Clarence was not drowned in a butt of malmsey, but died of drinking that wine. The figure is a little bold, and above the common pitch of an antiquary: but poets and antiquaries are equally adventurous in their conjectures; and as the criticism is excellent, no doubt it will meet with proper respect from all those learned persons who shall re-write our history.

If it would not be trifling with my readers, I would mention another passage containing a thought not less new. The critic says, that sir Thomas More never did deserve *but in death* the name he has obtained for sincerity and honesty. How a man can deserve the character of honesty in death, who never deserved it in his life, is totally past my comprehension.

Having for some pages resented my agreement with him, Mr. Guthrie
takes

takes a short turn, and undertakes the condemnation of Richard against me, for fear I should not be in the wrong both ways. His chief argument against himself and me, *that Tirrel certainly murdered the two princes*, is drawn from the propriety of his being a person fit for the office. How is this made out? I had shown, that, instead of being the low tool described by sir Thomas More, Tirrel was a man of great note, and in high employment. How does Mr. Guthrie destroy this argument? By producing a commission to prove that Tirrel was a much greater man than I had represented him, having even in king Edward's time been appointed one of the commissioners for exercising the office of high constable of England. I thankfully accept this evidence against sir Thomas More: it certainly does demonstrate that Tirrel was not a mean fellow, a comrade of the page, who sir Thomas says recommended him as a fit instrument for a secret assassination.——Now let us see how I can defend Mr. Guthrie and myself against Mr. Guthrie.

A clause, says Mr. Guthrie, was omitted in the renewal of the patent which allowed to the commissioners clerks to take down the minutes of the proceedings, &c. *Had not Tirrel*, continues he, *with such a commission, some reason to think he was safe against all legal impeachments even in the following reign?* As all Richard's acts were in the following reign deemed the acts of an usurper, and consequently cancelled in effect, I should think not. But I cannot from what Tirrel might think deduce any manner of argument for showing that he was the murderer! But, says Mr. Guthrie, by the omission of clerks, Tirrel, or whoever the murderer was, had no occasion to call in any assistance or clerks. As I am defending Mr. Guthrie as well as myself, he will allow us to say, that instead of argument, this is downright nonsense. Does the command over assistants aid or defeat murder? Or, because a commissioner has clerks, is he obliged by law to enjoin them co-operation in murder? *By having no clerks*, says he, *he had no occasion to call in any assistance*. Suppose my lord commissioner Tirrel had had clerks, does Mr. Guthrie think they would have sued him for not employing them in assassination? But here are words more strange; *Tirrel, or whoever the murderer was*. Mr. Guthrie, then, it seems, doubts after all whether Tirrel was the real criminal or not. Observe how that very doubt makes him flounder out of one absurdity into another. By Tirrel's having no clerks, the murderer, *whoever he was*, had no occasion to call in any assistance: ergo, if Tirrel was *not* the murderer, whoever was had no occasion to call in any assistance,

assistance, because the lord high constable pro tempore happened to have no clerks. Thus do materials but serve to overfet a head that knows not how to digest them! And this is the historian that I am censured for not having consulted!

Mr. Guthrie is much happier in the application of materials that he has not met with. *The lady Eleanor Butler*, says he, *acquitted the king of any promise in open court*. This is a bold assertion. I would ask with submission, in what court that cause was tried, and where the record exists? So indefatigable a hunter after ancient game, no doubt can inform us where he discovered the minutes of the trial. Sure he did not adopt this random information from the authors he condemns, and who, he says *, *wrote under the influence of the house of Lancaster*. *Nothing then was thought too mean, however false it might be, for flattering the reigning powers*. If Mr. Guthrie is master of more authentic intelligence on this article, he will no doubt produce it.

In one point I acknowledge he has corrected me justly. I mentioned the duke of Albany being with Richard at York, as a presumption that Richard was on good terms with the court of Scotland; whereas, says Mr. Guthrie, and he is in the right, the duke of Albany lived then in exile, being on bad terms with his brother James the third. I beg the reader to subtract as much weight from the chain of my argument, as this mistake had made on his mind. Let this recantation evince that I am neither obstinate nor incorrigible. Had I met with either one fact or argument more in the writings of my opponents of equal weight, I should have yielded with the same facility. To adhere to what one cannot maintain, especially on so unimportant a subject as the history of Richard, would betray a vanity that expects the world should acquiesce in our weaknesses or prejudices, and a mind too disingenuous to acknowledge itself capable of mistakes.

My next adversary was a very civil gentleman, who did me the honour of answering my doubts in a volume as large as my own. He paid me so many compliments, that I beg he will draw upon me for the full debt, whenever he has occasion for the like number.

* Vide Critical Review, No. 145, p. 121, in the note from Guthrie.

Not so the third. Determined on the ruin of my work, and at the same time discreetly allowing sufficient intervals to his readers to digest his censures, he retailed them in that vehicle of universal and distributive justice, the London Chronicle. His friends, he said, had indeed persuaded him to collect the scattered leaves into a just volume—and he flattered the world with some hopes of his compliance. Might I presume to subscribe their petition, I would entreat him to indulge their wishes; especially as he broke off exactly at that part of my work, in which I had placed the strength of my argument. Content however with the sample he had given of his abilities, he concluded the world would give him credit from what he had done, for what he was able to do. As a specimen of those abilities, I shall from many of equally cogent logic select one instance. It will suffice to show why I am unwilling to encounter so tremendous a foe; at the same time that I do not feel myself sufficiently warmed by his passionate expressions to answer them with equal fury. Perhaps this author too may have written his history of England, and cannot forgive my not having quoted it. From the pains-taking compiler, who is twenty-five years in composing half a reign, to the garreteer, who transfuses old historians into weekly numbers as fast as his printer can dispatch them, the cohort of English historians is become so extensive a fraternity, that life is not long enough, though we should do nothing but read our own story in their various modifications of it. The passage I hinted at is in the Chronicle of March 12, 1768. The critic has discovered there that when the historian says prince Edward [son of Henry 6th] was murdered by the *servants* of Edward the fourth, we may easily suppose he meant the king's *brothers*; for, says he, *judiciously*, are not the king's *brothers* the king's *servants*? Let me ask this angry and shrewd person, whether, if he was to read in the Daily Advertiser that his majesty went to the opera attended by his *servants*, he should understand that his majesty's royal *brothers* walked before his chair? I have heard that omne majus continet in se minus; but this is the first time I have seen that proposition inverted.—It was a cruel friend that advised this author to reprint such lucubrations!

Having dispatched these skirmishers with perhaps more notice than they deserved, I must now turn to another kind of adversary, to one from whom I differ with regret, and whose talents I cannot encounter without fear: one whose knowledge is only excelled by his power of employing it: whose sagacity

city may nod, though it cannot be imposed upon; and who is more able to defend a bad cause, than I am to do justice to a good one: one who could sip the muddy streams of Ingulphus and Hoveden, without being intoxicated by them; and who, if it would have served any political purpose, could have cast such a plausible veil over the deformities of Richard, that my attempt to rescue his character from obloquy had been needless and impotent, when compared with what his masterly hand would have performed. Grieved I am therefore to think that what his haste made him neglect, he should not suffer to be executed in however inferior a manner by me. Yet what makes *him* averse from seeing *any* king whitewashed? Have I violated the ashes of his favourite martyr, I mean as they are enshrined in his volumes? The profane Mrs. Macaulay has proved the gross insincerity of that monarch. She has detected our author's beloved Clarendon in numberless wilful falsehoods, — nay, she has not treated our author himself with much ceremony. Yet she remains unanswered; and her arguments, built on records and incontestable authorities, seem like a rock to defy his assaults. My poor tribute to royalty is the only mite that is rejected. A notice however I cannot but esteem a singular honour, as, amidst a host of adversaries of various sorts, I am the only one to whom I think our author has ever deigned to make a reply. In truth, if the passages I am going to examine are to be regarded as a specimen of his polemic talents, he will forgive me I hope for saying, that he was not only in the right to select the weakest of his adversaries, but prudent in abstaining from a warfare in which his greatest force does not seem to lie.

After the first gush of opponents whom I have mentioned, my Doubts seemed to have nothing farther to fear but oblivion. I thought my work as much forgotten, as I had forgot my adversaries. I neither cared about them nor king Richard. How was I surprised the other day on receiving a present of a French Swiss journal from the learned * author himself, in which the first thing in the book was a criticism on my Doubts.—I call it criticism in deference to the author, though the whole, like other reviews, is chiefly composed of extracts from my work; and, unlike other reviews, of such a torrent of encomiums on myself, as made me blush for the mistaken good-

* Monf. Diverdun, author of *Mémoires littéraires de la Grande Bretagne pour les années 1767, 1768.*

nature of the author, and for my own demerit, which is ill entitled to such incense. Indeed, any vanity I might have conceived from this panegyric was greatly lowered by a passage at the end of the book, in which the author modestly owns that he does not much admire the works of doctor Swift. Could I be greatly flattered with the approbation of a gentleman who has so little taste as to dislike doctor Swift and to admire me? How qualified is this kind person to sit in judgment on books, who gives such a criterion of his distinguishing faculties!

If I found myself overwhelmed with praise, I was not less astonished to find at the end of his criticism two or three pages drawn up by Mr. Hume in answer to my Doubts, and bestowed on the journalist to help him in pronouncing sentence. He pronounces it accordingly, and declares me guilty of specious but false reasoning, and decides the victory in favour of Mr. Hume on the evidence collected from the latter's own notes.

The notes thus crept into the world are in French. Many months ago Mr. Hume gave me a sight of them in English, and I then told him what I must repeat now, that I thought I never saw more unsubstantial arguments. As he is of a different opinion, and as I am now at liberty to take them to pieces, I shall make bold to show, that they are not only no answer to my reasonings, which remain in full force, but that, if they are the best confutation Mr. Hume can make of my book, it had been wiser to let it sink or swim as it could, instead of heaping conjectures on improbabilities, and thereby leading our readers to see, that he not only avoided giving answers to my strongest arguments, but had rashly taken up an idle story without examination, and now is at a loss how to defend it.

Before I enter on the discussion of Mr. Hume's notes, I must make one or two short observations. Having remarked how shallow the authorities were on which the history of Richard is built, I thought myself warranted to call much of it in question. Buck, Carte, and it seems Mr. Guthrie, had preceded me in rejecting the received account. Some new lights had accidentally flowed in. Still I proposed my sentiments but as *doubts*—and yet have been told that I have not *proved* my hypothesis. If I had *proved* it, I should not have *doubted*. My adversaries on the other side seem to think that assertions and repetitions will serve for proofs, where facts and reasons are wanting.

wanting. The best reasoner and greatest sceptic amongst them has for once lifted under such mob-banners, and coolly retails the very same kind of logic against me, that has so often been wasted in vain against himself. I own there is much difference between us; our abilities are as unequal as our bodily prowess: a feather may fell me; he can resist a broad-sword.

My next observation is, that Mr. Hume rests the whole of his confutation on the single fact, the murder of the children. Whether he allows that I have cleared Richard's character from the other murders, he leaves me uncertain. What does this silence imply? Am I to infer from it that he gives up all the rest, though he had adopted into his history many of those idle tales? Or am I to conclude that he despises my arguments? But so he does with regard to Perkin Warbeck. He endeavours to establish that imposture, but does not attempt to refute the reasons I have brought to support Perkin's being the true duke of York. I challenged him to reconcile the contradictions in the story: he reverts to great names, as if names were arguments. Are all the murders charged on Richard supported by one and the same authority? Does Mr. Hume think that, if he proves one, all the rest follow of course? Or does he hope to rehabilitate the credit of his history, by attempting to show that in one point he has not been mistaken or lightly credulous? I must leave it to his own candour to answer these questions—and shall now show, that if he has no better arguments in store than what he has bounteously bestowed on his friend the journalist, or thought good enough for both him and me, the assumption of Perkin Warbeck being the true son of Edward the fourth, will gain new strength by the trifling arguments so great a man as Mr. Hume has been reduced to bring on the contrary side of the question.

The first note says that, *in general there reigns a great obscurity in the circumstances of the wars between the two roses.* I allow it. My doubts sprung from that obscurity. But, continues he, *the narrative of sir Thomas More throws great light over all the transactions of the reign of Richard, and over the murder of the two young princes his nephews.* This is begging the very question in dispute. *The magnanimity, the probity and the great sense of that author confirm his testimony; and there is no historian ancient or modern who ought to have more weight.* I must here stop in the middle of this note. In the first place I do not precisely know the meaning of *magnanimity*. It is a

pompous but empty word, often employed by another modern historian * in lieu of qualities more easily to be defined. When Henry the second had been over-reached, bubbled, baffled, humbled by Becket, and consequently could no longer pass for wise, provident or firm, his panegyrist salves all with that bombast and vague epithet, *magnanimous*: happen what would, his magnanimity was invulnerable. But if *magnanimity* is ridiculous in the mouth of an historian, it is still more absurd when applied to an historian. What has *magnanimity* to do with that character? And in what sense does it confirm his testimony? Sir Thomas More's *probity* will prove as little, if I have shown that he has given false evidence. Let Mr. Hume, before he quotes Sir Thomas's *probity*, refute the charge that I have brought against him from facts. A man cannot be a faithful historian if he perverts wilfully, or mistakes facts ignorantly: nor, I should think, would Mr. Hume allow in general that the *probity* of a bigot qualifies him for a sincere historian. Where was Sir Thomas's *probity*, or his *great sense*, when he was the dupe of the holy maid of Kent? Mr. Hume too, now become fond of authority, amasses all Sir Thomas's great qualities in the various parts of his life, to support a history which More wrote in the very early part of his life, at twenty-eight. I had remarked this; but Mr. Hume did not choose to make the distinction. By a flourish, and tacitly sinking the æra of the composition, he would lead his readers to believe, that the story of Richard the third was written by More in the grave and sedate part of his life, and bequeathed to posterity with all the sanction that the impress of the statesman and martyr could bestow on it. Young Mr. More, under sheriff of London, is the historian Mr. Hume equals with Tacitus, Davila, Thuanus, and all the standard authors of ancient and modern ages! Yet, still the question is not whether Sir Thomas lived near the time, but whether his narrative is a competent and probable account. I have questioned his competency, and proved him guilty of ignorant or wilful mistakes. Is it an answer worthy of an able reasoner to tell us, that Sir Thomas More lived at or near the time, and that as we have no better account we must believe his? Does Mr. Hume then believe all improbabilities because delivered by cotemporaries, and because he can find no better? Is he under such a necessity, has he such an alacrity of believing, that absurdities are with him preferable to doubting? Must he have an unbroken chain of history repositied in his head, be that history what it will, true or false, marvellous or rational? In theologic controversy divines often repeat, that where you have no better testimony, you must take up with

* Lord Lyttelton.

with what you have. Does Mr. Hume allow this doctrine? I thought he knew that the accuracy of modern criticism had established two kinds of evidence, the *external* and the *internal*; and that the former, however respectable, is often called in question, when repugnant to the latter. But were Mr. Hume's still newer standard of authority to take place, we should be compelled to believe the origin of Rome, with its Mars, Rhea and the wolf, the marvels of Herodotus, and the fables of ancient Egypt: and in that case I doubt Mr. Hume would be embroiled with Voltaire, the patriarch of modern sceptics, who has called in question a mob of assassinations and poisonings far more credible than those imputed to Richard the third.

Mr. Hume continues: *We may justly regard him [sir Thomas More] even as a cotemporary; for though he was but five years old when the two princes were massacred, he lived and was brought up among the chief actors of Richard's reign; and one sees clearly by his recital, which is often very circumstantial, that he received the particularities from ocular witnesses.* This is again equally vague, unfair, and void of argument. Mr. Hume avoids specifying that More received his information from archbishop Morton, who I have proved was the most partial and suspicious authority from whence More could possibly draw his materials; and yet I defy him to show the least probability that More, a retainer of Morton, was likely to converse with any other chief actor of that period. Is it better proof of an author's veracity, that he is very circumstantial? If it is, why has Mr. Hume reposed so little trust in, quoted so little from Wilson, Weldon, Burnet, and others, who give circumstantial accounts of the vices, folly, falsehood and tyranny of four Stuarts? Is there a legend in the monkish writers that is not circumstantial?

We cannot therefore, continues the note, reject his authority, and it ought to weigh over an hundred light doubts, scruples and objections, for no solid objection has yet been brought against him, nor can he be convicted of any error. This sentence *ex cathedrâ* is ridiculous, and fulminated like many bulls against those who do not acknowledge the papal authority. It is easy to say doubts and scruples are light: if they are, they are easily answered. Mr. Hume's infallibility is not more generally recognized, than that of many great men whose authority he himself has set at nought. He will excuse me therefore if I say he asserts only because he cannot answer. Mr. Guthrie and

I have

I have shown that sir Thomas More's account of Tirrel is an absolute falsehood. It is proved from record that Tirrel was a great officer of the crown when More represents him as a low creature following the court, but unknown to the king, an intimate of a nameless page, and a fellow ready to be dispatched on any base and sudden assassination. Is this a light doubt, a trifling objection to More's veracity and competence? Sir Thomas adds, that Tirrel, a commissioner for executing the office of high constable in the last reign, and actually master of the horse at the period in question, or, as others say, appointed so within a month, was kept down by Ratcliffe and Catesby, neither of whom ever was Tirrel's equal, and one of whom I have proved was absent at the time. If these are trifling objections, I invite Mr. Hume to answer them—yes, and to answer sir Thomas More himself, who owns that *there was nothing so plainly and openly proved but that yet men had it ever inwardly suspect*. Mr. Hume, it seems, better informed than sir Thomas himself, knows that sir Thomas was perfectly acquainted with the fact and all the circumstances; and with equal confidence, equally unfounded, declares that *sir Thomas cannot be convicted of any error!*

It is with concern that I am forced to produce the remainder of the first note; nor can I conceive how Mr. Hume could allow himself to make such a misrepresentation of sir Thomas More's evidence in the face of sir Thomas's own words. *It is true*, says Mr. Hume, *that sir Thomas declares that the protector's partisans, in particular doctor Shaw, spread a report of a precontract between Edward the fourth and Elizabeth Lucy, while it appears from records that the parliament pronounced the children of Edward illegitimate, under pretext of a precontract with the lady Eleanor Butler*. But, continues Mr. Hume, *we must observe that no attempt was made to prove either of the contracts; and why should not the protector's flatterers and tools have spread sometimes the one, sometimes the other of those reports? More quotes both, and treats both as lightly as they deserved*. Mr. Carte thinks it incredible that Richard should have engaged doctor Shaw openly to calumniate the duchess of York his mother, with whom he lived on good terms; but if in reality it is difficult to believe this, why should not we suppose that the doctor, taking the general matter of his sermon from the protector or his friends, chose himself the particulars, and chose them with very little judgment? The disgrace into which he afterwards fell seems to strengthen this supposition.

I have

I have translated Mr. Hume's words as fairly and faithfully as I am able; and thus I answer them. On the authority of the roll of parliament I accused sir Thomas More of ignorance or falsification in naming Elizabeth Lucy instead of lady Eleanor Butler; and Mr. Hume is forced to admit the evidence, though he would fain avoid the conclusion. This he attempts by urging that sir Thomas mentions both reports. I must own that with all my care I can find no one word in sir Thomas relative to the lady Butler, and would be much obliged to Mr. Hume for pointing out the * passage to me. He also speaks of Elizabeth Lucy as a report propagated by the protector's tools and in doctor Shaw's sermon. Unfortunately sir Thomas gives us a *circumstantial* detail of a conversation between king Edward and his mother, in which that princess taxes him with a precontract with Elizabeth Lucy. Did the protector's mother spread those reports? Still farther: "The duchess, says sir Thomas, devised to disturb this marriage [with the widow Gray], and rather to help that he should marry one dame Elizabeth Lucy, whom the king had also not long before gotten with child, and openly objected his marriage, as it were in discharge of her conscience, that the king was sure to dame Elizabeth Lucy." Surely, surely, Mr. Hume, this is not a report spread by the protector's tools, but by that very mother whom Richard is accused of aspersing too—and so consistent is your circumstantial oracle, that in one place he ascribes the report to Richard, and in another to the duchess of York. And am I now unfounded in saying that sir Thomas More affirmed deliberately of Elizabeth Lucy what related to Eleanor Butler? What follows is still stronger: "By reason of which words such obstacle was made in the matter, that either the bishops durst not, or the king would not, proceed to the solemnization of this wedding, till these same were clearly purged and the truth well and openly testified. Whereupon dame Elizabeth Lucy was then sent for—and confessed they were never married." "This examination, adds sir Thomas, was solemnly taken." I ask if this proves that doctor Shaw chose the particulars without judgment? And I ask, if what is here said by More is not a wilful or mistaken falsehood? But, says

* I have heard that it is mentioned somewhere in the Biographia Britannica, that in a late edition of sir Thomas More's history Eleanor Butler is inserted instead of Elizabeth Lucy. My edition, which is of 1641, has no such correction; and a correction more recent would but prove that sir Thomas More wrote Elizabeth Lucy, and that the grossness of the mistake induced some modern editor to restore the genuine name.

Mr.

Mr. Hume, no attempt was made to prove either of the contracts.—No! Does not sir Thomas here directly affirm that the bishops refused to marry the king, till the examination was solemnly taken? Which are we to believe, the infallible chancellor, or his determined advocate? Mr. Guthrie goes farther, and, relating the same story of the lady Butler, affirms, as we have seen, that she denied any precontract in open court. So clear is this whole story, after being circumstantially related by sir Thomas More from ocular witnesses! I leave this part to be adjusted as it may by sir Thomas, Mr. Hume and Mr. Guthrie; and proceed to the article of doctor Shaw, of which Mr. Hume is not much happier in his solution.

Mr. Hume, not quite clear whether Mr. Carte is in the right or the wrong, in not believing that the protector aspersed his own mother, though I produced two original papers to prove that he lived in the house with her at the very time of the supposed calumny, and continued on good terms with her, desires us to suppose that doctor Shaw was prompted by the protector in general, but did not choose his materials judiciously. He has guessed that *both* the reports of Lucy and Butler were spread by the protector's agents. This is supposing that a sensible man and artful usurper made choice of very bungling tools, because spreading both reports would have been the surest way of contradicting both reports. But on this point I have better evidence, even that of sir Thomas himself against Mr. Hume, who says, "the protector would that the matter should be *touched aslope craftily*." *One may see clearly* [to use Mr. Hume's own words] *that sir Thomas is so circumstantial that he must have gathered his materials from the best evidence*; and thence conclude that the protector did not leave the execution of his plot to injudicious tools, but himself adjusted the whole detail of what they should say and do. This is a complete answer to Mr. Hume's supposition, which being raised in opposition to his own evidences, stands on no ground at all: and therefore, when he was reduced to this hypothesis, it is plain that he could not support so silly a story as that of Richard blackening his own mother and setting up a precontract with Elizabeth Lucy: both which I exposed; and which as Mr. Hume cannot defend from the authority of sir Thomas More, without contradicting sir Thomas More, I may fairly presume that I have confuted sir Thomas More, when Mr. Hume himself is forced to give him up, and is forced to deny that he has said what he *has* said so positively and *circumstantially*.

NOTE

NOTE the Second.

If we refuse to More the quality of cotemporary relatively to the protectorate of the duke of Gloucester, we cannot deny it to him with regard to the imposture of Perkin. He was then grown a man, and had all the faculties necessary for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth; so that when he assures us that Richard ordered the massacre of the duke of York, he assures us in effect in the clearest manner that Perkin, who assumed his name, was an impostor.

ANSWER.

When this note is analysed, I will recommend it for as beautiful an instance of false logic as can be produced. Here is the sum of it: Sir Thomas More was a grown man when Warbeck appeared, and had all the faculties necessary for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth; *therefore* a fact that he relates which passed in his childhood when he was *not* capable of knowing, examining, &c. proves another fact that happened when he was capable of knowing and examining, but which fact he neither related nor examined. Yet even in that circumstance of age Mr. Hume is unfortunate. Sir Thomas was born in 1480; Perkin appeared in 1495, when More was fifteen. Is not that a time of life singularly qualified for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth of a state secret? But perhaps Mr. Hume refers to Sir Thomas's age when he composed his history. I have shown that was in his twenty-eighth year, and when he was under-sheriff of London. Was he in a situation then of fathoming all the depths of a mystery which he himself and lord Bacon own had been sedulously involved by Henry the seventh in impenetrable obscurity? Does not Sir Thomas confess that he had heard the story of the murder related in many various ways, but gave it from the mouths of those he deemed the most credible witnesses? Was this being in a situation to know, examine and decide peremptorily on so dark a story? Is this assuring us *in the clearest manner* that Richard ordered the murder of his nephews? Does Mr. Hume think that every historian, who is a grown man at or near the time of an event, and who assures us of certain facts, ought to be implicitly received as a faithful reporter? Who stands more strongly in that predicament than doctor Burnet? Who has made a more solemn appeal to heaven for his veracity? I profess I believe the general and

by far the greater part of the bishop's history, because I have seen how vain the attempts have been to confute it.—But does Mr. Hume believe so too? If he does, why has he followed him so little? Why are More and Bacon competent witnesses against Richard the third, and Burnet not so against Charles the second?

NOTE the Third.

This note is composed of mere declamation, and assertions unfounded in fact. It contains a pompous panegyric of lord Bacon as a genius of the first water, an excuse for the flattery he has showered on Henry the seventh, and an assumption that it was composed from original papers now lost; with other positions equally arbitrary, which I shall examine presently. I have already observed, that nothing can be weaker than to pretend to establish the credit of an historian on the extent of his understanding. I fear the contrary is more often true; and that the less bright the imagination of an historian, the more he is likely to be exact in his narrative. Many historians are admired for their art, method, style, and shrewdness, on whose fidelity the world does not bestow equal approbation. Perhaps one of the least bright of our historians, Rapin, is more generally esteemed for his veracity than many of his superiors in composition. *But lord Bacon is an upright historian, is not partial to Henry, since it is from him we have received the details of the tyrannic government of that prince. All one can reproach him with is, for not blaming the facts he relates so severely as they deserve.* As the book is in print and common enough, one can scarce conceive how Mr. Hume could give this character of it. If the worst actions are not defended and palliated throughout, if his lordship's tacit disapprobation of them may be conjectured, as it is true it sometimes may, still so timidly is it insinuated, so cautiously enveloped, that he seems to have hoped the learned prince [James the first] under whose auspices the work was composed, would not have sagacity enough to penetrate his real sentiments. But I will recur to the book itself. In the dedication to prince Charles, lord Bacon professes *that he has endeavoured to do honour to the memory of that king*, [Henry the seventh] and the history takes care to keep the promise made by the dedication. *Besides, continues the dedication, the times deserve it, for he was a wise man and an excellent king.* This was the text, and we find it amply handled in the same style. I shall select a few instances, and will leave the reader to judge whether lord Bacon is solely reproachable with not having treated Henry's tyranny

ranny with due rigour, as Mr. Hume asserts ; or whether, as I pretend, he has not exalted some of his worst actions into matter of panegyric : and under this head I shall forbear recapitulating the instances I have already quoted in the Historic Doubts.

Henry procured the Star-chamber, which before subsisted by the common law, to be confirmed in certain cases by act of parliament. This court, says lord Bacon, is one of the sagest and noblest institutions of this kingdom.

Recounting the reasons that moved Henry to put to death sir William Stanley, the brother of his own mother's husband, lord Bacon reckons those that were predominant in the king's nature and mind, as, *Stanley's overmerit and the glimmering of a confiscation, for he was the richest subject for value in the kingdom*—and after assigning these base and scandalous motives, he adds these words : *after some six weeks distance of time, which the king did honourably interpose, both to give time to his brother's intercession and to show to the world that he had a conflict with himself what to do, Stanley was arraigned, condemned and beheaded.* This honourable hypocrisy is something more methinks than not treating Henry with proper severity. And these sordid motives weighed to get rid of a man, whom lord Bacon impiously compares to Jesus Christ, *as having had the benefit at once to save and crown.* p. 135.

On the inhuman murder of the young and simple earl of Warwick the noble historian is as indulgent as possible, and rather treats it as an act of political wisdom. “It happened opportunely, says he, that while the king was meditating that young prince's death, another counterfeit started up to represent the danger to the king's estate, and thereby to colour the king's severity that followed. And to shift the envy of so foul a deed from himself, the king thought good to transport it out of the land, and to lay it upon his new ally the king of Spain : for these two kings understanding one another at half a word, Ferdinand refused to give his daughter to prince Arthur, while the earl of Warwick was alive.” Is it possible to palliate a shocking murder by smoother terms ? And did not the sage Henry by this infamous intrigue avow that the earl of Warwick had the best title to the crown, from the illegitimacy of Henry's own queen and her sisters ? In truth, among the instances of his boasted wisdom, there is scarce one in which he did not prove the dupe of his own duplicity, and of the superior cunning of others. But I

should tire the reader and myself with recapitulating what the whole book demonstrates, that it is the panegyric of a knavish tyrant, and in no light deserves the rank to which Mr. Hume would prefer it. I will only observe farther, that in the end he calls him *the Solomon of England, and a wonder for wise men*, and talks of the piety, charity, morality, justice and lenity, of a tyrant who plundered his people by every act of extortion, shed innocent blood from jealousy, wrenched the laws to serve his purposes, and died mocking God by commanding his son to put to death the earl of Suffolk whom he had sworn himself to save.

Mr. Hume's next assertion in this note is, that lord Bacon composed his history from authentic papers now lost; and therefore ought always to be cited as an original writer. Lord Bacon no where pretends to have seen any such papers: it is a mere ipse dixit of Mr. Hume, who being the sole finder of those papers was certainly at liberty to lose them again if he pleased. Lord Bacon's history was rather composed like Xenophon's *Cyrus*, for a model to princes, than as a strict and faithful narrative. Livy, Josephus, Eusebius, and even Varillas, might by Mr. Hume's argument be equally entitled to universal credit. The first founded all his fables of the early ages of Rome on writers long since perished: and the three others pretended to have consulted authentic monuments and papers in the composition of their several works; and yet, though on that foot original writers, are now treated by all men of sense as fabulous romancers. But Mr. Hume takes great care to forget that the truth of history does not depend solely on the originality of an author. A thousand circumstances must concur to establish his credit. A cotemporary, if not an actor, is seldom well informed, and the first histories we have are generally the least true. Time brings greater evidence to light, and dissipates the clouds of party, partiality, and mistake. Why else has Mr. Hume taken the trouble of recomposing what has been so often written?

I will conclude my remarks on this note with exemplifying two more round assertions in it, as little founded as the preceding. In lord Bacon's time, says Mr. Hume, it was no longer any body's interest to blacken Richard. I have stated, and I thought clearly, that it was as unsafe in king James's time, as in king Henry's, to assert the bastardy of the children of Edward the fourth. James the first claimed from the eldest daughter of Henry and Elizabeth. In the very last years of queen Elizabeth, not twenty-five

five years before lord Bacon wrote his history, various claims to the crown had been set forth in opposition to that of James. The earls of Huntingdon, Derby, and others, were descended from different branches of the royal stock, whose titles were preferable to those of Henry, who had in reality no title at all, and even of his wife Elizabeth, if her mother's was not a lawful marriage. I am not surprised that Mr. Hume should overlook my arguments, but he will not wonder if I think them preferable to his assertions founded on no argument at all, and contrary to fact.

But the most strange assertion of all is, Mr. Hume's pretending, contrary to the evidence of his own eyes, that lord Bacon had no doubt of Perkin being an impostor. I have stated in the Historic Doubts various expressions of lord Bacon, which evince, that whatever pains he took to persuade others, he was by no means convinced himself. The immunity of Lambert Simnel, *which was no small argument that there was some secret in it; the king's manner of muffling the story, which has left it almost a mystery to this day; his owning that the king did himself no good by the publication of the narrative*—these and twenty other expressions must convince us that lord Bacon was far from having any inward conviction that Perkin was not the true duke of York; and that, if my doubts are light and trifling, Mr. Hume's assertions are so overloaded with false weight, that they will sink themselves in the mind of every impartial reader.

But without guessing at the depths of so insincere a mind as lord Bacon's, here is positive proof that he did not believe the story as he related it. He has composed a new confession for Perkin, different from and irreconcilable with that published by king Henry. This I stated before. Mr. Hume could not answer it, and consequently overlooked it—at the expence of his accuracy. I offer it to him once more thus: Lord Bacon could not compose a new confession for Perkin, without thinking that that given out by Henry was a fiction; and certainly not without knowing that what he himself composed in lieu of it, was so. Was it from these two impostures that lord Bacon believed Perkin was an impostor?

NOTE the Fourth.

But if we demand, says Mr. Hume, cotemporary evidence, the strongest and least suspicious are ready with their testimony. He then musters a long

list of the queen and first persons and families, who, says he, were so persuaded of the murder of the two princes, that they addressed themselves to the earl of Richmond, the mortal enemy of their family and party. Here let us pause a moment.—Mr. Hume formerly, making use of the same argument, was so unlucky as to mistake Lancastrians for Yorkists. Corrected now, though without owning his mistake, he has invented a new muster-roll of names, still without offering the least authority to inform us from whence he took them. He has dubbed them all Yorkists at once. That they all submitted afterwards to the usurper Henry, I do not doubt, especially after he had married the heiress of York. For such of them as joined to invite Richmond over, their belief or disbelief of the murder proves just nothing at all, but that they deserted the right heirs of the crown, and entered into a conspiracy to place it on the head of a bastard branch. Let Richard be what he would, his usurpation could give no title to Henry. If the princes were dead and their sisters legitimate, the latter were the next heirs. There were also many other princes and princesses living of the house of York. As it appeared afterwards that the counties in which the chief interest of that family lay, maintained their affection and attachment to that house, Mr. Hume will excuse me if I do not believe from his fictitious roll of names that the party of York did concur in general in the invitation to Henry; and though he lays great stress on illustrious names, whoever calls to mind the factions of that time and their frequent changes from interested views, and whoever has seen any thing of factions at all, will not form his opinion of a cause from the behaviour of the most illustrious persons on either side. Much less will he pay regard to a second edition of names, supported, according to Mr. Hume's method, by no authority.

But, as if he was sensible of the weakness of his argument, he endeavours to prop the question he has begged, by asking the most wonderful question that I suppose was ever asked since the days of the schoolmen. They indeed used to enquire how things would have been, if they had been very different from what they were; as how Adam and Eve would have begotten children, if they had both been women? Our new Tostatus proposes the following quære in support of his imaginary host of Yorkists: *Is there one, says he, of these persons, who in writing the memoirs of their own time would not have assured us that Richard murdered his nephews?*—In truth, I have not such intuition into what never existed, as to know how a nothing would be, if it had

had ever been. Would Mr. Hume allow me that Charles the first was a tyrant and murderer, because I should assert that Bradshaw, Ireton, and Hugh Peters, who never did write his history, would have represented him as such, if they ever had written his history? How difficult is it to establish the received history of Richard, when so able a man as Mr. Hume is reduced to suppose that it would be confirmed by the writings of his bitterest enemies, if those enemies had given any account of him! A man less bright than Mr. Hume would suspect that such non-existent hypothetical authors would have been partial. His Promethean sagacity, after creating the persons, has discovered not only what they would have written, but argues from this post-humous kind of non-entities. This is a fair and fruitful addition to the stores of disputation: its latitude is unbounded: it may serve alike the cause of truth and falsehood, and does equal honour to the ingenious gentleman who invented this sort of argument, and to his friend the Swiss reviewer, who was only dazzled by my old-fashioned arguments, but was convinced by the luminous force and solidity of this new method of induction.

NOTE the Fifth,

Is built on Richard's supposed intention of marrying his niece. Unluckily it proves nothing at all. If the young duke of York escaped, Richard certainly did not know whether he was living or dead. If Richard designed to marry his niece, it was to prevent her espousing Richmond. These round-about ways of supposing the murder, are the shifts of one that cannot prove the imposture of Perkin. Prove that, and I will not dispute the murder. It is the strong evidence in favour of his being the true duke of York that invalidates the murder. Mr. Hume had rather do any thing than discuss that evidence. He flies from it to presumptions, fantastic bead-rolls of names, unwritten memoirs, and non-repeals of acts of parliament. With him, the *not* repealing an act of parliament is a proof that there was no ground for making it. By the same kind of logic, a repeal ought to corroborate an act of parliament.

NOTE the Sixth.

In a string of propositions it is usual to increase the strength of the argument. Mr. Hume has inverted this method. The farther he advances, the weaker his reasons, till he concludes with one that precedes the faculty of reasoning.

reasoning, and is calculated only for the nursery. In the note before me, after endeavouring from historians and actors to establish the murder, he has recourse to the reports spread in foreign nations. Let Mr. Hume, if he can, refute my arguments in favour of Perkin Warbeck; I willingly resign to him the sudden impression spread in France by Richard's enemies, and the recent and more mature judgment of the Swiss reviewer. Let me however observe, that the emperor of China refused to receive an embassy from a great prince on much the same plea that Charles the eighth urged against Richard's ambassadors. Would Mr. Hume, his friends messieurs Dalember and Diderot, and Voltaire, who have celebrated the tolerating and legislative spirit of that heroine, allow that the Chinese monarch's ill-breeding was a proof that the most atrocious reports were well-founded?

NOTE the Seventh.

Still advancing like a lively crab in retrograde argumentation, Mr. Hume next presents us with every body's oration. Every body, says he, argued thus and thus: and then, like a good christian, fums up this harangue with a quotation from scripture. "Richard, says he, could not plead like Cain, Am I the keeper of my nephews?" I am rejoiced that saint Cain is admitted into Mr. Hume's rubric. "Richard, continues he, might have answered the accusation by producing his nephews."—What! if one or both had escaped, and were not in his power? Thus Mr. Hume supposes the very point to be proved, and wonders it is disputed, after he has taken it for granted. I have so good an opinion of his sagacity, that if he had *not* taken it for granted *before* he wrote his history, I am persuaded he would not believe it now. There is a good deal of difference in the kind of belief which a man entertains *before* he has treated a subject, and *after*.

NOTE the Eighth,

Is built on the evidence of Tirrel, which I have examined distinctly in my Doubts, and there challenged Mr. Hume to show how it was possible for Perkin to agree in his narrative with Tirrel and Dighton, unless he was the true duke of York; supposing Tirrel made the confession alleged, which I have shown to be most improbable. If Tirrel did *not* make that confession, there is no evidence of the murder, but the declaration of Dighton, who, says

says lord Bacon, *spake best for the king*, and whose testimony is invalidated by every rule of evidence. I own there is less trouble in repeating the words *Tirrel* and *Dighton*, than in answering those arguments—and Mr. Hume has chosen the easier part. Indeed I do not conceive why my book was worth answering, and not my arguments.

NOTE the Ninth.

If the duke of York had escaped, says Mr. Hume, *the queen his mother, the duchess of Burgundy, and all those attached to his family would have been made acquainted with it.* I agree with him on the two former, not at all on the rest. It was too important a secret to be confided to many. The illustrious partisans of that or any party were not, I doubt, so immaculate as to deserve a trust of such consequence. The queen and duchess probably were informed: and it is odd to hear Mr. Hume complaining that the secret was not trusted to the duchess, when she was the principal supporter of Perkin. Mr. Hume is surprised that she was not let into the secret; and presently will reject her own declaration that she knew him for her nephew. Henry's treatment of the queen dowager, and her close imprisonment with prohibition of all access, is a stronger presumption of her being privy to that fatal secret, than any Mr. Hume can bring to show that she did not know it.

NOTE the Tenth.

Our total ignorance of those who assisted the duke of York in his escape is sufficient proof of the imposture of Perkin. If Perkin had obtained the crown, this would be something of an argument. Did not the pretender escape from Scotland, because Mr. Hume does not *know* who assisted him?

NOTE the Eleventh.

Perkin's narrative is void of all probability.—I know it. Lord Bacon thought so, and composed a new one for him. What consequence ought to be drawn thence? Why, that we have not his genuine narrative, but such as were composed for him by Henry the seventh and the Lancastrian historians. Mr. Hume is as unhappy in his conclusions as in his assertions.

NOTE the Twelfth.

Perkin made an entire confession of his imposture, and read it three times. We do not find the least insinuation that it was drawn from him by torture; and when he made it the last time, he had certainly nothing to fear.

ANSWER.

It would be highly unreasonable in me to take offence at Mr. Hume's forgetting all my arguments, and all the answers which I have already given to his, [for indeed he does little more than repeat what he had said before] when he takes the liberty of contradicting a person who ought to have much greater weight with him, I mean himself. In his notes on his own history he informs us, that Perkin's confession was supposed [though he questions it] to be wrung from him by torture. He now positively asserts that we do not find the least insinuation of such force being employed. This is asserting and denying to some purpose. With regard to the confession, he does not inform us to which he adheres, to Henry's or Bacon's. No matter: we cannot believe both, and both give us cause to believe neither. Henry's was rejected by the infallible Bacon, and his own substitution of another destroys that too. That Perkin had nothing farther to fear, is asserted with as little foundation. Have we never heard in arbitrary governments [such was that of England then] of men submitting on imposed conditions to a milder death, to avoid one more cruel? Who knows whether Perkin [supposing he made a confession, which is most improbable] read it in an audible voice; or whether Henry's tools and sheriffs and guards did not disperse a paper after his death, and affirm he had delivered it to them? Were the histories of those times written *circumstantially* as they are now? Indeed, which history of that time was written at the time? Sir Thomas More does not go so low: lord Bacon and the rest wrote many years afterwards.

NOTE the Thirteenth.

If Henry had not been convinced that Perkin was a ridiculous impostor, he would not have let him live an hour after he had got him in his power. The

manner in which he treated the innocent earl of Warwick gives great force to this argument.

ANSWER.

I do not presume to trouble Mr. Hume or any body else with looking over the detail I have given of Henry's anxiety and suspicions on Perkin's account; and of the difference of his behaviour towards him and Lambert Simnel, who *was* a ridiculous impostor, and whom Henry treated accordingly. But if Mr. Hume does not *purposely* choose to confound this conduct on two very different subjects, I would beg him to peruse once more his infallible Bacon, and see whether Henry thought that Perkin was an object of contempt and ridicule.

The latter part of the note is as extraordinary an oversight [I will call it no more] as the former. "Had Henry been convinced that Perkin was the true duke of York, he would not have let him live an hour, but would have treated him as he did the young earl of Warwick." Henry had reigned at least nine years before Perkin appeared. The earl of Warwick was all that time in Henry's power, and it was at least two years before the latter was put to death. Perkin was not in Henry's hands as many *months*, as Warwick had been *years*, before Henry caused him to be executed. Does not Mr. Hume's argument contract, as he boasts, great force from this happy illustration?

NOTE the Fourteenth.

Enter the duchess of Burgundy on the other side of the question. Just now Mr. Hume argued from her knowing nothing of her nephew; now it seems she knew too much. Like Hudibras, Mr. Hume can take up his arms, dispute,

"Confute, change sides, and still confute himself back again."

She had adopted Simnel, and therefore was not to be credited about Perkin. Mr. Hume demands that she should be acquainted with the fate of her nephew; she tells you she is.—Therefore what? Therefore do not believe her.—But I will rest contented with Mr. Hume's contradicting himself, as

he has done in so many instances, and shall leave the reader to judge from what I have said in the Doubts, whether Henry or Margaret set up an imposture?

But I cannot so easily abandon Mr. Carte to the attacks of that powerful *whig*-champion, Mr. Hume, who has no mercy on a poor dead man, only because he was attached to that nonsensical tenet *hereditary right*. Mr. Carte, says he, to blacken Henry the seventh for having no hereditary right, suppressed entirely the important fact of the duchess supporting Simnel. Is it then an irremissible crime in an historian to suppress any material fact? I do not know, nor can I take the trouble now to examine whether Mr. Carte has suppressed the negotiations between Charles the first and the pope's nuncio, so unanswerably proved upon him by the exact Mrs. Macaulay. I myself have declared that it was natural for Charles to treat with Roman catholic subjects against protestant subjects who endeavoured to dethrone him. But what becomes of his protestant piety, his martyrdom, his sincerity? Look at the concessions he made on every capital point, and the oaths he swore to conceal them. If Mr. Carte has suppressed this enormous treaty, and has still represented Charles in an amiable light, I shall indeed allow that he has stifled an important fact, and will abandon him to my *whig* friend—but an historian may omit less material circumstances, and not deserve the same censure. For instance: Burnet assures us that sir Edmundbury Godfrey told him that he expected to be knocked on the head. This circumstance is entirely omitted by a late masterly historian, though very material with regard to the murder that ensued: but it did not suit the hypothesis of Godfrey's murdering himself. *Vide Hume's Reign of Charles II.*

I will not wander from my subject to lay open many other errors and omissions in the history I have here quoted, though I could loosen its artful texture in variety of places with far greater facility than I have unravelled the story of Richard the third. I admire the ingenious fabric with all its want of symmetry, and in spite of the conflict with which it is ever at war with itself, by endeavouring to separate those hearty friends the prerogative and the church, and by fruitlessly trying to exalt the former and decry the latter; an attempt that renders the whole work one beautiful contradiction.

NOTE the Fifteenth.

No proofs, says Mr. Hume, were produced at the time, of Perkin's being the true duke of York. How does he know? When so much accumulative evidence in his favour, after all the labours of Henry and his partisans to destroy it, yet remains, sure the probability is, that still greater appeared at the time. From what Henry forged, we may guess at what he suppressed. We have none but Lancastrian historians: the queen was shut up, and, by lord Bacon's own confession, every thing so muffled by Henry, that it staggered every body. Mr. Hume, cutting the Gordian knot which he could not untie, asserts with the tone of an Alexander, that all Perkin's answers might have been easily suggested to him by the duchess of Burgundy, by Frion, and by whoever had lived in the court at that time. I have shown to demonstration by *dates*, which Mr. Hume swallows as if they were expletives, that the duchess did *not* live in the court at any part of the time; and any man's common sense, but Mr. Hume's, will tell him, that it is absolutely impossible to instruct a stranger so thoroughly in all the passages of a court, that he would not be detected in an hour's time. If my book is not a heap of absurdities, there is no part of it less liable to be contested than the passages in which I have stated the true and obvious method of detecting such an impostor, if he was one. I have shown that the omission of such satisfaction, and the substitution of the most absurd assertions, create the strongest objections against Henry. If I have talked nonsense, it would be charity in Mr. Hume to set me right. He knows the deference I have for his understanding, and no doubt he, if he pleased, could convince me that Henry's conduct was clear, rational, and liable to no misrepresentation: that lord Bacon's account of his ambiguity is false, and yet that lord Bacon's account ought to be implicitly relied on. Mr. Hume could certainly disprove all that I have said, and prove all that he has said himself, though as yet he has done neither. Nay, I am persuaded he could do what is still more difficult, since his eloquence has worked that miracle both on himself and his friend the reviewer, convince me by weak arguments and groundless assertions, that the authority of great names is preferable to solid reasons; and that repeating arguments that have been confuted, gives them new force. Women and drunken men make use of that kind of oratory; and perhaps Mr. Hume's example may give new weight to the practice.

The

The note concludes with confessing that many persons of distinction were *at first* deceived by Perkin, which he ascribes to the enthusiasm of the nation in favour of the house of York.—I thought that all the illustrious Yorkists, according to Mr. Hume's catalogue of them, knew for certainty that the children were murdered. How came they to unknow it again? *But*, says he, *many were at first deceived*. Would not one think that that persuasion had been momentary? Does Mr. Hume forget, or with the art of a disputant did he slip in the words *at first* to make his reader forget, that four or five knights of the garter and privy-counsellors to Henry were convinced Perkin was king Edward's son, and died in that persuasion? Does such attestation of their belief accord with Mr. Hume's assertion in the beginning of the note, that *no proofs* were produced at the time, of Perkin being the true duke of York? This manner of stating a fact and evading the just conclusion, I call owning truth without allowing it: it is endeavouring to delude with a clear conscience. The poor reviewer fell into the snare—I do not believe anybody else will.

NOTE the Sixteenth.

The last note, which establishes the murder on the authority of the bones found in the Tower, is the only note to which I shall not presume to give an answer. Untouched let it subsist to the comfort and edification of all the good women who visit the tombs in Westminster-abbey! May those bones remain an equal proof of the crimes of Richard, and of the catholic credulity of Mr. Hume and the reviewer! In those pious lands where all the evidence of a miracle depends on showing the rotten remains of those to whom, or the spot on which it happened, such faith is often found.—In truth, I did not expect it would make its appearance in the form of an argument—but since Mr. Hume is reduced to reason from relics, he will excuse me if I leave him at the door of the sanctuary, and am still unbeliever enough to think that those bones so enshrined are no more a proof of the guilt of Richard, than they are of the piety of Charles the second.

I have thus replied to Mr. Hume's remarks; an attention certainly due to whatever falls from so superior a writer. I am not entitled to the same observance from him; nor would the public excuse me, if he wasted some of those moments in answering my objections, which he can employ so much better

better for their instruction and amusement. In truth, they expect greater things from him. As he has been admitted into the penetralia of the Benedictine college at Paris, and has explored the authentic secrets of the two last Stuarts, the public is impatient for the detail of those mysteries, of which he has already given them a hint: nor can the appetite which *he* has raised be satisfied with a meagre note. He has another and still greater achievement to perform, which can never be executed by so masterly a hand, and which the world eagerly demands from his; a work more worthy of his genius, than any on which it has yet been exercised. As Mr. Hume's talent certainly veers to panegyric rather than satire, it must be a grateful satisfaction to so generous a mind to bestow deserved encomiums, instead of softening defects and excesses. The reign of king William, who expelled the tyrants of Britain and tools of France, will shine with all its lustre when treated by a philosopher and patriot, who prefers the rights, the liberty, the happiness of mankind, to the selfish politics of narrow-minded kings, and to the base adulation of venal courts. In Mr. Hume's page we shall read with pleasure the establishment and extent of our invaluable constitution, as immoveably founded on the revolution—and the excellent doctor Robertson will not remain the first of historians, who, above the little prejudices of country, party, and profession, has dared to speak of the natural rights of mankind with just boldness, and has traced the progress of despotism in such glorious glowing colours, as must warn the few free nations yet remaining on earth to watch the silent craft and undermining policy of princes and statesmen.

Having now dispatched all the straws that have been thrown in my way, may I be allowed to add to what I have formerly said, some additional confirmations of my opinion?

A very sensible gentleman, whose name I will not mix with Guthrie's and reviewers, on reading my book, sent me a small volume of notes that he had drawn up forty years ago, in which I was flattered to find very many of my own remarks, and others of great weight, which I should be proud to be at liberty to publish. This is a proof that my opinion is not singular. Indeed, Rapin, Carte, and others, had seen the objection that ought to be made to Lancastrian historians. Mr. Hume calls Carte's doubts whimsical; and mine, light scruples. With submission, they are not whimsical or light scruples, which so profound a reasoner as Mr. Hume can answer no better.

With

With regard to the person of Richard, the earl of Shaftsbury was so good as to inform me, that his ancestor the lady Ashley, who lived to a great age, had conversed with lady Desmond, and gave from her the same account that I have given, with this strong addition, that Perkin Warbeck was remarkably like Edward the fourth. And to prove that the print I have exhibited of Richard and his queen, which the late bishop of Carlisle believed was taken from a window in the priory of Little Malvern [destroyed by a storm some years ago], was not a fantastic picture of imagination, I shall here present the reader with two more portraits of Richard and his queen, almost minutely corresponding with Vertue's drawing, and taken from the best and most unquestionable authority. The earl of Sandwich, on reading my Doubts, obligingly acquainted me that the duke of Manchester was possessed of a most curious and original roll, containing the list, portraits and descent of all the earls of Warwick, drawn by John Rous himself, the antiquary. This singular manuscript his grace, at my desire, was so good as to lend me; and with his permission I caused ten of the last and most curious portraits to be traced off, and here present them to the public faithfully and exactly engraven.

The roll is on parchment, and is seven yards and a half long; perfectly preserved within, but by handling damaged on the outside, on which have been painted many coats of arms.

The list begins with Guthalmus, and contains the effigies of several imaginary saints and heroes, many kings of England, and the portrait of Richard the third, with whom it concludes, twice; all neatly tricked, and the habits of the most distant ages, as well as of the succeeding, judiciously observed. On the outside is written

"This roll was laburd and finishd by master John Rows of Warwick."

But perhaps the most curious part of this curiosity is the following inscription under Richard, which shows that, whatever Rous chose to say of him in compliment to Henry the seventh, he gave a very different account of him in his roll, which he left to posterity, as a monument of the earls and town to which he was so much attached. Here is the inscription as it was written by Rous's own hand:

"The

"The moost mighty prince Richard by the grace of God kynge of Ynglond and of Fraunce and lord of Ireland, by verey matrymony, wtowt dyscontynewance or any defylynge yn the lawe, by eyre male lineally dyscendyng fro kynge Harre the second, all avaryce set asyde, rewled his subgettys in hys realme ful comendablylly, puneshynge offenders of hys lawes, specyally extorcioners and oppreßers of his comyns, and cheryshynge tho yat were vertuos, by the whyche dyscrete guydynge he gat gret thank of God and love of all hys subgettys ryche and pore, and gret lawd of the people of all othyr landys abowt hym."

Mr. Hume declares his affection to coteremporary and original authors. I beseech him to produce one more genuine, more uncastrated, less interpolated than this record, existing in the very hand writing of the author. Let him try it by his rules of originality, and compare it with the testimonies of More and Bacon. He will tell me, perhaps, that Rous in his history has said the very reverse. True, in a book dedicated to Richard's rival and successor. Lay Richard for a moment out of the question, and let Mr. Hume tell me on any indifferent point which evidence he would prefer. Would he believe Rous flattering Henry to his face; or Rous in his cell delivering his opinion of a dead king? for it is evident that in the inscription Rous speaks of Richard as one that *bad* ruled.

I do not doubt but the able critics with whom I have been engaged, would treat my conjecture as light and whimsical, if I said I believed [and yet I must avow I do believe] that the remarkable and by no means indifferent words *by very matrimony without discontinuance or any defiling in the law, by heir male lineally descending*, allude to the bigamy of Edward the fourth and the illegitimacy of his children. I firmly believe too that the subsequent words *all avarice set aside, punishing offenders of his laws, especially extortioners and oppressors of his commons*, were a tacit satire on the usurer his successor. I have at least produced here much better authority in vindication of Richard than Mr. Hume can bring against him; for he cannot reject the testimony of Rous, without giving up those criterions of truth, which he has established as demanding our assent and trust.

I said in my Doubts, that I was ready to yield to better reasons than my own ; but I did not say I would yield to worse. Still less was I ever inclined to accept of great names instead of any reasons at all. If mere authority would do, Mr. Hume would have as much weight with me as Bacon or More : but great men without their great sense strike me with no more awe than their monuments, which only exhibit their titles and cover their dust. We shed a tear over their ashes and their weaknesses, but bestow our tribute of praise on those excellencies alone which touch the heart or convince the understanding.

May 10, 1769.

F I N I S.

P. S. Since the above notes were written, I have found two passages, that evidently show how vague and uncertain the reports relating to the death of Edward the fifth and his brother were even in the life-time of sir Thomas More. From that very scarce book called The Pastyme of the People, and better known by the title of Rastell's Chronicle, in the possession of Mr. John Ratcliffe of Rotherhithe, I transcribed verbatim the following paragraphs :

“ But of the maner of the dethe of this yonge kyng and of his brother, there were dyvers opinyons. But the most comyn opinyon was that they were smoldery'd betwene two fetherbeddes, and that in the doynge the younger brother escaped from under the fetherbeddes, and crept under the bedstede, and there lay naked awhyle, tyll that they had smoldery'd the yonge kyng, so that he was surely dede. And afteryt. one of them toke his brother from under the bedstede and hylde his face downe to the grounde with his one hande, and with the other hande cut his throte holle a sonder with a dagger. It is a mervayle that any man coude have so harde a harte to do so cruell a dede, save onely that necessity compelled them, for they were so charged by the duke the protectour, that if they shewed nat to hym the bodyes of bothe those chylderne dede on the morowe after they were so comaunded, that than they themselfe shulde be put to dethe. Wherefore they that were comaunded to do it were compelled to fullfyll the protectour's wyll.

wyll. And after that the bodyes of these ii chylderne as the opinyon ranne were bothe closed in a great hevy cheste, and by the meanes of one that was secrete with the protectour, they were put in a shyppe goynge to Flaunders; and whan the shyppe was in the blacke depes this man threwe bothe those dede bodyes so closed in the cheste over the hatches into the see, and yet none of the maryners nor none in the shyppe, save onely the sayd man, wyft what thyng it was that was there so inclosed; which sayenge dyvers men conjectured to be trewe, because that the bones of the sayd chylderne coude never be founde buried nother in the Towre nor in no other place."

"Another opinyon there is that they whiche had the charge to put them to dethe caused one to cry so sodaynly treason, treason, wherewith the chylderne beyng aferde, desyred to knowe what was best for them to do. And than they bad them hyde themselfe in a great cheste that no man shulde fynde them, and if any body came into the chambre, they wolde say they were nat there. And accordynge as they counsellyd them, they crepte bothe into the cheste, which anone after they locked. And than anone they buried that cheste in a great pytte under a fleyre, which cheste was after caste into the blacke depes, as is before sayd."

I shall pass over the absurdities of both the foregoing accounts; but how will they strike us, when we find from Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 147, that this book was printed in 1529, the twenty-first year of Henry the eighth, and from p. 141, that Rastell the compiler and printer married sir Thomas More's own sister? If sir Thomas, as Mr. Hume pretends, was so intimate with the chief persons of Richard's court or reign, how came he to suffer his brother-in-law to pass such senseless stuff on the public, in a work no doubt submitted to his inspection? for Rastell was not only his relation but printer, his very next publication being a dialogue written by More and printed in the same year with the *Chronicle*. Nor did sir Thomas pick up the materials for his own history *after* the appearance of Rastell's *Chronicle*, which was published but six years before sir Thomas's death, when the persons from whom he gained his intelligence must have been dead likewise. But do not sir Thomas's own words betray, not only doubts in his own breast, but thorough proof of the uncertainty of all the incidents relative to the murder? He tells us, that he does not relate the murder in every way he had heard it, but according to the most probable account he could collect

from the most creditable witnesses. And I will ask one or two more questions, which I defy Mr. Hume or any man living to answer in a rational manner. If Dighton and Tirrel confessed the murder in the reign of Henry the seventh, how could even the outlines be a secret and uncertain in the reign of Henry the eighth? Is it credible that they owned the fact, and concealed every one of the circumstances? If they related those circumstances, without which their confession could gain no manner of belief, could sir Thomas More, chancellor to Henry the eighth, and educated in the house of the prime minister to Henry the seventh, be ignorant of what it was so much the interest of cardinal Morton to tell, and of Henry the seventh to have known and ascertained? A king and his brother are murdered (according to Henry, More, Bacon, Hume, Guthrie, and the mob), a great officer of the crown and a low groom confess themselves principals in the guilt, the first is executed, the latter suffered to live, to disperse the tale. Neither of them give the least account *how* they committed the fact; or, if they did, no man living from the prime minister to the compiler of the Chronicle could get *certain* intelligence of what they confessed, though it is impossible to assign any other reason for the impunity of Dighton, but the intention of his spreading and authenticating the story. If therefore the confessions said to be made by Tirrel and Dighton are irreconcilable to every standard by which we can judge of evidence, no evidence of the murder exists. If the attestations produced by Henry, More, and Bacon, who indubitably furnished the best they could, are inconsistent and improbable, the identity of Perkin Warbeck and the duke of York remains unshaken, Mr. Hume himself allowing and bending all the force of his argument to prove, that the strong evidence against Perkin is the certainty of the murder. If, on the contrary, the authority of historians is sufficient to pass such stuff on our credulity, I must avow I cannot see what criterion there is in human reason by which we may distinguish between truth and the most clumsy and incoherent legends.

August 6, 1769.

A
R E P L Y
T O T H E
OBSERVATIONS of the Rev. Dr. MILLES,
Dean of Exeter, and President of the Society of Antiquaries,
O N T H E
WARDROBE ACCOUNT of 1483, &c.

Printed at the End of ARCHÆOLOGIA, or MISCELLANEOUS TRACTS
relating to ANTIQUITY. Published by the Society of Anti-
quaries of London, 1770.

La prévention se laisse vaincre insensiblement ; malheur à qui l'attaque le premier ; il en effuye
toute l'opiniâtreté & tout l'emportement, mais de jour en jour elle s'affoiblit ; et il ne faut
que continuer de la presser pour la détruire.—*La Motte, Réflexions sur la critique*, vol. iii. p. 248.

NOTWITHSTANDING the encouragement of so able and amiable a
critic as monsieur la Motte, I had certainly no inclination to pursue the
controverſy relative to Richard III. It is a subject of no consequence ; I ex-
pressed my doubts on it ; I concluded doubting ; and should never have believed
that I had had much success in clearing away a considerable part of the rubbish
with which that story had been loaded, if my answerers had not proved that,
with all their prejudice in favour of antiquated nonsense, they could not re-
store it to its place. It is still very indifferent to me how much they choose
to believe without reason and contrary to common sense. It is even divert-
ing to see what straws they catch at, when their legend is sinking. One of
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them believes all the crimes charged on Richard, because he himself had confuted many of them, and I had taken no notice of it. *Vide the Critical Review.* Another, because the king's servants may mean his royal brothers. *Vide the London Chronicle.* And a third, because, if some of Richard's enemies, who never did write his history, had written his history, he supposes they would have given the same absurd account of him. We shall see presently that the last answerer believes *all* the guilt of Richard for two reasons that do not yield in weight to any of the three former. To convince such understandings by argument, let monsieur la Motte say what he will, I firmly believe impossible: nor do I care enough for Richard the third to desire it. All I propose is, to show that they have not answered my arguments, and after that, *Credat Judæus Apella.*

That I was at first treated, in the words of the passage above, with *emportement*, was true—and was comical. That I am still to encounter obstinacy, is no less true—I cannot say comical too, because I am sorry when a worthy person lets the public see that his abilities are not so great as his virtues. I have so great a regard for the reverend president of our society, that I beg he will understand, if I smile at his efforts, that I preserve all due regard for his person and merit.

I was told last winter, that our venerable president had read at the society an answer to my *Historic Doubts*. As I have long ceased attending public societies, as well as quitted my seat in parliament, it is not extraordinary that I was not present to undergo that humiliation at the feet of Gamaliel. In truth, I enquired little after his confutation, as the reverend person above a year before had acquainted me with his objections, and they had appeared to me so trifling, that I had little curiosity to learn more of them. However, I now-and-then heard that some persons, who had wished my doubts could be answered, and who would have been more glad if they had been able to answer them themselves, affected to pronounce the dean's work a full confutation of my book. At last I read in the newspapers that the reverend president himself had presented the memoirs of our society to his majesty.—I sent for the book; expecting to see at least some attempt towards answering the chain of arguments by which I had shown the probability of Perkin Warbeck being the true duke of York. Some endeavours I thought must be made to reconcile the contradictory accounts of Henry the seventh and lord Bacon;

Bacon; and as I had rested the whole of what I had said on the impossibility of Perkin's knowing what passed in the Tower, unless he had been the real duke of York, I looked eagerly for an answer to that challenge—and what did I find? Not a word on Perkin Warbeck, but that entire argument flubbed over in the compendious term, the *strange tale* of Perkin Warbeck; and the dean's whole answer comprised in two arguments, momentous no doubt, but rather more consentaneous to his province of president of antiquaries, than to that of a man who attempts to reason.

The first is, that Richard murdered his nephews, *because* Edward the fifth did not walk at his uncle's coronation; and that is proved by the account, which I called the coronation-roll, not being a round but a square volume; with other such props, of which I shall take notice presently; and

The second, because sir James Tyrrel, whom, from said square book, I represented as master of the horse at Richard's coronation, was not so till some days afterwards, his younger brother occupying that place first.

I am very thankful to our worthy president for delivering me from any alarm I might have conceived at his interposing to condemn my work. I am thankful for the arguments of mine that he chose to answer, and for those he did not choose to answer; and if it were not unbecoming the seriousness of an antiquary, and of one who in that light has the honour of being his subject, to quibble, I would say in the words of the poet,

“Blest be the gods for those they took away,
And those they left me, for they left me *gay*.”

Yes, I confess I did smile at so droll a delivery of the mountain; and might, I think, without impeaching, or breaking a link of the chain of my argument, compliment the president with a concession of all he is so modest as to demand. Nothing prevents my offering this voluntary sacrifice, but the silly fear of having it thought that, being an antiquary, I am incapable of reasoning.

I will make a few cursory remarks on some introductory passages, and then proceed to examine Mr. President's two fulminating arguments.

The president, whose reading I confess is, as it ought to be, much deeper than mine, has discovered a new author, who corroborates the murder of the two children. This is the great Arnold, who, says the doctor, expresses in very descriptive words the manner of the young princes' death. Let us hear this very expressive description. "This year deceasyd the kynge (Edward 4th.) in Aprell, entring into the 23d. year of his reign, and the two sons of kynge Edward were put to silence, and the duke of Gloucester tooke upon him the crowne in July, &c." I will not observe that the duke of Gloucester is not charged with the murder, but will restrain myself to the picturesque description that so strikes the good president. I suppose he means that the children being *put to silence* implies, according to the vulgar notion, that they were smothered. May I ask whether, if their heads had been cut off, they would not equally have been *put to silence*? The Romans had a superstition of not naming death, and used various circumlocutions to avoid saying any person was dead. Did such circumlocutions imply any particular kind of death? But as the president is smitten with Arnold's painting, I will say no more in derogation of his charming eloquence, especially as it is nothing to the purpose. I doubted whether the children were murdered, not whether they were smothered or assassinated in any other way. If the doctor chooses to persist in believing they were murdered, he has my free consent to make his option of the mode. But as some of my readers may be as ignorant as I was, and not know who this pathetic historian was, we are informed in a note, that he lived in 1519, and published, not the lives or reigns of Edward the fourth, or Richard the third, but—an account of the customs of London, with a chronicle of the magistrates of that city. The thanks of the learned are due to Mr. President for thus bringing them acquainted with so valuable an author, who knew much better than he who wrote the Chronicle of Croyland (an author whom doctor Milles, p. 363, allows to have been a writer of much consideration) by what kind of violent death the princes came to their end. When such an evidence as Arnold is produced to testify to a great and secret act of state, is it not evident that there is some opiniâtreté in adhering to a belief, that wants such props? As an antiquary, the dean is undoubtedly well founded in quoting our ancient classics. All my fear is, that the profane should sneer at our labours. I can admire that simplicity of antique eloquence with which we are told in a note to page 5 of the Introduction to the Archæologia, that archbishop Whitgift was *successor*

to Matthew Parker, his *predecessor*; but the laughs of modern times may see no beauty in that accuracy of truth, which specifies that a man succeeded his predecessor. Let us reserve such flowers as this, and the expressive figure of *putting to silence* for smothering, within our own penetralia for the comfort of us lovers of goodly antiquity: and perhaps it were as wise if we adhered to our own venerable lore, and to our proper province, conjectures from scraps and fragments of uninteresting matters of fact long since consigned to oblivion, instead of launching out into the bold and dangerous ocean of reasoning. I, it seems, have been shipwrecked there; and in charity, therefore, venture to warn even Mr. President himself to guide his pinnace near the coast, and only to disembark when a barrow, a tumulus, or the twinkling vestiges of a Roman camp, invite him to land and dig. *Me votiva paries indicat uvida suspendisse potenti vestimenta maris Deo.*

The secrecy of the murder, says the doctor, to which only the few perpetrators and accomplices were privy, must have left the public under great uncertainty as to the manner, though they had no doubt as to the reality of the fact. Page 362.

Methinks this is an extraordinary position to fall from a professed advocate for the murder. Secret as it was, Arnold knew the very manner of it. The doctor must believe Arnold knew it, or he would not have quoted him for his expressive description, for the doctor cannot be absurd. But how, according to the assertors of the murder, could the public remain under great uncertainty, when those very assertors believe that Tirrel and Dighton confessed it? Do murderers confess a murder, and conceal the manner of it? May I beg to know what the doctor and his adherents do and do not believe? I protest I cannot discover. Again, in the same paragraph we are told, *that the public had no doubt as to the reality of the fact.* Strange again! Sir Thomas More and lord Bacon, the pillars that support the story, affirm over and over that there were great doubts whether one or both of the children had not escaped. Good Mr. President, ascertain your own creed, before you attempt to remove my doubts. Or is it allowable to you to reject your own authorities, and is it fair in you to insist that I should submit to them? For your own sake do not contradict yourself, only for the pleasure of contradicting me.

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You proceed: "In such circumstances, absurd and even contradictory reports would arise concerning the survival and escape of these princes. Had they prevailed during the life-time of their uncle, would it not have been presumed that they were raised and propagated by him, as the best expedient for removing the suspicion of the murder?"

In such circumstances, that is, according to the preceding words, when mankind had no doubt of the reality of the fact, absurd and even contradictory reports of the survival and escape of the princes would arise. Very strange reasoning, indeed, Mr. President! Did the certainty of the murder cause men to believe that the princes were not murdered?—But let us try to fathom what the president thinks he means. In the first place, he is of opinion that the secrecy of the murder produced various reports concerning it. Then, refining on and contradicting himself, he supposes that the certainty of the murder occasioned a belief that the princes were alive; and at last he had rather that absurd and contradictory reports of their escape and survival should have been propagated by Richard himself, though he does not think such reports prevailed during Richard's life. Give me leave to ask the doctor, whether he is of all these opinions, whether he is of none, or which of them is his opinion? Let me ask him how he knows that such reports did not prevail before Richard's death? What are his authorities for dating and affixing to a subsequent period Sir Thomas More's and Lord Bacon's assertions, that many persons believed the children were not murdered? It is totally improbable that this should have been believed *after* Richard's death, unless there had been such an opinion *before*—for this plain reason, that it is not common to believe in the resurrections of princes. But so great is the doctor's propensity to charge Richard, that, if what he deems a falsehood had been published in Richard's time, he owns he should have accused Richard as the author of it, preposterous as it would have been for Richard to have spread such tales.—Can there be stronger proof of prejudice and obstinacy?

Happy indeed would it be for the world, were tyrants and assassins no abler politicians than the good president, who thinks mankind is most easily imposed upon by absurdities and contradictions. In some cases perhaps they are; but I doubt Richard had a little more sense than to defeat his own ends by such clumsy artifices. Nor are usurpers wont to encourage a belief of the

survival of their competitors, when they have thought it necessary to put those rivals to death. Henry the fourth had been disturbed by a false Richard the second; and Edward the fourth, our Richard's own brother, had chosen to expose the dead body of Henry the sixth at Paul's cross, rather than have it believed he was still living. Thus, supposing Richard had been the murderer he is represented, it is most improbable that he would have acted so fillily, as, it seems, the president would have done in his situation.

So fond is the doctor of the policy of contradictions and absurdities, that, not being able to charge them on Richard, he is determined somebody or other shall employ their machinery, and in the next sentence bestows them on the enemies of Henry the seventh, as a foundation for their pretended impostures. Here again I am sorry to be forced to ask Mr. President what he believes? Does he believe that the secrecy produced the contradictions? or that they were spread by Henry's enemies? He accounts for them one way, is willing to account for them another, and then asks with a *but*, whether it is not more probable, that they happened another way, that is not probable at all. He seems to think that in that age all men acted in a manner to defeat their own ends. According to him, Richard murders his nephews, and tells different stories of their being alive; assertions which, if false, could only operate to his prejudice, not to his service; and Henry's enemies spread as different reports of the survival of the children, which could only weaken the imposition the reporters wished to establish. Is not the murder very clear, when reduced to such shifts to preserve itself from being exploded?

In the next paragraph Mr. Buck and I are confuted, by being told that the two authors we produce to invalidate the positive account of the murder, contradict one another, *though* reporting only common hearsay.—I beg to know what Arnold did more than report common hearsay? Polidore Virgil says, it was reported that the children of Edward had escaped and were living—The continuator of the Chronicle of Croyland, that it was reported Edward's sons were dead, though it was uncertain by what kind of *violent* death. The misfortune is, that this very contradiction, so far from weakening my supposition, was the very scope of it. It was from that identical discordance among the authors who mention the fate of the children, that I attempted to show the glaring uncertainty of it. The dean perhaps thinks that the want of harmony among the evidences proves their consent.—I have known
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such arguments made use of on other occasions which I will not mention ; but give me leave to say, that such arguments do more hurt than service to a good cause.

But Mr. Buck and I are taxed with omitting the word *violent*. Whether Mr. Buck omitted the word *violent* by design or not, it is impossible for me to ascertain. For myself, I probably copied him, and was not so careful as I ought to have been in collating the passage with the original. I will, however, take any shame to myself for the omission. I had much rather confess myself in the wrong, if I am so, than be obstinate in defence of an hypothesis. Truth is too sacred to be made the victim of controversy ; and I had much rather speak truth, than argue well. Indeed I must have been weaker even than I am, to have expected that I could falsify a common printed book, and not have it discovered. Could I suppose that no man living would turn to the Chronicle of Croyland ? In fact, my argument does not suffer by the introduction of the word *violent*. One author says, the children were reported to be still living after the time of their supposed deaths ; the other, that they were said to be dead, though it was not known by what kind of violence. What is the result, but that it was very uncertain what was become of them ? If the president from two contradictory and uncertain mob-stories can strike out that certain reality of the fact, of which he affirms the public had no doubt, I own he sees further into what deduction may be drawn from an argument than I do. He proceeds yet another step ; and now admitting the deposition of the Chronicle, which he had before allowed was only hearsay, as indeed the Chronicle itself confesses, by the words *vulgatum est* ; and discovering that *vulgatum est* is good authority, and that in *vulgas fama valuit* is no authority at all, he adds, " the word *violenti* is a most expressive and material part of the Chronicle's testimony (I do not know whether he does not perceive smothering in it), and gives a very different complexion to it."—That is, it converts *vulgatum est* into certain knowledge—and at last finds Richard guilty of the murder ; " for if, says he, they died a violent death, there can remain no doubt by whose order it was inflicted."

Thus are we arrived at one of the grounds of the doctor's faith in the murder. My omission of the word *violenti* changes the nature of a vulgar tale into good and positive authority ; and Richard, whose guilt I thought I had

had in some measure rendered doubtful, is convicted by my seemingly too great zeal for his character. Thus has my awkwardness dealt its blows with a two-edged sword.—I have hurt my client, and led my adversary into the intemperance of pinning his belief on what he had allowed a mob-story, for the mere satisfaction of contradicting poor me! Indeed, indeed, I am ashamed of disputing, when I am suspected of wilful omission, and see so worthy a person as the reverend divine betrayed into a perversion of reason by the idle ambition of victory in a cause of no consequence to either of us.

The learned person says, “the impartial reader of English history will judge how far the account of the murder is invalidated by the relation of Perkin Warbeck, and whether that strange tale did not gain more converts, and receive more credibility, from the natural jealousy and the affected mysterious secrecy of Henry the seventh, than from the weight of its own evidence.”

As there are two propositions in this passage, I must take leave to examine each separately. I was not the first reader of English history who was startled by the story of Perkin. Buck, Carte, Guthrie, the lord treasurer Oxford, lord Bolinbroke, and many others, had; some doubted of the murder, others been persuaded that Warbeck was the true duke of York. Even sir Thomas More and lord Bacon, the doctor's best authorities, except Arnold, had expressed the uncertainty of the murder. It was more awful testimony given by knights of the garter and privy-counsellors who had known the duke of York, who laid down their lives for that belief, and not one of whom it is even pretended by Henry's apologists recanted. Lord Bacon himself was so staggered by Henry's narrative of Perkin's confession, that he was reduced to forge a new one for him. A reader of English history must have a good digestion, and methinks not be very impartial neither, who can swallow all this without entertaining a doubt whether Perkin might not be the true duke of York. But when the readers of English history come to peruse, as I do not doubt but they will, that elaborate and ingenious treatise of Mr. Dean Milles, when they find that he believed the murder because I called a square volume a round one, and because sir James Tirrel was not master of the horse till a month after Richard's coronation, but that his brother Thomas occupied that post at the coronation; and when they find farther that so able and

learned a man could not answer one argument that I had brought for Perkin being the true duke of York ; will impartial readers of English history think the story perfectly clear and well ascertained ? It is pretended that Perkin acknowledged himself an impostor, and that two persons confessed the murder ; and yet from lord Bacon to Dr. Milles no man has been able to reconcile their accounts. The first boldly plunged into a forgery ; the latter has dragged one Arnold, a writer on the customs of London, out of obscurity, to throw his mite of vulgar report into the treasury of mob-stories, and has discovered *expressive and material* authority in the vulgatum est of the Chronicle of Croyland !

The second proposition is of another nature ; it is of the family of that kind of evidence which the doctor used, when he supposed Richard spread different accounts of the existence of his nephews after he had murdered them. The dean asks, whether Perkin's tale might not gain credit from the natural jealousy and affected mysterious secrecy of Henry the seventh ? What can he mean by the *natural* jealousy of Henry ? Was it natural to be jealous of the world's believing that his enemy was an impostor ? Did he force Perkin to read a confession of being an impostor, to prevent the public from thinking him one ? Because Henry's character was that of a dark mysterious tyrant, was he therefore so when it must have been destructive of his interest ? Did he act in the case of Perkin as if he wanted to persuade mankind that he was not an impostor ? I do not honour the abilities of Henry, but was he really so egregious a fool as the doctor paints him ? For what possible reason should he endeavour to have it thought that Perkin was not an impostor ? I beseech the dean, from his stores of refined policy, to tell us why Henry should have been such a blunderer ? I will tell him why *he thinks* Henry was so absurd ; though I cannot tell him why he ought to think so. Lord Bacon, who could not make the story of Perkin being an impostor hold together, was reduced to colour it over with the beautiful though transpicuous tints of his imposing eloquence, and accordingly tells us, *that the king's nature and customs were not greatly fit to disperse these mists, but contrariwise he had a fashion rather to create doubts, than assurance.* The charms of this vague figurative style imposed on the good president ; he quotes these very words as the foundation of his opinion. The description was true with regard to Henry's conduct about his no title ; but not in the least so about Perkin. The solemn phrase-

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ology however dazzled Mr. President, and he did not perceive that it contained matter contrary to fact and common sense. Read lord Bacon's own account of Henry's solicitude to detect Perkin, of the infinite pains he took to prove and publish him for an impostor, and then see if the words the doctor and I have quoted can possibly be applied to Henry's conduct on that occasion. I would wish the doctor to remember too, that when the greatest writer asserts a fact in opposition to truth and sense, he is no better authority than the lowest. If the doctor had applied his critical skill to the text he has quoted, before he bestowed it on so unworthy an object as my book, he would probably have avoided splitting on that rock.—I now come to consider his two *great* arguments.

The president opens his cause with informing his readers and me, that what I had too carelessly called the coronation-roll of Richard the third, "is not a coronation-roll, but a wardrobe-account, of which the deliveries for the coronation make a considerable part. It will be necessary, he adds, to quote several passages of this rerord, in order to explain the nature of it, and to judge of the evidence it contains."

With shame I confess the truth of this charge, and with leave will relate by what means I fell into this grievous mistake, so unworthy a true antiquary. Our late learned president the bishop of Carlisle, predecessor to his present successor doctor Milles, was the first person who told me of the curious discovery made of Edward the fifth walking at his uncle's coronation, and it is with sorrow I disturb his ashes by declaring that he called this fatal wardrobe-account a coronation-roll. Another ingenious member of our society lent me an extract of the same record, and he too, I doubt, likewise called it the coronation-roll. Their cursory errors indeed do not excuse my negligence. I ought to have known that the account of the wardrobe-keeper, in which almost the whole contains deliveries for the coronation, was not the coronation-account, but the wardrobe-keeper's account for the coronation, with some other deliveries. The distinction * is nice, and perhaps

* As in the same volume are bound accounts that the office has gone on in verbal inaccuracy of the coronations of Henry the seventh and for above two centuries. Henry the eighth, it is plain all three were reckoned in the office coronation-rolls. It was reserved to doctor Milles's sagacity to discover

Words are man's province; words we teach alone.

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without a difference ; but as I am an antiquary, and as an antiquary is often a kind of verbal critic, hight a word-catcher, I ought to have stuck to words ; the *meaning* of words is not enough. A roll implies a round volume, and lo ! the volume in question is square ! How culpable am I in the eyes of literal accuracy ! But it is time to examine the president's argument, which I take to be this.

The book is an account of the deliveries from the wardrobe from the death of Edward the fourth to some time in the following year, including the time of the intended coronation of Edward the fifth, and the actual coronation of Richard the third. As there are other deliveries previous and subsequent to the coronation of Richard, the robes ordered for Edward, under the appellation of lord Edward, son of late king Edward, were probably what had been ordered for his own coronation ; and the number and similitude of the robes delivered for each king, corroborate that assertion ; especially as there were half coats ordered for the henchmen of the young king, and whole coats for those of his uncle ; the president having examined the account with such avidity of detecting my errors, that in the heat of the chase he stumbled on this piece of œconomy in Richard or his officers.

I think I have stated the whole of this first great argument with as much fairness as is possible, and it is from want of discernment if I have omitted to do justice to it. Indeed there is a very Pindaric transition from the argument to the inference ; *videlicet*, that the prince was dead, if his uncle did not intend he should walk at his coronation. Was it certain Edward the fifth did walk at his uncle's coronation, it would be evident that he was not dead at the time ; but would it be a proof that he was dead, if he did *not* walk there ? Good Mr. Dean, this alacrity in confuting me hurries you, I fear, beyond what logic will warrant.

I will not smile at your half coats and whole coats—you concluded, to be sure, that, as Edward was a child, his henchmen must be children too, and that half the quantity would suffice them : but, to be more serious, I will as briefly as possible take to pieces your argument, after observing, that what you charge on me is far short of the express declaration of the oracle of your belief. You say that “ I suppose Richard had no such evil intentions against

his nephews on his accession to the crown, and that, instead of putting them to death, he meant to do honour to the eldest, by assigning him a respectable place, and robes of dignity at the ceremony of his coronation."

Unfortunately, instead of this being any exaggeration on my part, it is much less than your own sir Thomas More asserts to have been the intention of Richard. The chancellor tells us, on the authority of archbishop Morton, one of Richard's capital enemies, that the latter's first plan was to resign the crown to his nephew, when Edward should attain the age of 25. Surely assigning him a place at the coronation is something less than resigning the crown to him. Had I suggested that Richard had formed any such scheme, with how much scorn should I have been treated! Sir Thomas More may give this account with impunity, and with impunity doctor Milles may choose to forget it—with impunity he may tax me with supposing less than sir Thomas More asserts—and with candour he may impute to me wilful omissions—but it shall suffice me to justify myself, and to support my arguments, with decency, and with that small portion of understanding which has fallen to my share.

The reason why I supposed it was intended Edward should walk at his uncle's coronation was simply this: Because the order for the delivery of robes to him, stands in and is mixed with the other orders for deliveries on the same occasion; and because he is there styled lord Edward, son to late king Edward the fourth.

That it is mixed with those other orders appears from the president's own account; for, having specified the other orders, and those for lord Edward, he tells us of other orders, page 373, to the duke of Buckingham, &c. for the queen's and king's coronation; and then in page 374 he says, This paragraph seems to conclude the account of deliveries for the first coronation—I suppose he means in opposition to the second coronation at York.

Thus then I have established, by the dean's own testimony, that the account of deliveries to lord Edward is mixed with the other deliveries for the coronation; and by being so mixed, and being warranted by sir Thomas More to believe, that, whatever were Richard's secret intentions in futurity, he had

had talked of a design of delivering up the crown to his nephew on the latter's full age, was it very absurd in me to suppose, that he might carry on (to humour the doctor I will say) his hypocrisy so far as to treat his nephew with honour and respect? I wish, when we come to see the reasons assigned for Mr. Peter Curteys's inserting the deliveries to Edward amidst those for his uncle's coronation, it may not be found that wiser men have wrested the palm of absurdity from me.

But first I must produce a very material entry in this identical account, which the president has quoted without perceiving or understanding the force of it.

Antecedent to the order of deliveries to lord Edward, we find these words: "To many divers persons for to have in haste, by my lorde of Buckingham's commandement, whose names were not remembered, delivered in grete, &c."

I ask if any man can believe that this sudden order, entered among the deliveries for the coronation of Richard, and specifying the recollection of some persons who had been omitted, was the recollection of Peter Curteys, who had forgotten to begin his account with the most obvious delivery, robes for the young king before he was set aside? or whether it was not the recollection of Richard and Buckingham, who suddenly agreed that the deposed prince should walk at his uncle's coronation? An unlucky circumstance corroborates the latter opinion. When Edward the fourth died, the duke of Buckingham was not in London, but in Wales; consequently could not direct robes for the young successor; though he was in London, and might order them against the coronation of Richard.

But what avail facts, dates, entries, arguments? The president shall wave his wand, and raise a conjecture that shall put their host to flight. In his note to page 378, this able magician owns "that many of the articles which relate to lord Edward and his hengenmen are charged in the wardrobe's general account of receipts and deliveries, undistinguished from those which were issued for Richard's coronation." The confession is fair and candid, and seems almost to excuse my supposition of the nephew attending the uncle's triumph—

triumph—but all shall be destroyed again. The president has a guess in store that will recover the ground he had conceded. I must beg leave to give it in his own words, for no other could do justice to it.

“The deliveries made on this account, although prior to those issued for the coronation, yet (considering the circumstances of that time) could not stand in any other place. The master of the wardrobe’s account was engrossed and closed in the beginning of the following year, when the act of bastardy had passed. In what order then, or under what name or title, could these liveries be charged? They could not precede the articles for Richard’s coronation, for then they must have been charged as robes for the king. Piers Courteys, no doubt, understood the *duty* of his office too well, to make so uncourtly an entry; and it would have been a dangerous experiment, at that critical period, to have excited the jealousy or resentment of his master.”

“It was not for Richard’s interest, nor agreeable to his inclinations, that the time or the uses for which these garments were issued, should be particularly specified. They are placed, therefore, *after the articles relative to the coronation*, amongst those issued by the king’s high commandment, which in some respects was literally true. It is needless to observe, that, when this account was closed, no other title but that of lord Edward could be given to this prince.”

And now I believe I may defy the wit of man, or its opposite, to produce two paragraphs, that shall pretend to argument, and be more void of common sense.

It is plain from the two passages, that the dean felt how preposterous it would be to suppose that deliveries for Edward’s coronation could be crowded into the midst of that of Richard. He had owned the deliveries were so mixed as to be undistinguishable; and yet by a chicane, not quite consonant to the character of a man who accuses others of wilful omissions, and yet excusable, as it is himself he contradicts, he here asserts that they are placed *after the articles relative to the coronation*. If he forgives himself, I assure him I do. Glaring, however, as this state of the question was, any evasion, any conjecture how strained soever, was preferable to owning that deliveries
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for Richard's coronation *were* deliveries for Richard's coronation. How shall he avoid this dilemma? He shall begin with begging the question in dispute. He shall pronounce *ex cathedra* and of his own plenary knowledge, that *they were prior to those issued for the coronation*. Ask him how he knows this? He does not deign to tell you. But though in a pulpit or a president's chair a man may assert what he lists, without being exposed to impertinent questions, he forgot that a printed book, bestowed on the public, is liable to troublesome interrogatories, and that a man who affirms when he should argue, is likely to be proved incapable of arguing.

His next arbitrary decision is, that the deliveries for king Edward the fifth could stand in no place, but amidst the deliveries for the coronation of Richard the third. Yes, indeed, courteous reader, wonderful and extravagant as this proposition seems, if you will turn to page 379 of the *Archæologia*, you will find this declaration *totidem verbis*. How! what! you will cry—could the deliveries for Edward's coronation stand nowhere but in the account of Richard's coronation?—Is the man in his senses? Is he—But no, I hope you will not use any irreverent expressions; the dean, I assure you, is a worthy sober man, a man of good learning, I believe, and one for whom I have a very great respect; and, if you will have a moment's patience, he will tell you why this matter could happen no otherwise. “The wardrobe-keeper's account was closed the next year, when king Edward had been declared a bastard by act of parliament; and therefore *in what order*, under what name or title, could the deliveries be charged? They could not precede the articles for Richard's coronation, for then they must have been charged as robes for the king,” and therefore—Ay, you will cry, and therefore what? Because Edward was no longer king, did it make his intended coronation become part of Richard's coronation? Does the deposition of a king make the past acts of his reign become the acts of his successor's reign?—And you tell me this man is in his senses! Yes, indeed, kind reader, he is as much so as ever he was; and though he may not shine in argument, he is a deep antiquary, and does great honour to our society. Well, well! says the reader, all this may be so; but still, why was Richard's coronation-account the only place upon earth in which Piers Curteys could insert matters that had not only nothing to do with it, but were as opposite to it as two things could well be? Why could not the deliveries to Edward be charged *after* the
articles

articles relating to Richard? And above all, why could not Curteys charge them in their proper place, that is, previous to Richard's reign? He might have styled Edward *the lord Edward* there as well as in Richard's account: what obliged him in one page of the same book to call a man king, whom in another page of the very same book he calls lord? A child of ten years old would reason better. Gentle reader, all this is very true; and yet we are not arrived at the most entertaining part of the argument. The dean, who has all along argued as if Richard the third and Henry the seventh had been two drivellers, has not more mercy on poor Peter Curteys, though meaning him very well, and lending him all his own share of policy. Piers Curteys, says he, no doubt understood the *duty* of his office too well to make so *uncourtly* an entry; that is, *before* Richard's coronation. Whatever Curteys understood, it is plain the dean thinks he did not understand keeping his accounts, when he blended and confounded matters foreign to one another in such a manner, that to this day the dean cannot unravel them. I am indeed more surprised to hear a reverend divine call it *the duty of office* to make a false entry: and this arch dislocation of the wardrobe-keeper's accounts, the dean ascribes to Curteys's *adroitness in paying his court*. Clergymen, I say it to their honour, have ever been observed to be woful courtiers, and to have often blundered into affronting princes, from their over officiousness in flattering them. What an expedient has the dean lighted on to prevent Curteys from offending Richard, by reminding him that he had dispossessed the king his nephew! Thus must the courtly Curteys have argued, according to the dean's notions of kings and courtiers, and cunning: If I charge my deliveries to Edward, says Curteys to himself, in their due time and place, it will imply that Edward has been king, and that his uncle has dethroned him. Richard is a jealous, suspicious, shrewd and cruel prince, and may put me to death for my veracity. Well! but is there no private place, no obscure corner, not likely to be noticed, into which I can slide my account for Edward, and which will escape the piercing eye of Richard? Oh! yes, there is one, and indeed the only one where it can stand properly, from the excess of the impropriety, and where from that very impropriety it will never be observed. I will place Edward's account in the midst of Richard's coronation-account, and then the devil is in it if he will discover it—nay, and to conceal my artifice still better, I will call Edward, not king,

but the lord Edward, son of the late king—a title so descriptive of his situation, and dispossession by Richard, that it will be impossible Richard should ever recollect he dispossessed him.

Thus has the dean removed all difficulties, thus has he confuted my *strange* supposition, that an article in the midst of an account for a particular service relates to that particular service, and to that service only. Were I fond of disputation, could I desire better fortune than to have always such adversaries? Abilities must be poor indeed, to which opponents of that force would not prove a foil, and give seeming brightness. Yet I venture to foretell that there will not be wanting men whose heads are so adapted to false reasoning, that the doctor's arguments will instantly strike them with the most luminous conviction: for absurdities, when they light on a proper foil, resemble some of the seeds in the parable, *which falling upon stony places, forthwith sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth*. But I shall say no more on this head, and shall be far more brief on the second great article of the dean's observations. As his mode of argumentation was arrived at its perfection in the famous passages above quoted, he could not soar any higher; and indeed the second article, in comparison of the first, is very flat, and tastes more of the antiquary than the logician.

I have said, that in the account of Richard's coronation it appeared that sir James Tirrel walked as master of the horse, and thence inferred that he was a considerable officer of the crown at that time, and consequently of too great rank to be named as an obscure person, and recommended by a still more obscure person, a nameless page, as a proper instrument for a secret murder: and I showed that sir Thomas More, who tells this absurd story on nameless authority, had added another falsity, which was in saying that Tirrel was not knighted till after the supposed assassination.

The dean is so impartial as to give up sir Thomas's falsification or blunder in regard to the knighthood—so in one respect at least I am allowed to have discovered that sir Thomas spoke with little knowledge of the person he described—but the dean, who has studied and pondered over, and tortured the wardrobe-account to make it depose against me, has discovered, that it was not sir James Tirrel who walked at Richard's coronation as master of the horse,

horse, but his younger brother sir Thomas ; and that the latter was not master of the horse, but only occupied the office of master of the horse at that time ; though both the president and the book are forced to confess that sir James was actually master of the horse before the second coronation at York, which happened but two months afterwards.

This important point gained, the president concludes, that what he calls this promotion coinciding exactly in point of time with sir Thomas More's account of the murder, it is most probable that the mastership of the horse was bestowed on sir James Tirrel, as a reward for the black service that he had just committed ; and that his own brother was set aside, or, in his words, superseded, to make way for him.

Not satisfied, however, with this wonderful discovery, the president modestly bestows collateral helps, as buttresses to his argument. The first is an assertion by implication. The delivery of the stable furniture to him, says he, *implies* his having then *first* taken possession of his office. Methinks this painful accuracy implies a little suspicion that sir James Tirrel had been named master of the horse a little earlier. Is not a man master of the horse from the moment of the king's nomination, though he may not have taken possession of the stables and saddles ? If the dean will send to the office, he will soon see how futile this *verbal* precision is.

The second buttress is more in character, though, if possible, still less to the purpose. It is an ample pedigree of the Tirrels for five descents, and is set forth and guaranteed by all the pomps of impertinent heraldry—and only to prove what no mortal disputes, and what ascertains no part of the argument, namely, that sir James and sir Thomas Tirrel were brothers.

But though I veil my bonnet with all due deference to the president's genealogic abilities, he will excuse me, if I have not quite the same deference for his arguments, which, with submission, I shall now show to be as ill-grounded as his conjectures.

The very expression that the younger brother *occupied* the office of master of the horse, and that the elder *was* master of the horse in less than two months,

months, would have struck any other man but the president, I believe, that the younger brother officiated for the elder. But this is nothing to the inference the president draws from this imaginary disgrace of the junior. It immediately makes him see, that while the younger was executing this high employment, the elder was an obscure fellow, of little note, and therefore proper to be recommended by one does not know whom, as a ready villain, proper for an assassination. He was, indeed, "master of the king's henchmen or pages; consequently it was his duty to be attendant on the king, and probably to sleep in his antichamber, whilst the pages themselves were employed in menial offices nearer the royal person." These are the dean's words; and he adds, it is in no respect improbable that he should be seen in the king's antichamber, where Richard first proposed to him the murder of his two nephews.

Now must I ask the dean seriously, whether it was from not understanding his own language, or from wilful perversion of my words, that he pretends I argued as if I thought it not likely that sir James Tirrel might be seen in Richard's antichamber. I never said any such thing: whoever will read my book will see I never used so silly an argument; and I must repeat, the dean wilfully or ignorantly mistakes my words when he ascribes such a meaning to them.

I said, and I repeat it, that sir James Tirrel was an officer of too high rank to be described in the absurd manner by which he is painted by sir Thomas More. I said, and I repeat it, that there is not common sense in the tale there told; that an usurper would not go to Warwick to dispatch orders for a murder to be committed in London, which he had just left, without taking any steps towards the murder. I said, that it was not likely that a page should recommend a great officer of the crown to the king for an assassin; and it was still less likely, as sir James was already in great favour with his master. I ask the dean, who is so able a courtier and politician, whether he thinks a menial servant would recommend for a murder one of the principal officers of the court? And I am so hardy as still to call sir James Tirrel so, though he did not *occupy* the office of master of the horse till two months after the time I had assigned. Master of the henchmen was a place of great trust—that master of the henchmen was brother to the person who at least then

then officiated as master of the horse: and what is worse, Mr. President, who unfortunately does not perceive the importance of the materials he handles, owns that sir James, in the reign of Edward the fourth, had been a commissioner for executing—what?—the office of high-constable of England, the first office in the kingdom, an office suppressed by Henry the eighth on account of its dangerous and almost unbounded power; and he owns likewise that sir James had been made a knight banneret by Richard in Scotland that very year—and be it noticed, that bannerets were created only by the king or commander in chief, when they themselves were present in the field; and that nothing but signal bravery entitled any man in those martial ages to so distinguished an honour. After this, the dean or any man else is welcome to believe, that when Richard bemoaned himself to one of his pages that he could not find an assassin, the said nameless page replied, “Sir, there lieth one in the palet-chamber without that I dare say will do your grace pleasure; the thing were right hard that he would refuse.”

But I have not done with Mr. President yet; I must task him a little farther. Though he owned that I detected sir Thomas More in one falsification, how comes he himself to quote him for another, in which I had detected him likewise? Sir Thomas More had said that Tirrel “had a high heart, and sore longed upwards, not rising so fast as he hoped, being hindered and kept under by sir Richard Ratcliffe and sir William Catesby.” I had showed the impossibility of this being true, and also that Ratcliffe was absent at Pontefract. Where is the dean’s candour in suppressing that detection? Does he think he avoids it by quoting Hall, instead of sir Thomas More, though Hall uses More’s own words?

But before the president can wind up my complete confutation, he is so kind as to furnish me with another instance of his judgment, which I cannot pass by. In pinning down sir James Tirrel’s promotion to the precise moment established by More, he drops these words: It happened “immediately before the creation of Richard’s son, prince of Wales, an event to which the lives of the two princes seemed to be the only obstacle.” Mr. President, your readers and I must again ask whether you know what you say? Do you commonly argue in this manner? What! were they an obstacle to the father’s making his son prince of Wales, when they had not been

an obstacle to his making himself king? For what reason? How, why were they an obstacle? Deign to inform us—or, if you cannot, as I firmly believe you cannot, I will inform you how they might be an obstacle, though you will not like the reason—and yet you ought to like it, for it is again drawn from your oracle sir Thomas More. If Richard, as sir Thomas asserts, had insinuated that he intended to restore the crown to his eldest nephew, it would have been a most hasty and indecent contradiction to have created his son prince of Wales. Thus you see how you ought to have argued; and you may see too, that when you get hold of a good argument, it is without knowing it. In the mean time you have reduced yourself to this alternative: if Richard did not pretend, or had not pretended to intend to restore his nephew, there is no sense in saying that there was more reason for not making his own son prince of Wales, than there had been for making himself king. If he did pretend such a design, then treating his nephew with honour, and exhibiting him at his own coronation as king in futuro, was but part of the same policy, and is confirmed by the entry of deliveries for Edward in the account of Richard's coronation. You have allowed that Richard deferred creating his son prince of Wales, as is certain; but you avoid the only obvious reason for it, and have recourse to one that is no reason at all.

I will go a step farther, sir, and assist you a little in your confutation—nay, if you provoke me, I will answer my book myself, to show you how you should have answered it. Do not you then perceive, sir, that my hypothesis of Edward's walking at his uncle's coronation by no means destroys the supposed murder? You have been so rash as to pin it down to the precise moment assigned by sir Thomas More, which is incredible: but had you admitted, according to the wardrobe-account, that Edward walked, or it was intended should walk, at his uncle's investiture, you would have exhibited Richard as an artful usurper, instead of making him the clumsy fool he appears in yours and sir Thomas's narrative. When he treated his nephew with honour, produced him in robes like his own, talked of restoring the crown to him, and refrained from declaring his own son his successor, he acted like an artful politician, and might hope to blind the people by this hypocrisy, and give a better colour to his nephew's death, if he intended afterwards to take him off, and give out that he died a natural death. Which was

was the case I have never pretended to say. That he murdered the younger brother, is another question; and I fear, sir, you must confute all I have said on Perkin Warbeck, before you will be able to establish the affirmative. At present you will excuse me if I do not assist you in that task too, till I find you a more hopeful scholar.

And now to conclude—Do you really expect that your readers will believe the murder, because I called a square book a roll, because Piers Curteys charged his deliveries in the most improper place in which he could place them, and because you have produced a pedigree of the Tirrels? I say nothing of your arguments, because I think you will adhere to any thing rather than to them. Or shall I be persuaded that it was not intended Edward the fifth should walk at Richard's coronation, though you have corroborated all my reasons for believing so? And shall I give up a long chain of argument, founded on the absurdities, falsehoods and contradictions of your authorities, and supported by facts and dates? No, sir, I am sure you are too modest to make such a request; and though out of deference to you I have done what I had declared I would not do, that is, answer two or three immaterial and detached cavils, picked and culled out of at least a dozen pages of arguments, as I have drawn them up at the end of my work; and though you have used all your endeavours in sifting and torturing the coronation-roll (for I again dare to call it so), to make it refute me, yet I cannot pay you the compliment of saying that you have satisfied one of my doubts. If the book deserved the honour of being answered by you, it deserved to be answered like a man. Take it, show the weakness of it, pull the arguments to pieces from beginning to end: make sense of the tale of Perkin—it is a stale shift in controversy to bestow names instead of arguments, especially when we cannot answer. Prove that Perkin was an impostor; it is below you to avoid the challenge by calling it a strange tale. For your own sake, and for the honour of the society, I wish to see a better answer to my work stand in our Memoirs than that you have tacked to the first volume. I shall rejoice at it, though you have acted so differently from what you yourself have pronounced a merit in your predecessor; in whose panegyric, page lxiii, you say, “His literary merit with the society received an additional lustre from the affability of his temper, the gentleness of his manners, and the benevolence of his heart, *which united every member of the society in esteem to their*

their head, and in harmony and friendship to each other." The late bishop of Carlisle, I am apt to think, would not have deemed controversy the nursing mother of concord. Indeed, sir, had I seen your Observations previously to their publication, I should have been strangely divided in my inclinations—for my own sake, I should have wished you to publish them; for yours, to suppress them. You have saved me from a difficulty, and I thank you; and, as a proof of my gratitude, I wish to see a mitre adorn your brow. The most exemplary fathers of the church have not always been the best logicians.

Aug. 28, 1770.

F I N I S

SHORT
OBSERVATIONS
ON
The Remarks of the Rev. Mr. Masters,
ON
The HISTORIC DOUBTS,

Published in the second Volume of the ARCHÆOLOGIA.

A NEW knight having entered the lists in the controversy concerning Richard III. I shall bestow a few words on his notes, though with much circumspection; for, although he professes to condemn me, he has contributed so much to the discomfit of my adversaries, that I cannot but be obliged to him for having furnished me with new weapons, which though he brought into the field against me, he has, by mistake, directed against them. Why he opposes me, though thinking as I do, I cannot tell; perhaps he can. It shall be my business notwithstanding to set him right, and to show him that his arguments, as far as they have any meaning, support mine, and tend to confirm my doubts.

He says I assert facts on the slightest evidence against the common current of almost all the cotemporary historians.

Answer. There were but two cotemporary historians, Fabian, and the author of the Chronicle of Croyland. I have quoted the first to show that Richard did not murder Edward prince of Wales, son of Henry VI. and to
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the second I have appealed for the same cause and many other facts. I have laid the same stress on the continuator of the Chronicle as Mr. Masters does (vide p. 16 of Hist. Doubts). Is this the proof of my rejecting his authority?

Fabian says prince Edward was slain by the king's servants—Mr. Masters concludes *servants* mean *great men*; but they must mean the king's brothers too, or Richard, even from Fabian's words, cannot be included in the charge. Mr. Masters, to prove *servants* mean what the term cannot mean, *the king's own brothers*, produces the phrase I had quoted from the Chronicle, *ultracibus quorundam manibus*; and in that very phrase too finds the *quorundam* to mean *the king's brothers*: that is, he finds that the lowest term implies the highest. Was I in the wrong to say that he is on my side without knowing it? Or will he be so good as to quote a passage in any tolerable author, in which such a term as *somebody* or *other* is used to signify the first men in a nation? If an historian, describing the death of Hotspur at the battle of Shrewsbury, had said, *he was slain by one knows not whom*, should we have ever guessed that he was killed by Henry prince of Wales?

As in the next article, the murder of Henry VI, Mr. Masters seems not to know his own opinion, I shall pass it over without a remark.

On the murder of Clarence he is equally uncertain. But he thinks my argument drawn from Edward's complaint of no man's interceding for Clarence, confutes the authorities I have quoted for Richard's openly resisting Clarence's death. If intercession and open resistance are synonymous terms, I own I have argued ill: if they are not, Mr. Masters does not argue very well.

But I have called in question the authority of sir Thomas More's History. True, I have; and Rastell's Chronicle, written many years after by sir Thomas More's own brother-in-law, shows that I had some reason for so doing. If sir Thomas's account received from archbishop Morton was authentic, could it be doubtful so many years afterwards? Is it credible that Rastell should never have seen sir Thomas's History? And if it was genuine, could Rastell, brother and printer to its author, give two other different accounts of the deaths of Edward V. and his brother? Were More and Rastell so nearly allied and so intimate, and yet did neither communicate his work to the other?

When Raftell wrote his Chronicle, would not fir Thomas have asked, why he reported vague, abfurd and improbable tales of their deaths, when he himfelf had given the only certain account from the beft authority? When Raftell did not believe the narrative of his own brother-in-law, am I fo very culpable for queftioning it? If Mr. Mafters was good at reconciling contradictions, I would entreat him to folve thefe. Till he has, I muft beg leave to rank him on my fide; as he muft either doubt with me, or believe contradictions.

I am again warranted to claim this gentleman as the fupporter of my opinion, by his owning in p. 204 that the parliament-roll (which I have quoted, but, with leave, never plumed myfelf on having difcovered) afferts the pre-contract of Edward IV. with the lady Eleanor Butler. But Mr. Mafters goes much farther; and, to the confufion of our antagonifts, fhows that fhe probably broke her heart on the king's marriage. I fhould not have been bold enough to go fo far, but am obliged to him for taking that task on himfelf. Why he fays a few lines higher, that it might as well have been Lucy as Butler, when he has proved it was Butler, I cannot conceive. But as he affifts me with new proofs, I will not quarrel with him for a difpofition to contradict me.

I am forry his arguments againft me are weaker than the facts he furnifhes me with—but what can I fay to fuch reasoning as this? *If lady Eleanor Butler was dead, as fhe certainly was, long before the birth of Edward V. this furely could not be a proper foundation of his illegitimacy*, p. 205. I will not dwell on the context of this argument, which is, that if fhe was not dead when Edward V. was born, it would have been a foundation for bafardizing him; which implies that fhe had been married to Edward IV.—But can a divine really know fo little of the canon law, as to think that the death of a lawful wife legitimates ipfo facto the iffue of children born of an illegal wife? If lady Eleanor Butler was Edward's lawful wife, lady Gray could not become his lawful wife by a marriage performed during lady Eleanor's life. To make her his lawful wife, he muft have married her again on Eleanor's death, or the pope muft at leaft have legitimated her children. Even in thefe times an illegal marriage does not become a valid one, *unlefs*, as lady Withfor't fays, by an iteration of nuptials. A very recent and celebrated

cause confirms this doctrine. Did not the last earl of Anglesea marry his second wife again after the death of the first?

What the scope or even the meaning of the next paragraph is, I protest I cannot comprehend. What is the meaning of lady Catherine Stafford marrying her father's grandson? In English, it would imply that she married her nephew. Did she? In Edmondson's Peerage, I find that lady Catherine Stafford had by John Talbot earl of Shrewsbury a daughter named Anne, wife of the lord Boteler or Butler of Sudley. As there appears no other female Talbot who married a lord Butler, it was natural to suppose that the christian name of *Anne* was put for Catherine; a mistake so common in voluminous genealogies, that no man of sense can wonder at it. Dugdale says the same, and makes the lady Butler grand-daughter of the duke of Buckingham—Thus, if Buck misled me, Dugdale misled him. But Raphe Brooke, p. 196, makes Eleanor lady Butler, as Mr. Masters does, daughter of John Talbot first earl of Shrewsbury by his second wife Margaret Beauchamp. Indeed Brooke, nor any man else, I believe, but Mr. Masters ever said that a woman was *descended* from her own father. Mr. Masters, taking half of my argument for the whole, by a licence frequent in controversy, says, that to magnify her descent I make her of the royal family: I have said *she was sister of the earl of Shrewsbury, one of the greatest peers in the kingdom, and grand-daughter of the duke of Buckingham, a prince of the blood; an alliance in that age never reckoned unsuitable.* I could not be absurd enough to say a princess of the blood was in that age not reckoned a match unsuitable to the crown. I must have meant that a sister of one great peer and grand-daughter of another descended from Edward III. must have struck the nation as a properer match for the king than the widow Gray—and Mr. Masters, with his usual kindness in assisting me, affirms that lady Eleanor was grand-daughter of the great Beauchamp earl of Warwick, and niece of the duchess of Norfolk, besides being daughter of the first hero of the age. Are not my arguments wonderfully invalidated by such contradiction?

For the wardrobe-account, I will refer the reader to my answer to Dr. Milles. For the rest of Mr. Masters's opinions, containing neither new facts nor arguments, I shall leave them to make for or against me as they may. One instance of his candour I will mention. I have asked why the evidence of the queen-mother, of her daughters, and of a thousand others who had

feen Richard duke of York in his childhood, was not demanded to prove that Perkin Warbeck was an impostor. Mr. Masters has discovered that the queen-dowager was dead: and one of a legion being dead, he thinks it very fair to set aside all the rest. It is just what has been done by all my answerers. They have picked and culled disjointed passages here and there, jumped at a trifling anachronism or two, shunned, carefully shunned the thread of the argument, dreaded and fled from the repeated question on Tirrel's evidence, on which I offered to rest the whole, and taken care to make no reply to the table of arguments that I have recapitulated at the end. Instead of this manly mode of logical argumentation, they have recourse to clamours on great names, and ask me how I dare dispute the authorities of such men as More and Bacon? Mr. Masters, the last of my answerers, is even offended that I laugh at three chancellors. I hope a fourth will reward Him, and then I shall laugh at four.

But I have not incurred this gentleman's displeasure for making free with chancellors alone: he feels even for popish bishops, and in p. 214 reproves my reflections on the catholic clergy who condemned Jane Shore. Yet the very censures that I pass on *holy persons*, are decent, commendable, in sound divines. A holy person may call downright names; with impunity he may, in very coarse terms, abuse a prelate, who was both bishop and *chancellor*. In short, Mr. Masters, in p. 206, says of doctor Stillington bishop of Bath and chancellor, that he was a time-serving, revengeful prelate, and acted the part of a pimp to king Edward. That I despise *monkish* historians is most certain, (v. p. 200 of the *Archæol.*) and for these reasons, because they are partial, bigoted to authority, inaccurate, and generally incapable of reasoning: because they illiberally vilify those who are not of their opinion, and yet deny the smallest liberty of censure to others: and, above all, because they prefer absurd traditions to the investigation of truth, and cannot see a sun-beam break into their cell, without being ready to cry Fire! So much do they apprehend the detection of error, so much do they think faith and darkness involved in one common cause. Sir Thomas More and lord Bacon repeat over and over that the murders of the children were uncertain. The true believers, that is the credulous, insist on believing that More and Bacon believed what they say they did not believe, for could they believe what they declare was uncertain? Was it possible for two men of such acute
and

and penetrating genius as More and Bacon to believe that a king and his brother were murdered, that the crime was confessed by the perpetrators, and yet that the fact remained uncertain? A monkish historian may relate such a legend, but one must be a monk or an antiquary to give him credit.

Here therefore I take my leave of All who think credulity in ancient fables a cousin-german of faith, and that great names can legitimate bastard tales by having stood godfathers to them, even though the sponsors have registered their doubts on the spuriousness of the babes they have ushered into the world.

Whilst I had the honour of being member of the Society of Antiquaries, I used my weak endeavours to promote the study of antiquities by publishing ancient pieces really valuable or intrinsically curious; at the same time taking the liberty of blending criticism and free discussion with the passion I had for the remains of past ages; not having quite so much superstition or bigotry as to think that time can stamp value on every thing it has spared, merely by not having destroyed it. I went so far as to hold, that popular lies do not acquire the force of truth solely by having been handed down to us—an opinion, which I confess does not a little clash with the dignity of oral tradition. I have found my error: the president of our learned society, and the reverend Mr. Masters, disapproved of my making common sense the touchstone of legends which two great men had adopted, and three centuries had consecrated. The immortal volumes of our society, the *Archæologia*, which I was once so irreverent as to interpret *old women's logic*, will for ever record my condemnation. The tales, which the acute sceptic Hume thought himself called upon in honour to uphold, only because he had from idleness adopted them, are now irrefragably established in the annals of the society, amidst so many profound researches and conjectures on Danish inscriptions, and Saxon epitaphs in Latin on obscure Romish priests, those relics of ignorant and barbarous ages, of late become the darling occupation of the learned. Richard the Third and I are left to the mercy of that futile posterity, who shall be content with the trifling amusement of reasoning and argumentation; while the more enlightened shall be sustained in their faith by the authority of such great names as those of More, Bacon, Milles, and Masters.

Convinced

Convinced of my unworthiness to fill a seat in so solid an assembly, I resigned my place: and though I shall no more disturb the repose of their *erudite* and *recondite* volumes, I shall wait with impatience for the moment when the venerable academy shall oblige the public with their lucubrations on the history of Whittington and his cat*.

POSTSCRIPT TO MY HISTORIC DOUBTS,

Written in FEBRUARY 1793.

IT is afflictive to have lived to find in an age called not only civilized but enlightened, in this eighteenth century, that such horrors, such unparalleled crimes have been displayed on the most conspicuous theatre in Europe, in Paris the rival of Athens and Rome, that I am forced to allow that a multiplicity of crimes, which I had weakly supposed were too manifold and too absurd to have been perpetrated even in a very dark age, and in a northern island not only not commencing to be polished, but enured to barbarous manners, and hardened by long and barbarous civil wars amongst princes and nobility strictly related—Yes, I must *now* believe that any atrocity may have been attempted or practised by an ambitious prince of the blood aiming at the crown in the fifteenth century. I *can* believe (I do not say I do) that Richard duke of Gloucester dipped his hand in the blood of the saint-like Henry the sixth, though so revolting and injudicious an act as to excite the indignation of mankind against him. I can now believe that he contrived the death of his own brother Clarence—and I can think it possible, inconceivable as it was, that he aspersed the chastity of his own mother, in order to bastardize the offspring of his eldest brother; for all these extravagant excesses have been exhibited in the compass of five years by a monster, by a

* Though the author pays the society the compliment of having left them on a sense of his own unworthiness, he did not really withdraw his name from their register, till their consultation on the story of Whittington and his cat had been brought on the stage by Foote, and had made them ridiculous; as the author of these pages intimated in a letter to their secretary; not thinking he was obliged to share in the ridicule of follies, in which he had no part. H. W.

*252 POSTSCRIPT TO MY HISTORIC DOUBTS.

royal duke, who has actually surpassed all the guilt imputed to Richard the third, and who, devoid of Richard's courage, has acted his enormities openly, and will leave it impossible to any future writer, however disposed to candour, to entertain one *historic doubt* on the abominable actions of Philip duke of Orleans.

After long plotting the death of his sovereign, a victim as holy as, and infinitely superior in sense and many virtues to, Henry VI. Orleans has dragged that sovereign to the block, and purchased his execution in public, as in public he voted for it.

If to the assassination of a brother (like the supposed complicity of Gloucester to that of Clarence) Orleans has not yet concurred; still, when early in the revolution he was plotting the murder of the king, being warned by an associate that he would be detected, he said, "No; for I will have my (natural) brother the abbé de St. Far stabbed too, and then nobody will suspect *me* of being concerned in the murder of my own brother."—So ably can the assassins of an enlightened age refine on and surpass the atrocious deeds of Goths and Barbarians!

Shade of Richard of Gloucester! if my weak pen has been able to wash one bloody speck, one incredible charge from *your* character, can I but acknowledge that Philip of Orleans has sullied my varnish, and at least has weakened all the arguments that I drew from the improbability of *your* having waded so deeply into wickedness and impudence that recoiled on yourself, as to calumniate your own mother with adultery. If *you* did, it was to injure the children of your brother—still *you* had not the senseless, shameless effrontery to shake your own legitimacy.—Philip of Orleans mocks your pitiful self-partiality—He in person, and not by proxy, has declared his own mother a strumpet, has bastardized himself, and for ever degraded his children as progeny descended from a coachman!—For what glory, for what object, far be it from me to conjecture!—Who would have a mind congenial enough to that of such a monster, as to be able to guess at his motives?

F I N I S.

AEDES WALPOLIANAE.

OR, A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

COLLECTION OF PICTURES

AT

Houghton-Hall in Norfolk,

The SEAT of the Right Honorable

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD.

Artists and Plans reliev'd my solemn Hours ;
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.

Prior's Solomon.

ALFRED WALLPOLINE

OR A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

COLLECTION OF PICTURES

AT

Houghton-Hall in Norfolk

The Seat of the Right Honorable

SIR ROBERT WALLPOLE

EARL OF ORFORD

Antiquities and History of the Houghton-Hall

by Thomas H. B. Esq.

Printed by J. G. Smith

TO
LORD ORFORD.

S I R,

YOU will easily perceive how different this address is from other dedications. They are generally calculated, by praising the noble, the powerful, the rich, to engage protection and favour to the work : and when the timidity or obscurity of the author may be prejudicial to his book, he borrows virtue from other men to patronize and shelter his own blemishes.

This is not the case of what I offer: it is a work of your own; a plain description of the effects of your own taste. If I designed to compliment you, the book itself would supply me with topics. If I mentioned the ornaments of the house, your star, your coronet are panegyrics on your nobility; the true nobility, as you are the fountain of it in our family; and, however the sense of the world may differ from me, I own I had rather be the first peer of my race than the hundredth.

Your power and your wealth speak themselves in the grandeur of the whole building.—And give me leave to say, sir, your enjoying the latter, after losing the former, is the brightest proof how honest were the foundations of both.

Could

Could those virtuous men your father and grandfather arise from yonder church, how would they be amazed to see this noble edifice and spacious plantations, where once stood their plain homely dwelling! How would they be satisfied to find only the mansion-house, not the morals of the family altered!

May it be long, sir, ere you join them! And oh! as you wear no stain from them, may you receive no disgrace from

S I R

Your dutiful

HOUGHTON,

Aug. 24, 1743.

And affectionate Son,

HORACE WALPOLE.

Your power and your wealth speak themselves in the grandeur of the whole building.—And give me leave to say, sir, your enjoying the latter, after losing the former, is the brightest proof how honest were the foundations of both.

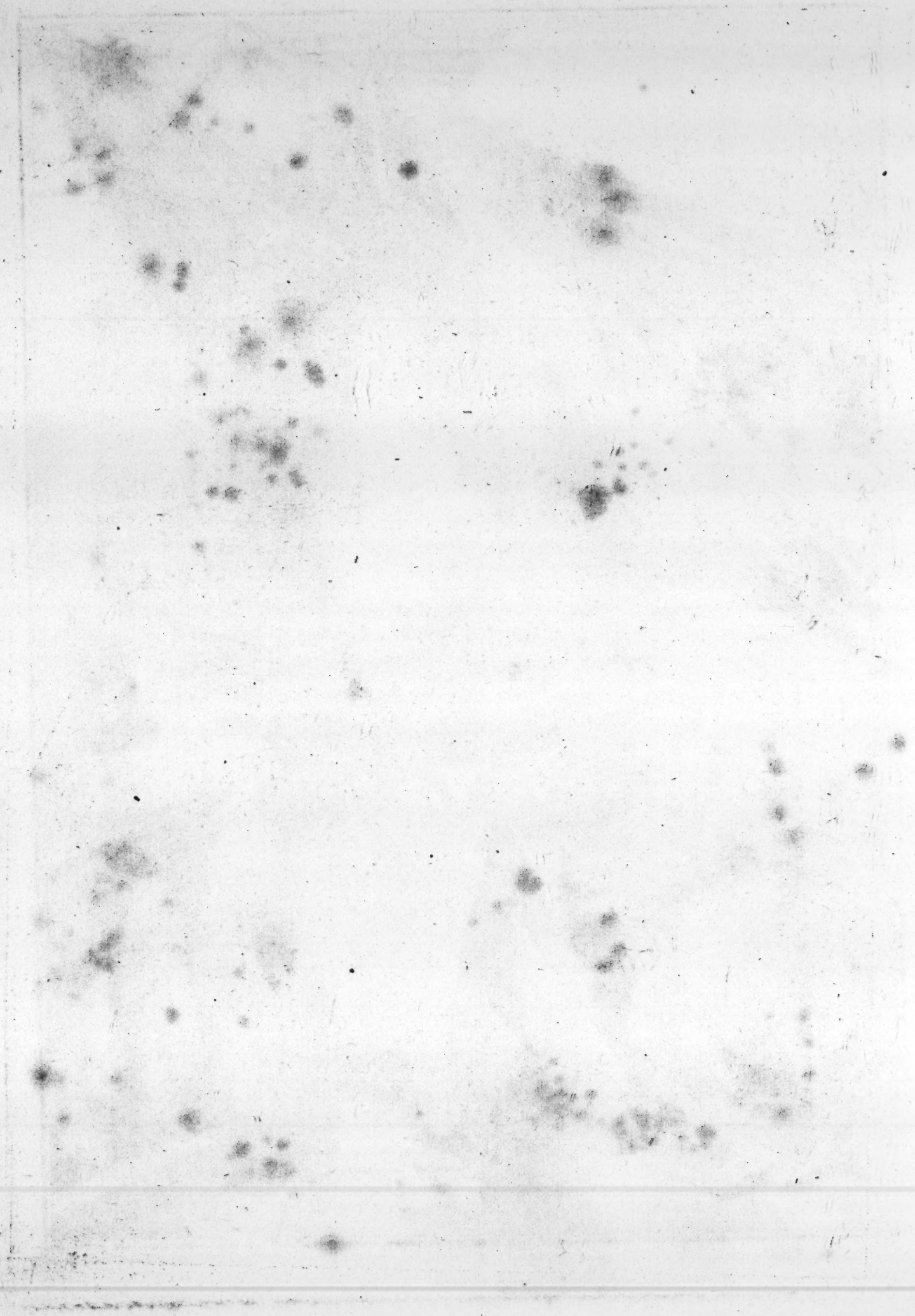
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INTRODUCTION.









INTRODUCTION.

THE following account of lord Orford's collection of pictures, is rather intended as a catalogue than a description of them. The mention of cabinets in which they have formerly been, with the addition of the measures, will contribute to ascertain their originality, and be a kind of pedigree to them.

In Italy, the native foil of almost all *virtù*, descriptions of great collections are much more common and much more ample. The princes and noblemen there, who loved and countenanced the ARTS, were fond of letting the world know the curiosities in their possession. There is scarce a large collection of medals but is in print. Their gems, their statues, and antiquities, are all published. But the most pompous works of this sort are the *Ædes Barbarinæ* and *Giustinianæ*, the latter of which are now extremely scarce and dear.

Commerce, which carries along with it the curiosities and arts of countries, as well as the riches, daily brings us something from Italy. How many valuable collections of pictures are there established in England on the frequent ruins and dispersion of the finest galleries in Rome and other cities! Most of the famous Pallavicini collection have been brought over; many of them are actually at Houghton. When I was in Italy, there were to be sold the Sagredo collection at Venice, those of the Zambecari and san Pieri palaces at Bologna; and at Rome, those of the * Sacchetti and cardinal Ottoboni †; and of that capital one I mentioned, the Barbarini: but the

* The Sacchetti collection has been since purchased by pope Benedict XIV. and placed in the capitol.

† I bought the famous bust of Vespasian in basalt, at this cardinal's sale.

extravagant prices affixed had hindered the latter from being broken. Statues are not so numerous, and consequently come seldomer, besides that the chief are prohibited from being sold out of Rome: a silent proof that the sums sent thither for purchases are not thrown away, since the prohibition arose from the profits flowing into the city by the concourse of strangers who travel to visit the pictures and statues there. For however common and more reasonable the pretext, I believe, ten travel to see the curiosities of a country, for one who makes a journey to acquaint himself with the manners, customs, and policy of the inhabitants.

There are not a great many collections left in Italy more worth seeing than this at Houghton: in the preservation of the pictures, it certainly excels most of them. That noble one in the Borghese palace at Rome is almost destroyed by the damp of the apartment where it is kept.

The Italian collections are far more numerous and more general. Lord Orford could not meet with a few very principal hands: but there are enough here for any man who studies painting to form very true ideas of most of the chief schools, and to acquaint himself with most of the chief hands. Knowledge of this sort is only to be learnt from pictures themselves. The numerous volumes wrote on this art have only served to perplex it. No science has had so much jargon introduced into it as painting: the bombast expression of the Italians, and the prejudices and affectation of the French, joined to the vanity of the professors, and the interested mysteriousness of picture-merchants, have altogether compiled a new language. 'Tis almost easier to distinguish the hands of the masters, than to decypher the cant of the virtuosi. Nor is there any science whose productions are of so capricious and uncertain a value. As great as are the prices of fine pictures, there is no judging from them of the several merits of the painters; there does not seem to be any standard of estimation. You hear a virtuoso talk in raptures of Raphael, of Correggio's grace, and Titian's colouring: and yet the same man, in the same breath, will talk as enthusiastically of any of the first masters, who wanted all the excellencies of all the three. You will perhaps see more paid for a picture of Andrea del Sarto, whose colouring was a mixture of mist and tawdry, whose drawing hard and forced, than for the most graceful air of a Madonna that ever flowed from the pencil of Guido. And as for the Dutch painters, those drudging mimicks of nature's most uncomely coarsenesses, do not their earthen

earthen pots and brass kettles carry away prices only due to the sweet neatness of Albano, and to the attractive delicacy of Carlo Maratti? The gentlest fault that can be found with them, is what Apelles said of Protogenes: "Dixit enim omnia sibi cum illo paria esse, aut illi meliora, sed uno se præstare, quod manum ille de tabula nesciret tollere." *Plin. lib. 35, cap. 10.* Their best commendation was the source of their faults; their application to their art prevented their being happy in it. "Artis summa intentio, et ideo minor fertilitas." Nicolo Pouffin had the greatest aversion for Michael Angelo Caravaggio, for debasing the art by imitations of vulgar and unrefined nature. His lights and shades are as distinct and strongly opposed as on objects seen by candle-light. It was not so much want of genius in the Flemish masters, as want of having searched for something better. Their only idleness seems to have been in the choice of their subjects. Rottenhamer and Paul Brill, who travelled into Italy, contracted as pleasing a style as any of the Italian masters. Lord Orford's landscapes of the latter are very near as free, as pure, and as genteel as Claude's and Titian's.

There was something in the Venetian school, especially in Paul Veronese, which touches extremely upon the servile imitation of the Dutch: I mean their ornaments of dress, and gaudy embroidered garments. It puts me in mind of a story of Apelles, who, looking on a picture just finished by one of his scholars, which was mightily decked out with gold and jewels, "At least, my lad, said he, if you could not make her handsome, you have made her rich."

If ever collections could be perfect, the present age seems to be the period for making them so. Another century may see half the works of the great masters destroyed or decaying: and I am sorry to say, that there seems to be a stop to any farther improvements, or continuation of the perfection, of the art. We seem to be at Pliny's period, "Hactenus dictum sit de dignitate artis morientis." I know none of the professors who merit the name (for if ever Solimene did, which I scarce think, he is now past the use of his pencil), except Rosalba and Zink—two artists whose manners are the most opposite—hers*, as perishable as it is admirable; his†, almost as lasting as it deserves to be. Though there are no remains of this kind of painting among the

* Crayons.

† Enamel.

ancients, yet they certainly knew it; for Pliny, in the fourth chapter of his thirty-fifth book, absolutely mentions a kind of enamel, where he says Augustus bought a picture which "*Nicias scripsit se inussisse*." They called it the encaustic manner of painting, and had three different sorts of it*. It is not at all improbable that time should discover something of this sort too. I believe, till within these six years, it was agreed among the virtuosi that the ancients knew little or nothing of perspective; but among the very fine pieces of painting dug out from the new-discovered underground town at Portici near Naples, which is supposed the ancient Herculaneum, destroyed by an earthquake with several other towns in the reign of Titus, there was found an excellent and perfect piece of perspective, consisting of a view of a street with several edifices on each side, which is now preserved in the king of Naples's closet.

In one part of painting, indeed, their ignorance was very extraordinary; for they were amazed at a picture of Minerva, which seemed to look at you wherever you stood. Pliny, in the above cited book, says, "*Amulii erat Minerva spectantem aspectans quacunq[ue] aspiceretur*." One is astonished how they could ever paint portraits and not perceive this common effect. I don't imagine they drew all portraits in profile, as they did the heads on their medals, till about Justinian's time. Some of their busts and statues have eyeballs marked, and consequently have the effects of other portraits.

In another particular, the painters had a method very common among the moderns, which was, to make their mistresses fit for the ideal goddesses they were to draw. One example Pliny mentions of Arellius, "*semper alicujus foeminae amore flagrans, et ob id deas pingens, sed dilectarum imagine: itaque in pictura ejus scorta numerabantur*." Among the moderns Baroccio always drew his Madonnas from his sister: Rubens, all his principal women from his three wives. In the Luxembourg gallery at Paris he has painted them for the three graces. In lord Orford's picture of Christ at the house of Simon the leper, he has taken the idea of the last for the Magdalene. Lord Orford has a head of the same woman by him, and her portrait at length in that celebrated picture of her by Vandyke. The first is with him in his family-piece by his scholar Jordans of Antwerp; the second was a dark woman.

* See Pliny, lib. xxv. cap. 11.

Sir Peter Lely was employed by the duchess of Cleveland to draw her and her son the duke of Grafton for a Madonna and little Jesus, which she sent for an altar-piece to a convent of nuns in France. It staid there two years, when the nuns, discovering whose portrait it was, returned it.

I cannot conclude this topic of the ancient painters without taking notice of an extreme pretty instance of Prior's taste, and which may make an example on that frequent subject the resemblance between poetry and painting, and prove that taste in the one will influence in the other. Every body has read his tale of Protogenes and Apelles. If they have read the story in Pliny they will recollect, that by the latter's account it seemed to have been a trial between two Dutch performers. The Roman author tells you, that when Apelles was to write his name on a board, to let Protogenes know who had been to enquire for him, he drew an exactly straight and slender line. Protogenes returned, and with his pencil, and another colour, divided his competitor's. Apelles, on seeing the ingenious minuteness of the Rhodian master, took a third colour, and laid on a still finer and indivisible line. But the English poet, who could distinguish the emulation of genius from nice experiments about splitting hairs, took the story into his own hands, and in a less number of trials, and with bolder execution, comprehended the whole force of painting, and flung drawing, colouring, and the doctrine of light and shade into the noble contention of those two absolute masters. In Prior, the first wrote his name in a perfect design, and

“-----with one judicious stroke

On the plain ground Apelles drew

A circle regularly true.”

Protogenes knew the hand, and showed Apelles that his own knowledge of colouring was as great as the other's skill in drawing.

*“Upon the happy line he laid

Such obvious light and easy shade,

* Mr. Vertue the engraver made a very ingenious conjecture on this story: he supposes that Apelles did not draw a straight line, but the outline of a human figure, which not being correct, Protogenes drew a more correct figure within his; but that still not being perfect, Apelles drew a smaller and exactly proportioned one within both the former.

That Paris' apple stood confest,
 Or Leda's egg, or Chloe's breast,"
 Apelles acknowledged his rival's merit, without jealousy persisting to refine
 on the masterly reply: * "Pugnare pares, succubere pares."

I shall not enter into the history of either ancient or modern painting; it is sufficient to say that the former expired about the year 580, and revived again in the person of Cimabue, who was born in 1240. Some of his works are remaining at Florence; and at Rome and in other cities are to be seen the performances of his immediate successors: but as their works are only curious for their antiquity, not for their excellence; and as they are not to be met with in collections, I shall pass over those fathers of painting to come to the year 1400, soon after which the chief schools began to form themselves. Andrea Mantegna was born in the year 1431, and of himself formed that admirable style, which is to be seen in his triumphs of Julius Cæsar at Hampton-court;—a style which Raphael, Julio, and Polidore, seem rather to have borrowed from him, as he had drawn it from the antique, than to have discovered it themselves.

The first and acknowledged principal school was the Roman: it was particularly admired for drawing, taste, and great ideas; all flowing from those models of improved nature, which they had before their eyes in the antique statues and bas-reliefs. Their faults were, minute and perplexed draperies, and a hardness of colouring: faults arising from the same source as their perfections, they copied too exactly the wet draperies which the ancient statuaries used to cling round their figures very judiciously, to show the formation of the limbs, and to give a lightness to the marble, which would not endure to be encumbered with large folds and flowing garments, but which are the great beauties of painting. Raphael towards the end of his life grew sensible of this, and struck out a greater style in his draperies. Their hard colouring too was owing to their close application to the study of the antique, and to their neglect of nature. Raphael's superior genius made him alone comprehend both. The many volumes written on his subject make it needless to say more of Raphael. Michael Angelo Buonarroti alone of all the

* Martial.

Roman

Roman school fell into the contrary extreme : he followed nature too closely, so enamoured with that ancient piece of anatomical skill, the Torso, that he neglected all the purer and more delicately-proportioned bodies. He was as much too fond of muscles, as Rubens afterwards was of flesh ; each overloaded all their compositions with their favourite study. This great school, after the death of the disciples of Raphael and Michael Angelo, languished for several years, but revived in almost all its glory in the person of * Andrea Sacchi, who carried one part of the art to greater perfection than any before him or since, the harmony of colours. His countryman and competitor Pietro Cortona was a great ornament to Rome. He had rather a richness than a fruitfulness of fancy. There is too remarkable a sameness in his ideas, particularly in the heads of his women ; and too great a compofure in his expression of the passions. No collection can be complete without one picture of his hand, and none wants more than one, except of his greater and less sort, for his small pieces are his best. Lord Orford has one in his cabinet, which is very capital. He had an extreme good scholar, Ciro Ferri. Andrea Sacchi bred up a most admired scholar, the famous Carlo Maratti. This latter and his scholars formed a new Roman school, and added grace, beauty, and lightness, to the majesty, dignity, and solemnity, of their predecessors. Indeed Carlo Maratti has unluckily been one of the destroyers of painting, by introducing that very light style of colouring, which in less skilful hands has degenerated into glare and tawdry. The drawing-room in this collection, called the Carlo Marat room, is a perfect school of the works of him, Nicolo Beretoni, and Gioseppe Chiari, his disciples.

Cotemporary with the elder Roman school was the Venetian, as renowned for their colouring, as the other for their drawing. Titian, Giorgione, Pordenone, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, the Bassans, Paris Bourdon, Andrea Schiavoni, and the Palmas, were the chief masters of it ; Titian and Paul Veronese by far the best. The landscapes of the former, and the architecture of the latter, were equal to their carnations. Giorgione had great ideas. Pordenone and Tintoret were dark and ungraceful. The Palmas were stiff, and the † Bassans particular. The elder Palma is remarkable for ill-drawn

* He first studied under Albano.

† Sanderson in his *Graphice*, an affected but sensible book, observes that the picture of the

deluge by Bassan, then at St. James's, had so many pots and dripping-pans, blue coats and dogs, that it seemed rather a disordered and confused kitchen than Noah's flood. Page 74.

hands and arms, of which he was so sensible, that he seldom has shown above one of each figure. The Bassans have always stooping figures, and delighted in drawing the backs of them. Their landscapes are dark, and their greatest lights consist in the red draperies, which they promiscuously distributed to almost every figure.

The same century produced that universal genius, Lionardo da Vinci, whose colouring of flesh does not yield in roundness to Titian's; nor his skill in anatomy to his cotemporary Michael Angelo's; his judgment in it was greater. Though he was not born at Milan, yet his residence there established a kind of Milaneſe ſchool. It was the fate of that city not to have its greateſt ornaments born its natives. The Procacini, who were of Bologna, retired thither on ſome diſputes with the Caracci. Camillo, who was moſt known of the three, was very particular in his colouring. The variety of tints in his fleſh, the odd diſpoſition of his lights on the verges of the limbs, and his delighting in clustering groupes, make his pictures extremely eaſy to be known.

There is little to be ſaid of the Florentine ſchool, as there was little variety in the maſters; and except Andrea del Sarto, and the two Zuccheros, their names are ſcarce known out of Tuscany. Their drawing was hard, and their colouring gaudy and gothic.

The Lombard ſchool was as little univerſal, but far more known by producing thoſe two great men Coreggio and Parmegiano: the firſt, for grace and ſweetneſs conſeſt the firſt of painters; and the latter as celebrated for the majeſty of his airs. His works are eaſily known by long necks and fingers, and by a certain greenneſs in his colouring. To Coreggio ſeems applicable what Pliny tells us of Apelles; "*cum aliorum opera admiraretur, collaudatis omnibus, deſſe iis unam illam venerem dicebat, quam Græci charita (grace) vocant: cætera omnia contigiffe, ſed hac ſoli ſibi neminem parem. Lib. 35, cap. 10.*" Frederico Baroccio was a great imitator of Coreggio, but ſeems rather to have ſtudied what Coreggio did, than what he did well; his beautiful colouring and bad drawing are both like Coreggio's.

The Neapolitan ſchool has produced little good: if Lanfranc was a great maſter, which in my own mind I do not think, he was bred up in the ſchool

school of the Caracci. His manner was wild, glaring, and extravagant. What Luca Jordano did well, he owed to his master Pietro Cortona. His careless and hasty manner almost always prevented his pictures from being excellent. His hand is often difficult to be known, as it was the most various and uncertain. There cannot be three manners more unlike, than in the Cyclops, the judgment of Paris, and the two small ones in the Carlo Marat room, all by him. Generally indeed his pictures are to be distinguished by deep blue skies, blue and white draperies, and vast confusion of unaccountable lights, particularly on the extremities of his figures. His genius was like Ovid's, flowing, abundant, various, and incorrect.

The greatest genius Naples ever produced resided generally at Rome; a genius equal to any that city itself ever bore. This was the great Salvator Rosa. His thoughts, his expression, his landscapes, his knowledge of the force of shade, and his masterly management of horror and distress, have placed him in the first class of painters. In lord Townshend's * Belisarius, one sees a majesty of thought equal to Raphael, an expression great as Poussin's. In lord Orford's prodigal is represented the extremity of misery and low nature; not foul and burlesque like Michael Angelo Caravaggio; nor minute, circumstantial and laborious, like the Dutch painters. One of them would have painted him eating broth with a wooden spoon, and have employed three days in finishing up the bowl that held it. In the story of the old man and his sons, one sees drawing and a taste of draperies equal to the best collected from the antique. Salvator was a poet and an excellent satirist. Here again was a union of those arts. His pictures contain the true genius and end of satire. Though heightened and expressive as his figures are, they still mean more than they speak. Pliny described Salvator in the person of Timanthes: "In omnibus ejus operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur." Does not the very pity and indignation which the figure of Belisarius excites, silently carry with it the severest satire on Justinian? This great master had a good cotemporary, who imitated his manner very happily: it was Bourgonon, the battle-painter. There was a sort of genius some time before like Salvator's, but which, for want of his strength of mind, soon degenerated into capricious wildnesses, and romantic monstrousness: this was Pietro Testa. The comparison of these two leads me to another between Salvator, and that

* This picture has been engraved in the most exquisite manner by Strange, 1757.

great English genius Shakespeare, of whom it is said, that he not only invented new characters, but made a new language for those characters. His Caliban, and Salvator's monster at the duke of Rutland's, have every attribute which seems proper to those imaginary species.

Naples was the general residence too of Spagnolet, one of the few good painters produced by Spain. His pictures breathe the spirit of his country; fierce and dark colouring; barbarous and bloody subjects. Velasco and Murillio were the only two other Spanish painters who have made any figure. Velasco's manner was bold and strong; his colours dashed on in thick relief. Murillio's taste was much sweeter than that of his countrymen. He imitated Vandyck's style in history-pieces so nearly, that at first they may be mistaken for them.

The French school has flourished with several extremely good masters. One character runs through all their works, a close imitation of the antique, unassisted by colouring. Almost all of them made the voyage of Rome. Nicolo Poussin was a perfect master of expression and drawing, though the proportion of his figures is rather too long. Le Sœur, his disciple, to the style of his master, and the study of the antique, joined an imitation of Raphael, which, had his life been longer, would have raised him high above Poussin. The man kneeling on the fore-ground in lord Orford's saint Stephen, might be taken for the hand of Raphael. And in the Moses in the bull-rushes, the distant woman is quite in that great master's taste. The cloister, painted by him at the Chartreuse at Paris, is, in my opinion, equal to any composition extant for the passions and fine thoughts. His fault was in his draperies; the folds are mean and unnatural. Sebastian Bourdon was liker Poussin, only that, as Poussin's figures are apt to be too long, his are generally too short, and consequently want the grace which often consists in over-lengthened proportions. Le Brun's colouring was better than any of the French, but his compositions are generally confused and crowded. Lord Orford's Icarus is much beyond and very unlike his usual manner. It is liker to Guercino, without having the fault of his too black shadows. France and Lorrain have produced two more painters, who in their way were the greatest ornaments to their profession; Gaspar Poussin, and Claude Lorrain: the latter especially was the Raphael of landscape-painting.

I shall not enter into any detail of the Flemish painters, who are better known by their different varnishes, and the different kind of utensils they painted, than by any style of colouring and drawing. One great man they had, who struck out of the littlenesses of his countrymen, though he never fell into a character of graceful beauty: but Rubens is too well known in England to want any account of him. His scholar Vandyck contracted a much genteeler taste in his portraits. But what served other painters for models of beauty, was to him a standard of miscarrying: all his portraits of women are graceful: but his Madonnas, which he probably drew from some mistress, are most remarkable for want of beauty.

It will easily be observed that I have yet omitted one of the principal schools, the Bolognese; but, as I began with the Roman, I reserved this to conclude with. This, which was as little inferior to the Roman as it was superior to all the rest; this was the school, that to the dignity of the antique joined all the beauty of living nature. There was no perfection in the others, which was not assembled here. In Annibal Caracci one sees the ancient strength of drawing. In his Farnese gallery, the naked figures supporting the ceiling are equal to the exerted skill of Michael Angelo, superiorly coloured. They talk of his faults in drawing, but those figures and lord Orford's little Venus are standards of proportion for men and women. In Guido were the grace and delicacy of Coreggio, and colouring as natural as Titian's. I cannot imagine what they mean, who say he wanted knowledge in the *chiaro oscuro*: it was never more happily applied and diffused than in lord Orford's Adoration of the shepherds. In Albano was finishing as high as in the exactest Flemish masters. His scholar Mola formed compositions as rich as the famed Barbarini ceiling by Pietro da Cortona; lord Orford's Curtius is an instance. There are numbers of figures less crowded, more necessary, and with far more variety of expression. If nature and life can please, the sweet Dominichini must be admired. These two never met in one picture in a higher degree than in lord Orford's Madonna and child, by him. One cannot conceive more expression in two figures so composed, and which give so little room for showing any passion or emotion. Ludovico Caracci, the founder of this great school, was more famous for his disciples than his works: though in Bologna they prefer him to Annibal: but his drawing was incorrect, and his hands and feet almost always too long. In

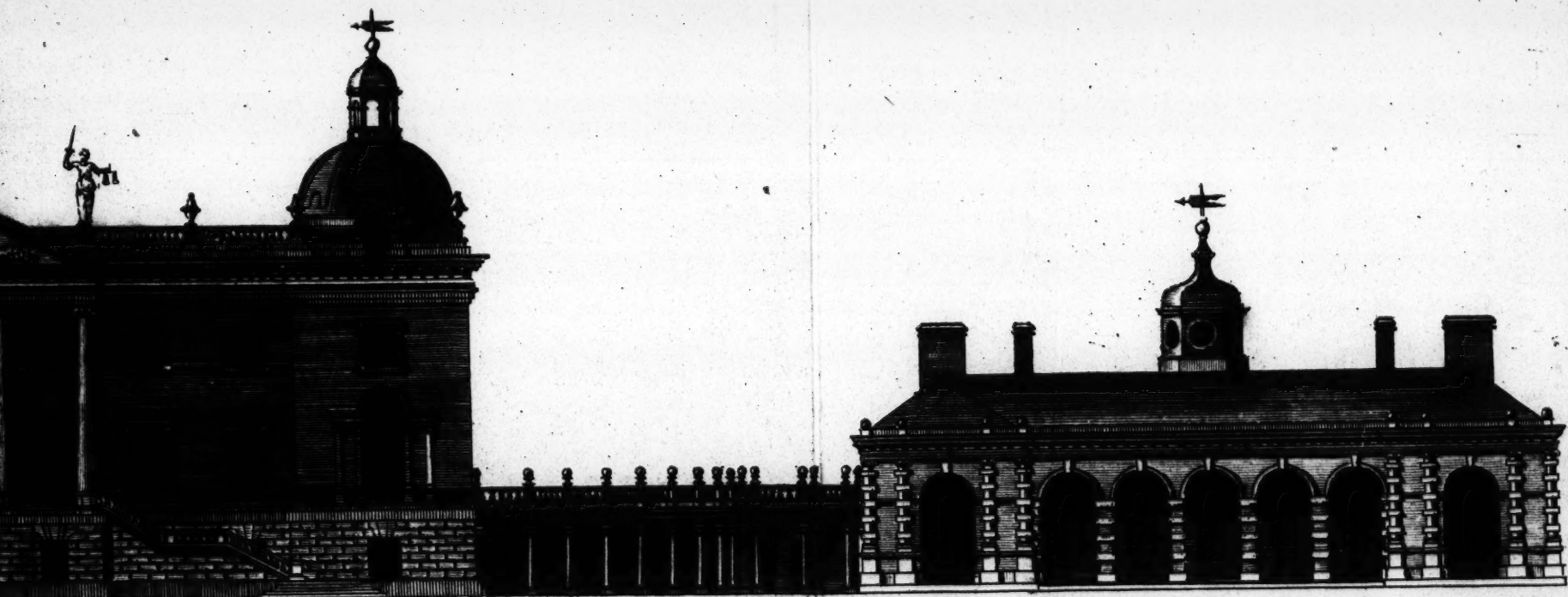
one point I think the Bolognese painters excelled every other master ; their draperies are in a greater taste than even Raphael's. The largeness and simplicity of the folds in Guido's Dispute of the doctors is a pattern and standard for that sort of painting.

I shall conclude with these few recapitulations. I can admire Coreggio's grace and exquisite finishing ; but I cannot overlook his wretched drawing and distortions. I admire Parmegiano's more majestic grace, and with the length of limbs and necks, which forms those graceful airs, were natural. Titian wanted to have seen the antique ; Poussin to have seen Titian. Le Sœur, whom I think in drawing and expression equal to Poussin, and in the great ideas of his heads and attitudes second to Raphael, like the first wanted colouring, and had not the fine draperies of the latter. Albano never painted a picture but some of the figures were stiff, and wanted grace ; and then his scarce ever succeeding in large subjects will throw him out of the list of perfect painters. Dominichini, whose communion of faint Jerome is allowed to be the second picture in the world, was generally raw in his colouring, hard in his contours, and wanted a knowledge of the chiaro oscuro. In short, in my opinion, all the qualities of a perfect painter never met but in Raphael, Guido, and Annibal Caracci.



West Front

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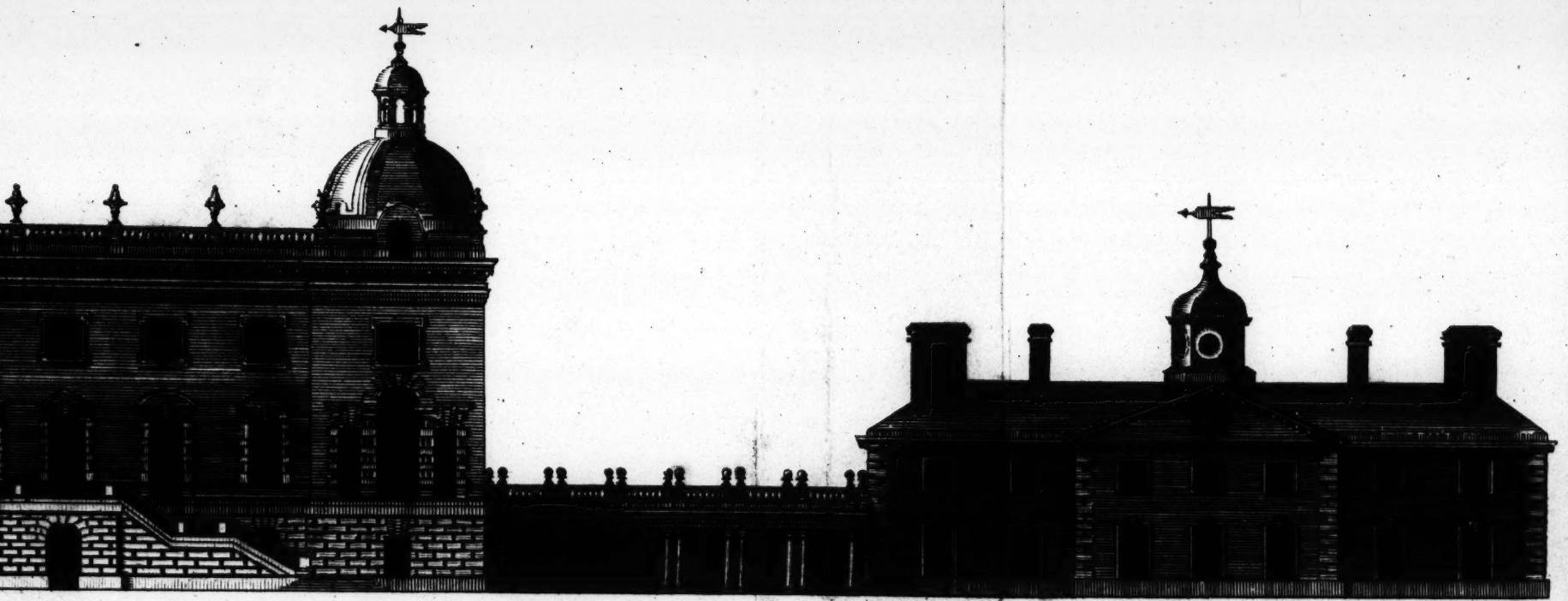


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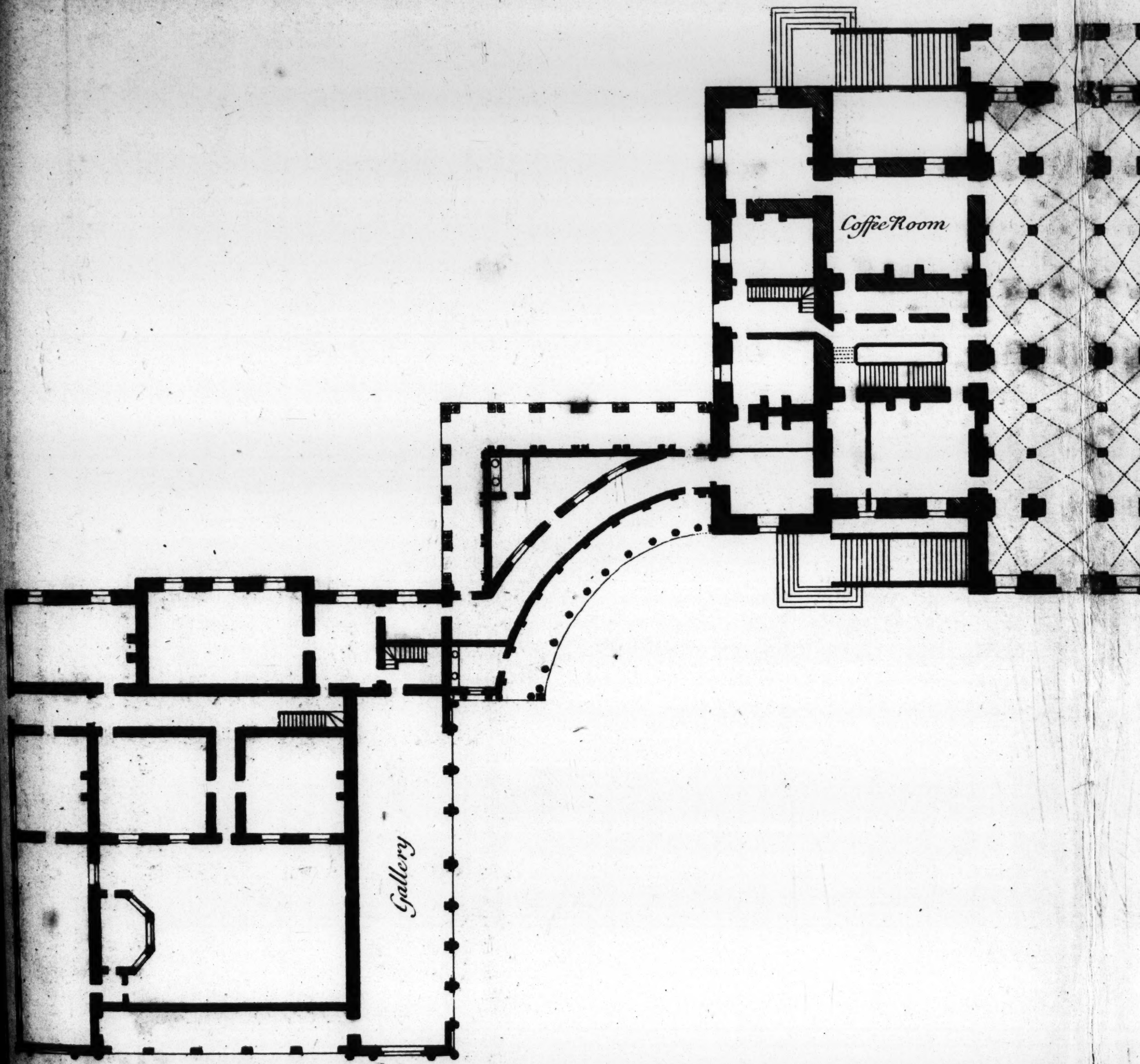
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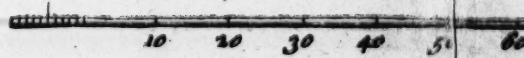
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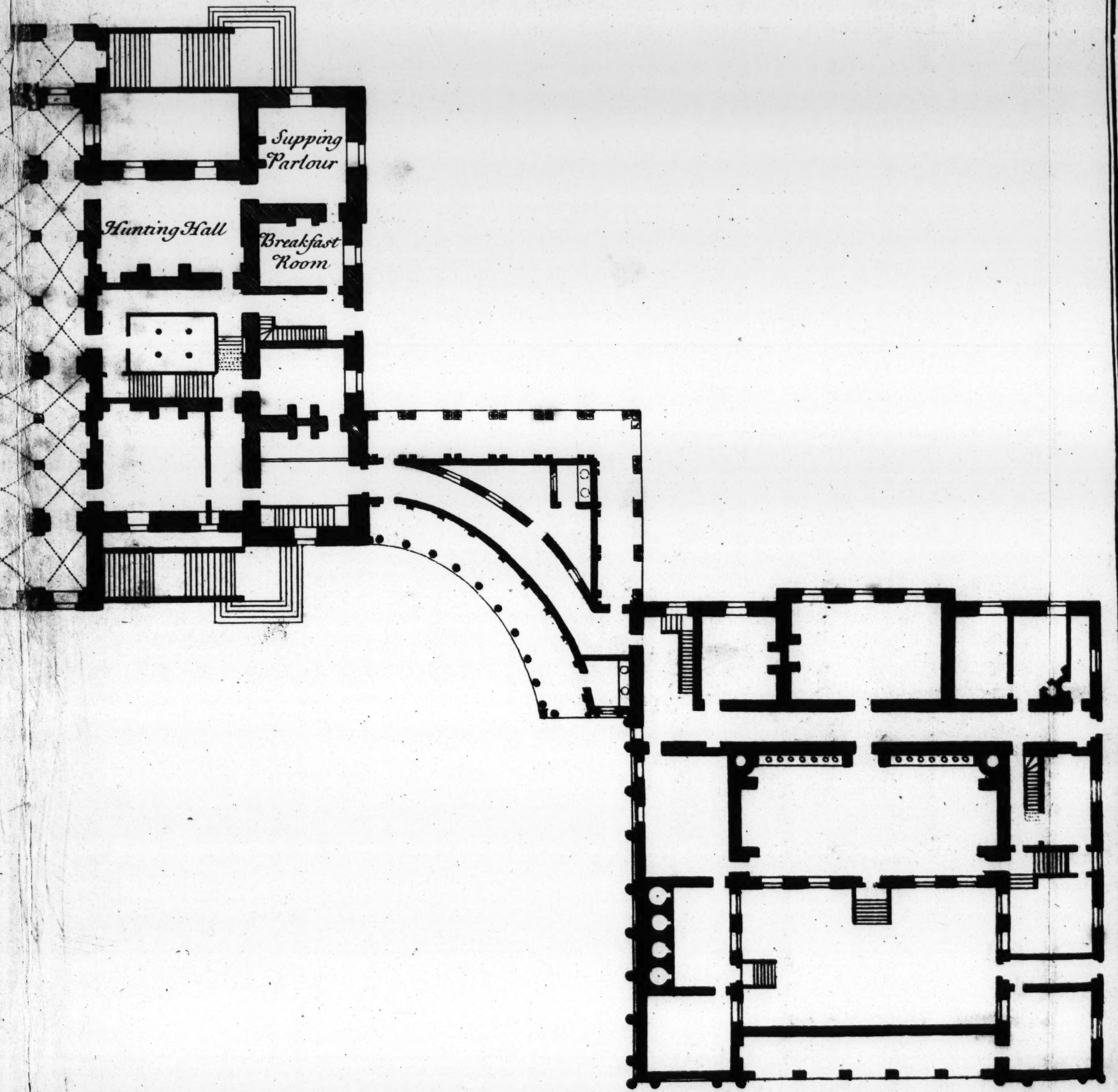
Front.



Ground



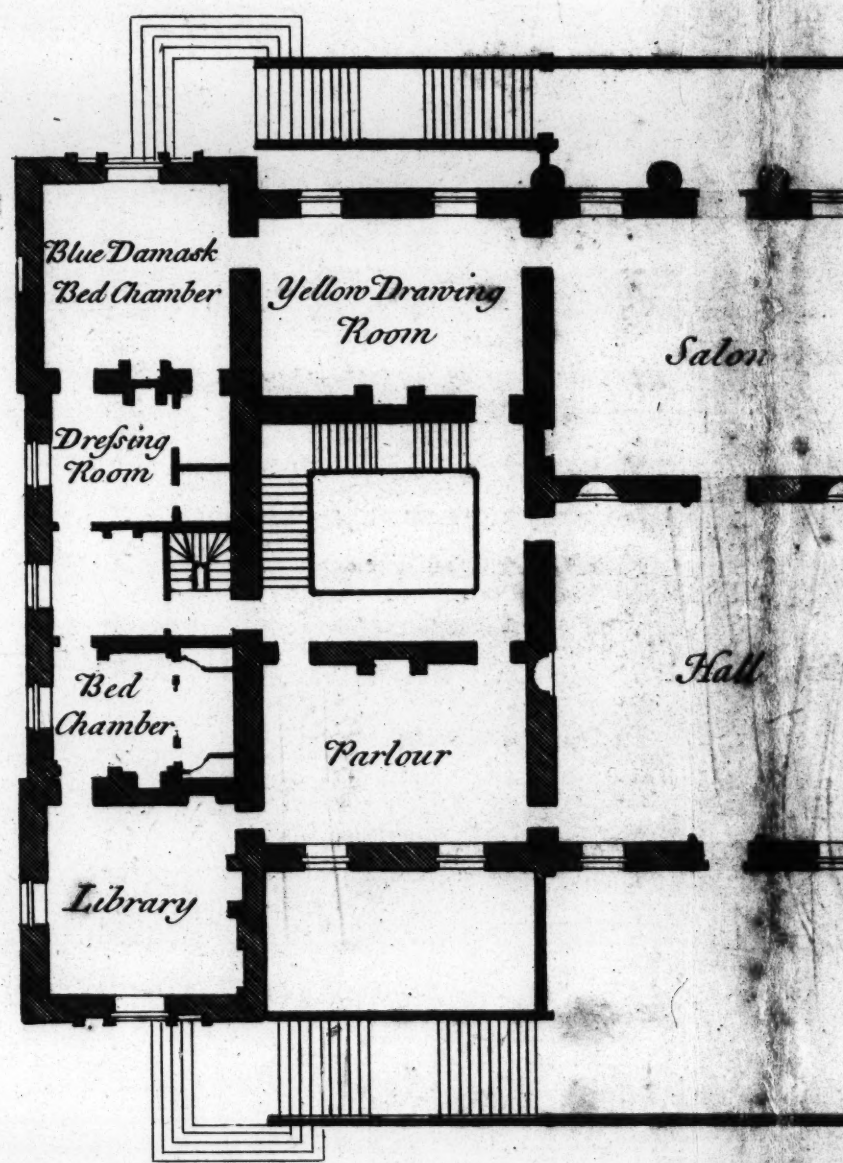
West



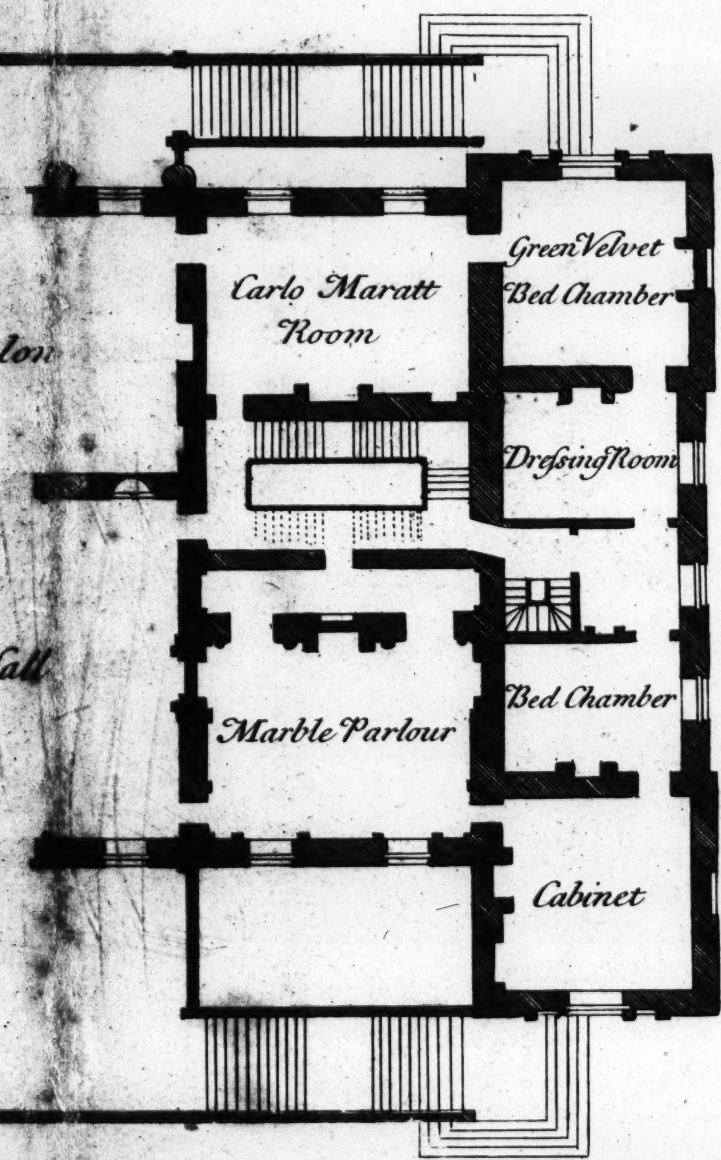
d Plan.

5 60 70 80 90 100

West



Plan of the Private



Principal floor.

A
DESCRIPTION
OF
HOUGHTON-HALL*.

THE common approach to the house is by the south-end door, over which is engraved this inscription,

ROBERTUS WALPOLE

HAS ÆDES

ANNO S. MDCCXXII.

INCHOAVIT,

ANNO MDCCXXXV.

PERFECIT.

On the Right-Hand you enter a small Breakfast-Room.

Over the chimney is a very good picture of hounds, by Wootton.

* Sir Robert Walpole used to say that he had taken the idea of the towers from Osterly-park, near Brentford.

A concert of birds, by Mario di Fiori ; a very uncommon picture, for he seldom painted any thing but flowers ; it belonged to Gibbons the carver, and is four feet seven inches high, by seven feet nine and a quarter wide.

The prodigal son returning to his father ; a very dark picture by Pordenone, the architecture and landscape very good. It is five feet five inches high, by eight feet eleven and half wide. This picture belonged to George Villiers, the great duke of Buckingham.

A horse's head, a fine sketch, by Vandyck.

A greyhound's head, by old Wyck, who was Wootton's master.

Sir Edward Walpole, grandfather of sir Robert Walpole. He was created knight of the bath at the coronation of king Charles the second, and made a great figure in parliament. Once on a very warm dispute in the house, he proposed an expedient, to which both parties immediately concurred : Waller the poet moved that he might be sent to the Tower, for not having composed the heats sooner, when he had it in his power. He married Susan, daughter of sir Robert Crane, on whose death he wrote these verses in his bible, which is now in the church here :

“ She lives, reigns, triumphs in a state of bliss :
My life no life, a daily dying is.
If saints for pilgrims here concern'd can be,
I'm confident she now remembers me.
My love for her, not lessened by her death,
I'm sure will last unto my latest breath.”

Thus turned into Latin by doctor Bland *, dean of Durham :

“ Vivit adhuc, regnat, cœlesti in sede triumphat :
At vita, heu ! mors est quotidiana mihi.
Tangere si qua potest miserorum cura beatos,
Sat scio non curas negligit illa meas.

* He also drew up the Latin inscription engraved on the foundation-stone.

Occidit illa mihi, sed amor non occidit unà ;
Nec nisi cum pereat vita, peribit amor."

He is buried at Houghton church, with this plain epitaph : " Here lies sir Edward Walpole : Cætera si quæras, narrabit fama superstes."

Robert Walpole, son of sir Edward, and father of sir Robert Walpole : he was member for Castle-Rising, from the first of William and Mary till his death in 1700. His wife was Mary, only daughter of sir Jeffery Burwell, by whom he had nineteen children.

Horatio lord Townshend, father of Charles lord viscount Townshend.

Mr. Harold, gardener to sir Robert Walpole, a head, by Ellis.

The Supping Parlour.

The battle of Constantine and Maxentius, a copy, by Julio Romano, of the famous picture in the Vatican, which he executed after a design of Raphael. It is four feet eight inches and a half high, by nine feet seven and a quarter wide *. The story is thus told by Zosimus, hist. lib. 2. " Tantis cum ambo copiis instructi essent, Maxentius pontem supra Tiburim flumen faciebat, non connexum prorsus à ripa, qua urbem spectat, ad alteram usque ripam; sed duas in partes ita divisum, ut in medio flumine ea, quæ partem utramque pontis explebant, inter se quodam modo concurrentem fibulis ferreis, quo revellebantur, quoties pontem quis junctum nollet, simul imperabat fabris, quamprimum viderent exercitum Constantini juncturæ pontis insistere, fibulas revellerent ac pontem solverent, ut quotquot huic insisterent, in fluvium dilaberentur. Ac Maxentius quidem hæc struebat. Constantinus autem cum exercitu Romam usque progressus, ante urbem castra metabatur in campo, qui et late patet et equitatu est opportunus. Maxentius intra muros inclusus, Diis victimas offerebat, et extispices de belli eventu consulebat, ipsis quoque Sybillinis oraculis pervestigatis. Quumq; reperis-

* There was one of these (probably this very second. See his Catalogue published by Bathoe, picture) in the collection of king James the p. 22, No. 248.

set oraculum, quo significaretur in fati esse, ut qui ad perniciem P. R. spectantia designaret, miserabili morte periret: de semetipso id accipiebat, quasi qui Romam adortos eamque capere cogitantes, propulsaret. Eventus autem comprobavit id, quod verum erat. Nam cum Maxentius copias ex urbe produxisset, jamque pontem, quem ipse junxerat, transiisset; infinita quædam multitudo noctuarum devolans, muros complebat. Quo conspecto, suis Constantinus, ut aciem struerent imperabat. Quum exercitus utrimque cornibus adversis starent, equitatum Constantinus immisit. Is equitatum hostilem adortus, fudit. Peditibus quoque signo sublato, rite compositeque in hostem illi tendebant. Acri conferto prælio, Romani quidem ipsi et Itali socii segniores ad obeunda pericula se præbebant, quod acerba tyrannide se liberari optarent. Reliquorum vero militum innumerabilis quædam multitudo cecidit, tum ab equitibus proculcata, tum à peditibus interempta. Enimvero quum diù resistebat Equitatus, aliqua Maxentio spes esse reliqua videbatur: sed equitibus jam succumbentibus, fuga cum reliquis abrepta, per pontem fluminis ad urbem contendebat. Tignis autem minime sustinentibus eam vim oneris, adeoq; ruptis, cum cætera multitudine Maxentius etiam fluminis impetu abripiebatur."

Over the chimney, Horace Walpole, brother of sir Robert Walpole. He was ambassador in France and Holland, cofferer of the household, and lastly one of the tellers of the exchequer; and created a baron a little before his death. Three quarters length, by Richardson.

Sir Robert Walpole, when secretary at war to queen Anne. Three quarters, by Jervase.

Catherine lady Walpole, his first wife; ditto.

Sir Charles Turner, one of the lords of the treasury. He married to his first wife, Mary, eldest sister of sir Robert Walpole. Three quarters, by Richardson.

Charles lord viscount Townshend, secretary of state to king George the first and second. Three quarters, by sir Godfrey Kneller.

Dorothy, his second wife, and second sister of sir Robert Walpole. Three quarters, by Jervase.

Anne

Anne Walpole, aunt of sir Robert Walpole (a head). She was wife of Mr. Spelman, of Narborough in Norfolk.

Dorothy Walpole, ditto (died unmarried).

Mary Walpole, ditto, married to John Wilson, esq. of Leicestershire.

Elizabeth Walpole, ditto, second wife of James Host, esq. of Sandringham in Norfolk.

The Hunting-Hall.

Sufannah and the two elders, by Rubens; five feet eleven inches and half high, by seven feet eight inches and a quarter wide.

A hunting-piece. Sir Robert Walpole is in green*; colonel Charles Churchill in the middle; and Mr. Thomas Turner on one side. By Wootton, six feet ten inches high, by eight feet five wide. There are prints of this picture.

The Coffee-Room.

Over the chimney, a landscape with figures dancing, by Swanivelt, two feet three inches high, by three feet three wide.

Jupiter and Europa, after Guido, by Pietro da Pietris; four feet ten inches high, by six feet two wide.

Galatea, by Zimeni; four feet ten inches high, by six feet two wide.

Horatio Walpole, uncle of sir Robert Walpole. He married lady Anne Osborn, daughter of Thomas the first duke of Leeds, and widow of Robert Coke, esq. of Holkham in Norfolk, grandfather of the present earl of Leicester. Three quarters.

* He is upon a white horse called the Chevalier, which was taken in Scotland in the year 1715, and was the only horse the Pretender mounted there.

Galfridus Walpole, younger brother of sir Robert, and one of the general post-masters. He was captain of the *Lion* in queen Anne's wars, and was attacked by five French ships on the coast of Italy against three English, two of which deserted him, but his own he brought off, after fighting bravely and having his arm shot off.

Returning through the arcade, you ascend the great staircase, which is painted in *chiaro oscuro* by Kent. In the middle four Doric pillars rise and support a fine cast in bronze of the * gladiator, by John of Boulogne, which was a present to sir Robert from Thomas earl of Pembroke.

The Common Parlour.

This room is thirty feet long, by twenty-one broad. Over the chimney is some fine pear-tree carving, by Gibbons, and in the middle of it hangs a portrait of him by sir Godfrey Kneller. It is a master-piece, and equal to any of Vandyck's. Three quarters.

King William, an exceedingly fine sketch by sir Godfrey, for the large equestrian picture which he afterwards executed very ill at Hampton-court, and with several alterations. Four feet three inches high, by three feet six wide †.

King George the first, a companion to the former, but finished. The figure is by sir Godfrey, which he took from the king at Guilford horse-race. The horse is new painted by Wootton. I suppose this is the very picture which gave rise to Mr. Addison's beautiful poem to Kneller.

A stud of horses by Wovermans; two feet one inch and three quarters high, by two feet nine wide.

* I should imagine that this is the statue mentioned in the catalogue of king Charles the first, and which was sold for 300l. It was possibly cast by Hubert le Sueur, who lived in saint Bartholomew's close, a scholar of John of Boulogne,

not by him himself: it stood in the garden at saint James's palace.

† Mrs. Barry and another actress sat for the two emblematic figures on the fore-ground, in the great picture.

Venus

Venus bathing, and Cupids with a car, in a landscape, by Andrea Sacchi; one foot ten inches and half high, by two feet six inches wide. It was lord Halifax's.

A holy family, by Raphael da Reggio, a scholar of Zuccherò; two feet two inches and three quarters high, by one foot and a quarter wide.

A fine picture of architecture in perspective, by Steenwyck; one foot nine inches high, by two feet eight wide.

A cook's shop by Teniers. It is in his very best manner. There are several figures; in particular his own, in a hawking habit, with spaniels; and in the middle an old blind fisherman, finely painted. Five feet six inches and three quarters high, by seven feet seven and three quarters wide.

Another cook's shop, by Martin de Vos, who was Snyder's master, and in this picture has excelled any thing done by his scholar. It is as large as nature. There is a greyhound snarling at a cat, in a most masterly manner. Five feet eight inches high, by seven feet ten and half wide.

A Bacchanalian, by Rubens. It is not a very pleasant picture, but the flesh of the Silenus and the female satyrs are highly coloured. There is a small design for this picture reversed, in the great duke's tribune at Florence. Two feet eleven inches and three quarters high, by three feet six wide.

The nativity, by Carlo Cignani. The thought of this picture is borrowed (as it has often been by other painters) from the famous Notte of Coreggio at Modena, where all the light of the picture flows from the child. Three feet seven inches and half high, by two feet ten and half wide.

Sir Thomas Chaloner, an admirable portrait; three quarters, by Vandyck, Sir Thomas was governor to Henry prince of Wales * [*vide Strafford Papers*,

* He had been so to the celebrated duke of Northumberland, the bastardized son of the earl of Leicester. *Vide Wood's Athena*, vol. ii. p. 126. This sir Thomas gave a piece of ground to archbishop Grindal's executors for that prelate's free school at saint Begh's, and 40 loads of coal yearly to it out of his mines there, reserving a right of placing two scholars, by the name of Chaloner's scholars. *Biogr. Brit.* page 2439.

vol. i. page 490] and in 1610 was appointed his lord chamberlain. [*Vide Sandford's genealogical tables, page 529.*] He died in 1615, and was buried at Chiswick*.

Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of Gresham-college, by Antonio More. Two feet six inches and a quarter high, by two feet and half wide.

* He wrote a treatise on the virtue of NETRE, printed at London 1584, some other philosophic works, and a pastoral. He discovered the aluminas at Gifburg in Yorkshire (where he had an estate) towards the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign; but they being adjudged to be mines royal, little benefit accrued to the family, though the long parliament afterwards restored them to his sons, who were from these causes engaged on the parliament side; and Thomas and James, two of them, sat as judges on king Charles the first. James, who wrote a treatise on the isle of Man†, and made several collections of antiquities, poisoned himself with a potion prepared by his mistress, 1660, on an order for taking him into custody. Thomas, who was one of the Yorkshire members, had been a witness against archbishop Laud, and one of the council of state, and died in exile at Middleburg in Zeland, 1661. He wrote An answer to the Scotch papers concerning the disposal of the person of the king; A justification of that answer; A true and exact relation of finding the tomb of Moses near mount Nebo; and A speech containing a plea for monarchy in 1659. Thomas, his grandfather, was a celebrated wit, poet, and warrior, having served in the expedition against Algier under Charles the fifth; where being shipwrecked, and having swam

till his arms failed him, he caught hold on a cable with his teeth and saved himself. He was knighted by the ‡ duke of Somerset, for his valour, after the battle of Muffelborough; and by queen Elizabeth sent ambassador to the emperor Ferdinand and to king Philip the second, where he resided four years, and died soon after his return in 1565, and was buried with a sumptuous funeral in saint Paul's. He wrote A little dictionary for children; A poem in ten books in Latin verse §; De republicâ Anglorum instaurandâ, printed 1579, with an appendix, De illustrium quorundam encomiis, cum epigrammatibus & epitaphiis nonnullis; His voyage to Algier, 1541 ||; and translated from the Latin, The office of servants, written by Gilbert Cognatus; and Erasmus's Praise of folly, 1549, and re-printed 1577. *Vide Wood's Athena Oxon.* His epitaph in Latin and English was written by doctor Walter Haddon, master of requests to queen Elizabeth. *Vide Hackett's Collect. of Epitaphs, vol. ii. p. 184.* His portrait was engraved by Hollar. In the year 1616 an earthen pot full of brass money of the emperors Carausius and Allectus was found under the root of a tree in Steeple Claydon parish near the pond, in the woods of sir Thomas Chaloner. *Vide Kennet's Parochial Antiq. page 11.*

† It was dedicated to T. lord Fairfax, the parl. general, whom he celebrates for his taste and patronage of antiquities. *Vide Thoresby's Leeds, p. 525.*

‡ The duke at the same time sent his wife a jewel. *English Worthies, p. 535.*

§ He wrote this book in Spain, when he was no better housed, as he himself says in his preface, than

hieme in furno, estate in horreo. He took for his motto, Frugality is the left hand of fortune, and diligence the right. *Eng. Worthies, p. 535.* Puttenham names master Chaloner with sir Ph. Sidney, as excellent for eclogue and pastoral poesy.

|| Villegaignon, an extraordinary adventurer, wrote an account of the same expedition, in Latin. *Vide Gen. Dict. vol. x. p. 1.*

Erasmus,

Erasmus, by Holbein, a half length, smaller than the life.

A friar's head, by Rubens.

Francis Halls, a head, by himself.

The school of Athens; a copy (by Le Brun) of Raphael's fine picture in the Vatican. Three feet two inches high, by four feet two and three quarters wide.

Joseph Carreras, a Spanish poet, writing; he was chaplain to Catharine of Braganza, queen of Charles II. Half length, by sir Godfrey Kneller. There is a mezzotinto from this picture.

Rembrandt's wife, half length, by Rembrandt.

Rubens's wife, a head, by Rubens.

A man's head, by Salvator Rosa.

Mr. Locke, a head, by sir Godfrey Kneller.

Inigo Jones, a head, by Vandyck.

Over the door, Anne, daughter of sir Henry Lee; three quarters, by sir Peter Lely. She was married to Mr. Wharton, afterwards created a marquis; and was herself a celebrated poetess. Waller has addressed a copy of verses to her on the death of lord Rochester, whose great friend and relation she was. See her article in the General Dictionary, vol. x. where are two letters of hers in a very amiable style, and some of doctor Burnet's in a very wretched one.

Over another door, Mrs. Jenny Deering, mistress to the marquis of Wharton. These two came out of the Wharton collection.

Over the two other doors, two pieces of ruins, by Viviano.

The

The Library.

This room is twenty-one feet and half, by twenty-two and half. Over the chimney is a whole length, by sir Godfrey Kneller, of king George I. in his coronation-robcs, the only picture for which he ever sat in England.

The Little Bed-Chamber.

This little room is all wainscoted with mahogany; and the bed, which is of painted taffety, stands in an alcove of the same wood. Over the chimney is a half length, by Dahl, of Catharine Shorter, first wife of sir Robert Walpole, and eldest daughter of John Shorter, esq. of Bybrook in Kent, by Elizabeth, daughter of sir Erasmus Philips, of Picton-castle in Pembroke-shire. This is an exceedingly good portrait.

On the other side, a portrait of Maria Skerret, second wife of sir Robert Walpole; three quarters, by Vanloo.

The Little Dressing-Room.

A landscape by Wootton, in the style of Claude Lorrain, over the chimney.

The Blue Damask Bed-Chamber

Is of the same dimensions with the library, and is hung with tapestry. Over the chimney, sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford, prime minister to king George I. and to king George II.

*Quem neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non * Anni domuere Decem.*

He built this house, and made all the plantations and waters here. A whole length, in the Garter-robcs, by Vanloo.

* After his resignation, a secret committee was appointed to inquire into the last ten years of his administration.

The

The Drawing-Room

Is thirty feet by twenty-one, and hung with yellow caffoy. The ceiling is exactly taken, except with the alteration of the paternal coat for the star and garter, from one that was in the dining-room of the old house, built by sir Edward Walpole, grandfather of sir Robert.

Over the chimney is a genteel bust of a Madonna in marble, by Camillo Rusconi.

Above, is carving by Gibbons, gilt, and within it a fine picture by Vandyck, of two daughters of lord Wharton, out of whose collection these came, with all the other Vandycks in this room, and some others at lord Walpole's at the Exchequer. Five feet four inches high, by four feet three wide.

The judgment of Paris, by Luca Jordano. There is an odd diffusion of light all over this picture: the Pallas is a remarkably fine figure. Eight feet high, by ten feet eight and a quarter wide.

A sleeping Bacchus, with nymphs, boys and animals; its companion.

King Charles I. a whole length, in armour, by Vandyck. By a mistake, both the gauntlets are drawn for the right hand*.

Henrietta Maria of France, his queen, by ditto.

Archbishop Laud, the original portrait of him; three quarters, by Vandyck. The university of Oxford once offered the Wharton family four hundred pounds for this picture.

Philip lord Wharton, three quarters, by Vandyck. This lord in his youth was handsome and a beau; in the civil war he sided with the parliament,

* When this picture was in the Wharton collection, old Jacob Tonson, who had remarkably ugly legs, was finding fault with the two gauntlets. Lady Wharton said, Mr. Tonson, why might not one man have two right hands, as well as another two left legs?

and

and had a regiment of horse, but his courage was called in question. He left the house when the last violences were determined against the king, but was one of Oliver's peers and privy-council, and narrowly escaped being excepted in the general act of indemnity, though he expended some thousand pounds to make a figure in the cavalcade at the king's restoration, in particular having diamond buttons to the mourning which he was then wearing for his second wife. He was committed to the Tower with the duke of Buckingham and lord Shaftsbury, on their asserting the dissolution of the long parliament; but his chief merits were a patriot fraud, by which he procured the passing the habeas corpus act, being one of the tellers in the house of lords, when he outwitted his partner and gave in a false majority; and by moving for an abrogation of the old oaths of allegiance, and substituting the present plain oath in their stead. He was one of the first that appeared for the revolution; and died in 1694. He laid out a large sum at Woburn in Buckinghamshire, and made the fine collection of Vandyck's and Lely's, which were removed to Winchendon by his son the marquis of Wharton, and sold to sir Robert Walpole by the late duke his grandson. *Vide Memoirs of the life of T. marq. of Wharton.*

Sir Christopher Wandesford, head of the Castlecomer family; lord deputy of Ireland in 1640; in which year he died. Three quarters, sitting, by Vandyck.

* Lady Wharton, three quarters, by ditto.

Jane, daughter of lord Wenman; ditto. The hands, in which Vandyck excelled, are remarkably fine in this picture.

Robert lord Walpole, eldest son of sir Robert Walpole, by Catherine his first wife; a head in crayons, by Rosalba. He succeeded his father in the earldom, and died in 1751, being knight of the Bath, auditor of the Exchequer, and master of the fox-hounds to the king.

Edward Walpole †, second son of sir Robert Walpole, ditto.

Horace Walpole, third son of sir Robert Walpole, ditto.

* Philadelphia, daughter of Robert Carey earl of Monmouth, wife of sir Thomas Wharton.

† He was created knight of the Bath in August 1753.

Mary

Mary lady viscountess Malpas, second daughter of sir Robert Walpole by his first wife, and married to George lord Malpas, master of the horse to Frederic prince of Wales, and knight of the Bath; afterwards earl of Cholmondeley, and chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and lord privy-seal. She died of a consumption at Aix, in Provence, ætatis suæ 29. A profile sketch, by Jervas.

N. B. There is no portrait here of Catharine Walpole, eldest daughter of sir Robert Walpole, who died at Bath of a consumption, ætatis suæ 19.

Lady Maria Walpole, only child of sir Robert Walpole earl of Orford by Maria his second wife, married to Charles Churchill, esq. in crayons, by Pond.

The Salon

Is forty feet long, forty high, and thirty wide; the hanging is crimson flowered velvet; the ceiling painted by Kent, who designed all the ornaments throughout the house. The chimney-piece is of black and gold marble, of which too are the tables.

In the broken pediment of the chimney stands a small antique bust of a Venus; and over the garden-door is a larger antique bust.

On the great table is an exceeding fine bronze of a man and woman, by John of Boulogne. When he had made the fine marble groupe of the rape of the Sabines in the loggia of the piazza del gran duca at Florence, he was found fault with for not having expressed enough of the softness of the woman's flesh; on which he modelled this, which differs in its attitudes from the other, and has but two figures; but these two are master-pieces for drawing, for the strength of the man, and the tender delicacy of the woman. This bronze was a present to lord Orford from Horace Mann, esq. the king's resident at Florence.

On the other tables are two vases of oriental alabaster.

Over the chimney, Christ baptized by saint John, a most capital picture of Albano. His large pieces are seldom good, but this is equal both for colouring and drawing to any of his master Caracci, or his fellow-scholar Guido. It is eight feet eight inches high, by six feet four and a half wide. There is one of the same design in the church of san Giorgio at Bologna, with an oval top, and God the father in the clouds, with different angels; two are kneeling, and supporting Christ's garments. This picture belonged to Mr. Law, first minister to the regent of France.

The stoning of saint Stephen; a capital picture of Le Sœur. It contains nineteen figures, and is remarkable for expressing a most masterly variety of grief. The saint, by a considerable anachronism, but a very common one among the Roman catholics, is dressed in the rich habit of a modern priest at high mass. Nine feet eight inches and a half high, by eleven feet three and three quarters wide.

The holy family; a most celebrated picture of Vandyck. The chief part of it is a dance of boy-angels, which are painted in the highest manner. The virgin seems to have been a portrait, and is not handsome; and the piece is too much crowded with fruits and flowers and birds. In the air are two partridges finely painted. This picture was twice sold for fourteen hundred pounds: since that, it belonged to the house of Orange. The princess of Friesland, mother of the present prince of Orange, sold it during his minority, when sir Robert bought it. It is seven feet and half an inch high, by nine feet one and three quarters wide. It belonged originally to king Charles the first, and is mentioned in the Catalogue of his pictures, p. 171. There is a fine print of it.

Mary Magdalen washing Christ's feet; a capital picture of Rubens, finished in the highest manner, and finely preserved. There are fourteen figures large as life. The Magdalen is particularly well coloured. Six feet and three quarters of an inch high, by eight feet two wide. It was monsieur de Morville's, and had belonged to monsieur Bourvalais, a financier, who bought it from the collection of monsieur Cormery, a fermier general*. It is engraved.

* See Descript. de Paris, vol. i. p. 226, edit. of 1706.

The holy family, in a round, by Cantarini. The child is learning to read. Three feet six inches every way.

The holy family, by Titian. It belonged to monsieur de Morville, secretary of state in France. Four feet seven inches and a half high, by three feet four and a half wide.

Simeon and the child; a very fine picture by Guido. The design is taken from a statue of a Silenus with a young Bacchus, in the villa Borgheze at Rome. This was in monsieur de Morville's collection. Three feet two inches and a half high, by two feet seven and a half wide. There is another of these, but much less finished, in the palace of the marquis Gerini at Florence.

The virgin with the child asleep in her arms, by Augustine Caracci. Three feet six inches high, by two feet nine and three quarters wide.

An old woman giving cherries to a boy, by Titian. It is his own son and nurse: four feet ten inches high, by three feet six and three quarters wide.

The holy family, by Andrea del Sarto. This and the last were from the collection of the marquis Mari at Genoa. Three feet one inch and a quarter high, by two feet seven and a quarter wide. Lord Egremont has another of these, and lord Exeter another.

The assumption of the virgin; a beautiful figure supported by boy-angels, in a very bright manner, by Murillio. Six feet four inches and three quarters high, by four feet nine and a half wide*.

The adoration of the shepherds, its companion: all the light comes from the child.

* The duke of Bedford has a large picture like this, except that it wants the virgin, by the same hand, brought out of Spain by Mr. Bagnols, from whose collection the prince of Wales bought some fine pictures. Sir Sampson Gideon has another, in which the virgin is much older than this at Houghton, but finely painted: the boys are fewer, and far inferior; and one corner is too destitute of objects. There is a half-moon reversed under the feet of the virgin.

The Cyclops at their forge, by Luca Jordano. There is a copy of this at saint James's by Walton. This belonged to Gibbons. Six feet four inches high, by four feet eleven wide.

Dædalus and Icarus, by Le Brun. In a different manner from what he generally painted. Six feet four inches high, by four feet three wide. For the story, see it twice told in Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, lib. viii; and lib. ii. *De arte amandi*.

The Carlo Marat Room

Is thirty feet by twenty-one. The hangings are green velvet, the table of lapis lazuli: at each end are two sconces of massive silver.

Over the chimney is * Clement the ninth, of the Rospigliosi family; three quarters sitting, a most admirable portrait, by Carlo Maratti. It was bought by Jervas the painter out of the Arnaldi palace at Florence, where are the remains of the great Pallavicini collection, from whence sir Robert bought several of his pictures. Nothing can be finer than this: the boldness of the penciling is as remarkable as his delicacy in his general pictures, and it was so much admired that he did several of them: one is at lord Burlington's at Chiswick.

The judgment of Paris, drawn by Carlo Maratti when he was eighty-three years old, yet has none of the rawness of his latter pieces: the drawing of the Juno is very faulty, it being impossible to give so great a turn to the person as he has given to this figure: it came out of the Pallavicini collection. The earl of Strafford has a very good copy of it, by Gioseppe Chiari. Five feet nine inches and three quarters high, by seven feet seven and a quarter wide. It was engraved by Giacomo Freii.

* He was a poet. See an account of him in the *Sidney Papers* published by Collins, vol. ii. p. 714; and *Firmani's Seminar. Roman.* p. 189. He was nuntio at Madrid, when the six royalists, who had murdered Ascham, the parliament's resident, were taken out of sanctuary, and insisted on their

being re-delivered, which he prevailed on the bigoted king to order. Five of them, catholics, were suffered to escape; the sixth, a protestant, was so watched, that he was retaken on his flight and put to death. *Vide Peck's Desid. curios.* lib. xii. p. 2.

Galatea sitting with Acis, Tritons and Cupids; its companion. Five feet eight inches and three quarters high, by seven feet seven and a half wide.

The holy family, an unfinished picture, large as life, by Carlo Maratti in his last manner. Three feet two inches and three quarters high, by two feet eight and a quarter wide.

The virgin teaching Jesus to read, by Carlo Maratti. Two feet three inches and a quarter high, by one foot ten and a quarter wide. Gioseppe Chiari has executed this thought in the Barberini palace at Rome, but with alterations. In this the virgin is in red. Gioseppe's is in white; and instead of saint John, faint Elizabeth, and the angels, he has drawn a cardinal reading.

Saint Cæcilia with four angels playing on musical instruments, companion to the former.

Or drest in smiles of sweet Cæcilia, shine
With simp'ring angels, palms and harps divine. POPE.

These two last are most perfect and beautiful pictures in his best and most finished manner, and were in the Pallavicini collection. It has been engraved by Strange, but he has not preserved the extreme beauty of the faces.

The assumption of the virgin, by Carlo Maratti. She has a deep blue veil all over her. Two feet three inches and three quarters high, by one foot ten and a quarter wide.

The virgin and Joseph with a young Jesus, a fine picture, by Carlo Maratti, in the manner of his master Andrea Sacchi. Two feet five inches and a quarter high, by two feet wide.

The marriage of faint Catharine, by Carlo Maratti, two feet seven inches high, by one foot ten and a half wide.

Two saints worshipping the virgin in the clouds, by Carlo Maratti. Two feet three inches and a half high, by one foot nine and a half wide.

St. John the evangelist, its companion.

A naked

A naked Venus and Cupid, by Carlo Maratti, in a very particular style. Three feet one inch and a half high, by four feet four and a half wide.

The holy family, by Nicholo Beretoni, Carlo's best scholar: this picture is equal to any of his master's. The grace and sweetness of the virgin, and the beauty and drawing of the young Jesus, are incomparable. Three feet one inch and a half high, by four feet four and a half wide.

The assumption of the virgin, by ditto. Two feet two inches and a half high, by one foot eight and a half wide.

The pool of Bethesda, by Gioseppe Chiari, another of Carlo's scholars. Three feet three inches high, by four feet five wide.

Christ's sermon on the mount, ditto.

Apollo and Daphne, ditto.

Bacchus and Ariadne, ditto, the best of the four: the Bacchus seems to be taken from the Apollo Belvedere, as the ideas of the Ariadne, and the Venus, evidently are from the figures of Liberality and Modesty in the famous picture of Guido, in the collection of marquis del Monte at Bologna. There are four pictures about the size of these in the Spada palace at Rome, by the same hand; two, just the same with these two last; the other two are likewise stories out of the Metamorphosis.

Apollo, in crayons, by Rosalba. Two feet two inches high, by one foot eight wide.

Diana, its companion.

A profile head of a man, a capital drawing, in a great style, by Raphael.

A profile head of saint Catharine, by Guido.

The birth of the virgin, by Luca Jordano. Two feet one inch high, by one foot and a quarter of an inch wide.

The presentation of the virgin in the temple; its companion. These two are finished designs for two large pictures, which he painted for the fine church of the Madonna della Salute at Venice.

The flight into Egypt, by Murillio, in the manner of Vandyck. Three feet two inches and a quarter high, by one foot eleven and a quarter wide.

The crucifixion; its companion.

Hercules and Omphale, by Romanelli: three feet one inch and a half high, by four feet three inches wide.

The Velvet Bed-Chamber

Is twenty-one feet and a half, by twenty-two feet and a half: the bed is of green velvet, richly embroidered and laced with gold, the ornaments designed by Kent: the hangings are tapestry, representing the loves of Venus and Adonis, after Albano.

Alexander adorning the tomb of Achilles, by Le Mer. The subject is taken from the fourth chapter of the second book of Quintus Curtius. Achillem, cujus origine (Alexander) gloriabatur, imprimis mirari solitus, etiam circum cippum ejus cum amicis nudus decurrit, unctoque coronam impofuit. The head of Alexander is taken from his medals; the figures are in the true antique taste, and the buildings fine. Eight feet two inches and three quarters high, by five feet two and a half wide.

Over one of the doors, a sea-port, by old Griffier. Three feet two inches and a half high, by four feet one inch wide.

A landscape over the other door, by ditto.

The Dressing-Room

Is hung with very fine gold tapestry after pictures of Vandyck. There are whole-length portraits of James the first, queen Anne his wife, daughter of Frederick.

Frederick the second king of Denmark, Charles the first and his queen, and Christian the fourth king of Denmark, brother of queen Anne; they have fine borders of boys with festoons, and oval pictures of the children of the royal family. At the upper end of this room is a glass case filled with a large quantity of silver philegree, which belonged to Catharine lady Walpole.

Over the chimney, the consulting the Sibylline oracles, a fine picture, by Le Mer; companion to that in the bed-chamber: the architecture of this is rather the better. The painter has mistaken, and represented a large number of books; whereas the histories say, that when the Sibyl offered them at first to Tarquinius Superbus, there were but nine; and on his twice refusing them, she burnt six, and then made him pay the first demanded price for the remaining three, which were kept in a stone vault with the greatest care; and only consulted on extraordinary occasions, by two of the nobility who had the charge of them. This number in the time of the commonwealth was increased to ten, and in Sylla's time, the last time they were consulted, to fifteen: the year before his dictatorship the capitol was burnt, and they with it. There were some dispersed Sibylline oracles afterwards collected, but never much credited, which remained to the reign of Honorius, when Stilicho burnt them*. There is an anachronism in this picture, which may be pardoned in a painter: he has thrown in among the buildings the septizonium Severi; now Sylla's dictatorship began in the year 672 U. C. and Severus did not begin his reign till 945 U. C. or 193 A. D.

Over the door, dogs and still life, by Jervas.

Over the other door, its companion.

* In the reign of Tiberius, an act passed in the senate at the motion of one of the tribunes, to add a book to the Sibylline oracles, at the request of Caninius Gallus, one of the Quindecim Viri. The emperor reprimanded the fathers, and told them, that Augustus, quia multa vana sub nomine celebri vulgabantur, sanxisse, quem intra diem ad prætorem Urbanum deferrentur, neque habere privatim liceret. He added, à majoribus quoque decretum erat, post exustum sociali bello capitolium, quæsitis Samo, Ilio, Erythris, per Africam etiam ac Siciliam, et Italicæ colonias,

carminibus Sibyllæ (una, seu plures fuere) datoque sacerdotibus negotio, quantum humanâ ope potuissent, verâ discernere. *Tacit. Ann. 6, 12.* It is probable that Tiberius's strictness on this subject proceeded from his apprehensions of the people being excited by prophecies to rebel against him; he having but a little time before put several persons to death for publishing a prediction that he had left Rome in such a conjunction of the planets as for ever to exclude his return. *Ann. 4, 58.*

The

The Embroidered Bed-Chamber.

The bed is of the finest Indian needle-work. His royal highness Francis duke of Lorrain, afterwards grand duke of Tuscany, and since emperor, lay in this bed, which stood then where the velvet one is now, when he came to visit sir Robert Walpole at Houghton. The hangings are tapestry.

Over the chimney, the holy family, large as life, by Nicolo Pouffin. It is one of the most capital pictures in this collection; the airs of the heads and the draperies are in the fine taste of Raphael and the antique; Elizabeth's head is taken from a statue of an old woman in the villa Borghese at Rome: the colouring is much higher than his usual manner; the Virgin's head and the young Jesus are particularly delicate. Five feet seven inches high, by four feet three and three quarters wide. There is a print of it.

Over the doors, two pieces of cattle, by Rosa di Tivoli.

The Cabinet

Is twenty-one feet and a half, by twenty-two and a half, hung with green velvet. Over the chimney is a celebrated picture of Rubens's wife, by Vandick; it was fitted for a pannel in her own closet in Rubens's house. She is in black fatin, with a hat on, a whole length; the hands and the drapery are remarkably good.

Rubens's family, by Jordans of Antwerp; Rubens is playing on a lute, his first wife is sitting with one of their children on her lap, and two others before her. There are several other figures, and genii in the air. Five feet nine inches high, by four feet five inches and a half wide. This picture belonged to the duke of Portland.

A winter-piece, by Giacomo Bassan. Three feet eight inches and a half high, by five feet eleven and three quarters wide.

A summer-piece, by Leonardo Bassan. Three feet eight inches and a half high,
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high, by five feet eleven and three quarters wide. These two were in the collection of monsieur de la Vrilliere.

Boors at cards, by Teniers: one foot four inches high, by one foot ten wide.

Christ appearing to Mary in the garden; an exceedingly fine picture, by Pietro da Cortona. One foot nine inches and a half high, by one foot eight inches wide.

The judgment of Paris, by Andrea Schiavone.

Note, That all the pictures in this room, except the portraits, that have not the sizes set down, are very small.

Midas judging between Pan and Apollo, by ditto.

Christ laid in the sepulchre; one of the finest pictures that Parmegiano ever painted, and for which there is a tradition that he was knighted by the duke of Parma: there are eleven figures; the expression, the drawing and colouring, the perspective, and chiaro scuro, are as fine as possible. The figure of Joseph of Arimathea is Parmegiano's own portrait: there are two drawings in the grand duke's collection for this picture, but with variations from what he executed: in one of these, Joseph has his hands extended like Paul preaching at Athens, in the cartoon of Raphael: there have been three different prints made of this picture and the drawings for it.

The adoration of the magi, by Velvet Brueghel: there are a multitude of little figures, all finished with the greatest Dutch exactness: the ideas too are a little Dutch; for the Ethiopian king is dressed in a surplice with boots and spurs, and brings for a present a gold model of a modern ship.

The virgin and child; a very pleasing picture, by Baroccio; but the drawing is full of faults.

Naked Venus sleeping; a most perfect figure, by Annibal Caracci; the contours and the colouring excessively fine.

* Head of Dobson's father, by Dobson.

Saint John, a head, by Carlo Dolci. There is another of these at Burleigh.

Head of Innocent the tenth, by Velasco. He was sent by the king of Spain to draw this pope's picture. When the pope sent his chamberlain to pay him, he would not receive the money, saying the king his master always paid him with his own hand: the pope humoured him. This pope was of the Pamphili family, was reckoned the ugliest man of his time, and was raised to the papacy by the intrigues of his sister-in-law donna Olympia, a most beautiful woman and his mistress†. There is a half-length at Chiswick of the same pope, by Andrea Sacchi.

A boy's head with a lute, by Cavalier Luti.

Friars giving meat to the poor, by John Miel. One foot seven inches and a half high, by two feet two inches wide.

Its companion.

A dying officer at confession, by Bourgoynone: very bright colouring and fine expression. One foot six inches and a half high, by two feet one inch and three quarters wide.

* In four different MSS. of Vertue, I find that this picture belonged to Richardson, and is certainly the portrait of Vanderdort, keeper of king Charles's pictures, and who, on having mislaid a fine small picture, and not being able to find it when asked for it by the king, hanged himself. *Vide Sanderfon's Graphice.*

† Amelot de la Houssaie relates the following remarkable story as the foundation of this pope's hatred to the French, and of his persecution of the family of his predecessor Urban the eighth. While cardinal Barberini, Urban's nephew, was legate in France, he went to see the curious library and collection of the sieur Du Moustier. Monsignor Pamphilio, who attended him, slipped a small and scarce book into his pocket. As they

were going away, the legate shut the door, and desired Du Moustier to examine whether he had lost any book. He immediately missed the stolen one. The cardinal bid him search all his train: but Pamphilio refusing to be examined, they came to blows; and Du Moustier, getting the better by the prelate's being encumbered in his long habit, beat him severely, and found the book in his pocket. *Mem. Hist.* vol. i. p. 362. In Howel's Letters are the following particulars relating to this pope: "Among other pasquils this was one, Papa magis amat Olympiam quam Olympum." *Lett.* 48, book 4th. And afterwards, "'Tis true he is one of the hardest favoured popes that sat in the chair a great while, so that some call him l'uomo di tre pelle, the man with three hairs; for he hath no more beard on his chin."

Its companion.

Boors at cards, by Teniers.

Boors drinking, its companion, by Ostade.

Christ laid in the sepulchre, by Giacomo Bassan; a very particular picture; the lights are laid on so thick, that it seems quite basso-relievo. It is a fine design for a great altar-piece which he has painted at Padua. This picture was a present to lord Orford, from James earl of Waldegrave, knight of the garter, and embassador at Paris.

Holy family, with saint John on a lamb, by Williberts, a scholar of Rubens, who has made a large picture, from whence this is taken, now in the palace Pitti, at Florence: this is finely finished, and the colouring neater than Rubens'.

Holy family, by Rottenhamer.

The virgin and child, by Alexander Veronese; painted on black marble.

Three soldiers; a fine little picture, by Salvator Rosa, in his brightest manner.

The virgin with the child in her arms, by Murillio, on black marble. A present from sir Benjamin Keene, embassador at Madrid.

The virgin with the child in her arms asleep, by Sebastian Concha.

Edward the sixth, an original small whole length, by Holbein: it was in the royal collection, and, upon the dispersion of king Charles's pictures in the rebellion, sold into Portugal, where it was bought by lord Tyravley, embassador to the court of Lisbon, and by him sent as a present to lord Orford. Within the frame is written in golden letters, Edvardus Dei gratia sextus rex Anglia, & Francia, & Hibernia.

Laban searching for his images, by Sebastian Bourdon. When Jacob withdrew privately from Laban, Rachael stole her father's idols, which he pursued them to demand. *Gen. xxxi. 33.* Three feet one inch and three quarters high, by four feet four inches and a half wide.

The banqueting-house ceiling. It is the original design of Rubens for the middle compartment of that ceiling, and represents the assumption of king James the first into heaven; it belonged to sir Godfrey Kneller, who studied it much, as is plain from his sketch for king William's picture in the parlour. Two feet eleven inches high, by one foot nine inches and a half wide.

Six sketches of Rubens for triumphal arches, &c. on the entry of the infant Ferdinand of Austria into Antwerp; they are printed with a description of that festival. They are about two feet and a half square. They were Mr. Norton's, and cost him 180l. at sir Peter Lely's sale.

Bathsheba bringing Abishag to David; an exceedingly high-finished picture in varnish, by Vanderwerffe; a present to lord Orford from the duke of Chandos. Two feet ten inches high, by two feet three wide.

Two flower-pieces, most highly finished, by Van Huysum. His brother lived with lord Orford, and painted most of the pictures in the attic story here. Two feet seven inches high, by two feet two wide.

Christ and Mary in the garden, by Philippo Laura.

The holy family, by John Bellino. It belonged to Mr. Law.

A landscape with figures, by Bourgoynone, in the manner of Salvator Rosa.

Its companion, with soldiers.

Two small landscapes, by Gaspar Pouffin.

Over the door into the bed-chamber, the holy family, by Matteo Ponzoni, a most uncommon hand, and a very fine picture. Three feet seven inches
and

and a half high, by five feet two and a half wide. It belonged to count Plattenberg, the emperor's minister at Rome, who had carried all his pictures thither and died there. They were sent to Amsterdam to be sold, where Mr. Trevor bought this for sir Robert Walpole. Lord Burlington has a head by the same master, who was a Venetian: there are no others in England of the hand.

Over the parlour-door, the murder of the innocents, by Sebastian Bourdon. Four feet and half an inch high, by five feet eight wide.

Over the other door, the death of Joseph, by Velasco. Three feet three inches high, by four feet ten wide.

Saint Christopher, a very small picture, by Elsheimer: a present from sir Henry Bedingfield. Here is a very common error among the Roman catholic painters; in the distant landscape is a hermit, with an oratory of the virgin Mary, at the time that saint Christopher is carrying Jesus yet a child. At Bologna there is an old picture of the salutation, where the angel finds the virgin Mary praying before a crucifix, with the *Officium beatæ virginis* in her hand. In Evelyn's preface to his translation of *The idea of the perfection of painting*, he mentions a picture of Moses in the bullrushes, by Paul Veronese, in which Pharaoh's daughter is attended by a guard of Swiss.

The Marble Parlour.

One entire side of this room is marble, with alcoves for side-boards, supported with columns of Plymouth marble. Over the chimney is a fine piece of alto relievo in statuary-marble, after the antique, by Rysbrach; and before one of the tables, a large granite cistern.

Henry Danvers earl of Danby, a fine whole length in the garter-robcs, by Vandyck. This lord was son of sir John Danvers, by Elizabeth daughter of John Nevil lord Latimer son-in-law of queen Catharine Parr, and was first distinguished by his behaviour in the war in the Low Countries, where he served under prince Maurice, and afterwards in France under Henry IV. where he was knighted for his valour. In the Irish wars he was lieutenant-general

general of the horse, and serjeant-major of the whole army, under Robert earl of Essex and Charles lord Mountjoy. In the first of king James I. he was made baron of Dauntsey, and afterwards lord president of Munster and governor of Guernsey. By king Charles I. he was created earl of Danby, made a privy-counsellor and knight of the garter. He founded the physic-garden at Oxford, and died aged 71, 1643, at Cornbury, and is buried at Dauntsey in Wiltshire, where he built an alms-house and free-school. His elder brother sir Charles lost his life in the earl of Essex's insurrection, temp. Eliz. This picture was given to lord Orford by sir Joseph Danvers. Lord Danby built the house at Cirencester, now lord Bathurst's.

Sir Thomas Wharton, brother of Philip lord Wharton, and knight of the Bath; whole length, by Vandyck. From the Wharton collection.

Two fruit-pieces over the door, by Michael Angelo Campidoglio. From Mr. Scawen's collection.

The ascension, by Paul Veronese, over a door.

The apostles after the ascension, ditto.

The Hall

Is a cube of forty, with a stone gallery round three sides. The ceiling and the frieze of boys are by Altari. The bas-reliefs over the chimney and doors are from the antique.

The figures over the great door, and the boys over the lesser doors, are by Rysbrach. In the frieze are bas-reliefs of sir Robert Walpole and Catharine his first lady, and of lord Walpole their eldest son and Margaret Rolle his wife. From the ceiling hangs a * lantern for eighteen candles, of copper gilt.

* Ben Jonson, in his Forest, poem 2d, has these lines on Penhurst:

Thou art not, Penhurst, built to envious show,
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold;
Thou hast no lantern whereof tales are told.

I imagine there was some old pamphlet or ballad written on a lantern of some great man at that time, from whence was taken the Craftsman, which made so much noise about this lantern at Houghton. This lantern has since been sold to the earl of Chesterfield, and is replaced by a French lustre.

Over

Over the chimney is a bust of sir Robert Walpole, earl of Orford, by Ryfbrach.

Before a niche, over against the chimney, is the Laocoon, a fine cast in bronze, by Girardon, bought by lord Walpole at Paris.

On the tables, the Tiber and the Nile in bronze, from the antiques in the capitol at Rome.

Two vases in bronze, from the antiques in the villas of Medici and Borgheze at Rome.

The bust of a woman, a most beautiful antique.

The bust of a Roman empress, antique*.

On Terms and Consoles round the Hall are the following Busts and Heads :

Marcus Aurelius, antique.

Trajan, ditto.

Septimius Severus, ditto.	} These two were given to general Churchill by cardinal Alexander Albani, and by him to sir Robert Walpole.
Commodus, ditto.	

A young Hercules, ditto.

* This and the last were brought from Mrs. Vernon's at Twickenham park, which belonged to Robert earl of Essex, the celebrated favourite of queen Elizabeth, who having promised sir Francis Bacon to get him made solicitor-general, just before his own disgrace, and not being able to perform it, gave sir Francis this villa to make him amends. Sir Francis entertained the queen here, and presented her with a sonnet of his own composing, to intercede for the earl's pardon. He soon after sold Twickenham-park for eighteen hundred pounds. From thence it came into the earl of Cardigan's family; they sold it to king William: he gave it to his favourite, lord Albemarle, who sold it to Mr. Vernon, after whose widow's death lord Montrath bought it for fifteen thousand pounds. Bacon, in a letter to his brother Antony, calls it "that wholesome pleasant lodge and finely designed garden." *Bacon Papers*, vol. i. 486.

Baccio

Baccio Bandinelli, by himself.

Faustina senior, antique.

A young Commodus, antique.

Homer, modern.

Hesiod, ditto.

Jupiter, antique.

A philosopher, ditto.

Hadrian, ditto.

Pollux, ditto.

} Heads.

Going from the Salon, down the great Steps through the Garden, you enter a Porch adorned with Busts of

Rome.

Minerva.

Antinous.

Apollo Belvedere.

} By Camillo Rusconi.

A philosopher's head, antique.

Julia Pia Severi, ditto.

Out of this you go into a Vestibule, round which in the Niches are fix Vases of Volterra Alabaster. This leads into

The Gallery,

Which is seventy-three feet long, by twenty-one feet high: the middle rises eight feet higher, with windows all round; the ceiling is a design of Serlio's in the inner library of saint Mark at Venice, and was brought from thence by Mr. Horace Walpole, junior; the frieze is taken from the Sibyl's temple at Tivoli. There are two chimneys, and the whole room is hung with Norwich damask. It was intended originally for a green-house; but on sir Robert Walpole's resigning his employments February 9, 1742, it was fitted up for his pictures, which had hung in his house in Downing-street. That house belonged to the crown: king George the first gave it to baron Bothmar, the Hanoverian minister, for life. On his death king George the second offered it to sir Robert Walpole; but he would only accept it for his office of first lord of the treasury, to which post he got it annexed for ever.

Over the farthest chimney is that capital picture, and the first in this collection, The doctors of the church: they are consulting on the immaculateness of the virgin, who is above in the clouds. This has been a most controverted point in the Romish church. Bonosus, bishop of Naissus in Dacia, was one of the first who held that the virgin Mary had other children after Christ; which was reckoned a great heresy. He was condemned for it by pope Damasus, suspended by the council of Capua, censured by the bishops of Macedon, who declared their abhorrence of this detestable error as they called it, and wrote against by pope Syricius. His followers were styled Bonosiacs, or Bonosians. This doctrine had been taught before by Helvidius anno 383, and before him by Tertullian. Those who opposed the perpetual virginity of the virgin Mary were styled Antidicomarianites. Saint Jerom and saint Ambrose were two of the principal champions for the virginity, and are probably the chief figures in this picture. *Vide Bower's History of the Popes*, vol. i. 263. This pretended heresy is founded on the 25th verse of the first chapter of saint Matthew, where it is said, that Joseph knew not his wife till she had brought forth her first-born; and from James and John being frequently called the brethren of Christ. In answer to this last evidence the orthodox say, that among the Jews all near relations are called brothers, and that James and John were only first cousins to Christ. It is observable, that Raphael has followed the opinion of the virgin Mary having had other children, in many of his pictures, particularly in The last supper, in this collection,

tion, he having drawn saint James extremely like Jesus Christ. There has been another controversy in the Romish church, which is more properly called the question of the immaculate conception: viz. Whether the virgin was conceived in original sin, though sanctified in her mother's womb, or was preserved from that stain of general infection by a special privilege, on the foresight of the merits of Christ, whom she was to bear. Albertus Magnus and his followers maintained the first against many learned doctors, who defended her exemption from original sin; and the debate grew so warm, that it was judged necessary to put an end to it by a public disputation. It was in defence of the immaculate conception that the famous Duns Scotus obtained the name of the Subtile Doctor. *Vide Antiquities of the English Franciscans*, page 129. I cannot help observing, that the celebrated picture at Windsor of this doctor must be ideal; for he died in the year 1308, when there was no such thing as a tolerable painter: besides, that portrait represents him as an elderly man, whereas he was not thirty-four when he died. In the year 1387 the Dominicans were expelled the university of Paris, for opposing the immaculate conception, and many of them were killed. In 1438, the council of Basil declared it immaculate; and lastly, in 1655, Alexander VII. peremptorily determined it to be so. Paul V. had been pressed to make it an article of faith; but he had been so mortified with the event of his rupture with and interdict of the Venetians, that he would not venture occasioning a new schism. He contented himself to forbid the contrary to be taught publicly. *Vide Voltaire's Univ. Hist.* vol. iv. 222.

About the year 1670, the Spanish Jesuits prevailed on Charles II. * to request from the court of Rome that a definition might be made of the immaculate conception; and the famous cardinal Nidhard, who had been prime minister to the queen regent, and was then in honourable banishment as ambassador to Clement IX. was ordered to write for the question; which he did, and pretended to prove that the immaculate conception was morally, physically, metaphysically, and infallibly certain. The court of Rome gave a bull that was rather favourable to the Dominicans. *Vide Bayle in artic. Nidhard; and for a more particular account, the article of Mill in the General Dictionary, vol. vii. page 559, and Geddes's Tracts, vol. iii. page 113, 189.* Montfaucon relates, that when he visited Italy, signor Belcredi of Pavia had a li-

* Bishop Burnet says that, when that prince, Charles II. called the duke of Anjou to the Spanish succession, among other penalties he enjoined, that his successor should forfeit the crown if he did not maintain the immaculate conception of the virgin. Vol. ii. 251.

brary full of books in behalf of the immaculate conception, most of them written by Franciscans. *Diar. Ital. qu.* p. 26. In the year 1678, Innocent XI. suppressed the missal or office of the immaculate conception of the virgin. In Spain, they write under all her pictures, concebida sin peccado originale. In Luffan's Hist. of Charles VI. it is said, page 173, vol. ii. that the Dominicans, in the year 1388, made a fund of 120,000 crowns (a vast sum at that time) to carry on their cause against the immaculate conception*.

In this picture, which is by Guido in his brightest manner, and perfectly preserved, there are six old men as large as life. The expression, drawing, design, and colouring, wonderfully fine. In the clouds is a beautiful virgin all in white, and before her a sweet little angel flying. Eight feet eleven inches high, by six feet wide. After sir Robert had bought this picture, and it was gone to Civita Vecchia to be shipped for England, Innocent XIII. then pope, remanded it back, as being too fine to be let go out of Rome; but on hearing who had bought it, he gave permission for its being sent away again. It was in the collection of the marquis Angeli, and was engraved by Giacomo Freii.

Over the other chimney, The prodigal son, by Salvator Rosa. This fine picture was brought out of Italy by sir Robert Geare †, and carried back by him when he went to live there. On his death it was sent back to England to be sold. Eight feet three inches high, by six feet five and a half wide.

Meleager and Atalanta, a cartoon, by Rubens, larger than life; brought out of Flanders by general Wade: it being designed for tapestry, all the weapons are in the left hand of the figures. Ten feet seven inches high, by twenty feet nine and a half wide. For the story see Ovid's Metamorphoses, lib. 3. When general Wade built his house in Burlington-garden, lord Bur-

* There is a passage in Rabelais, book 1st, chap. 7, which evidently alludes to this controversy, where he says that Scotus's opinion was reckoned heretical, who affirmed that Gargantua's own mother gave him suck, and could draw out of her breasts at one time 1402 pipes and nine pails of milk. The Jacobins, who were always unpopular for denying the immaculate conception, got a triumph in the 15th cen-

tury, by a Cordelier's maintaining that during the three days of Christ's interment the hypostatic union was dissolved: this drew great odium on the Cordeliers. *Vide Hume's Dissertation on religion*, page 48.

† This gentleman, I suppose, had a collection: a picture of Michael Angelo delle battaglie at Wilton is said to have cost 300 pistoles. See *Kennedy's Account of Wilton*, p. 70.

ington gave the design for it. The only direction the general gave was, that there might be a particular place for this picture; but when the great room was finished, there were so many ornaments and corresponding doors, that there was no room for the picture; and the general, not knowing what to do with it, sold it to sir Robert Walpole.

Four markets, by Snyders; one of fowl, and another of fish, another of fruit, and the fourth of herbs. There are two more of them at Munich, a horse and a flesh market; each six feet nine inches and a half high, by eleven feet one and a half wide. Mr. Pelham has four markets by Snyders like these, which he bought at marshal Wade's sale, the figures by Long John.

Marcus Curtius leaping into the gulph: an exceeding fine picture, by Mola. There are multitudes of figures, fine attitudes, and great expressions of passion. To ornament the distant prospect, he has committed some anachronisms, by placing among the buildings an amphitheatre, which were of far later invention, and the Pantheon with the portico of Agrippa. Now Pompey was the first that made a lasting theatre; before him they were temporary, and often destroyed by public authority. Statilius Taurus built the first amphitheatre in the fourth consulship of Augustus. This action of Curtius happened in the year 391 U. C. and the portico was built by Agrippa (who died 741 U. C.) in his third consulship, as appears by the inscription still remaining: M. Agrippa. L. F. Cos. III. fecit. The story of this exploit is thus told by Livy: "Eodem anno (scil. U. C. 391.) seu motu terræ, seu quâ vi aliâ, forum medium ferme specu vasto collapsum in immensam altitudinem dicitur: neque eam voraginem conjectu terræ, quam pro se quisque gereret, expleri potuisse, prius quam deûm monitu quæri cœptum, quo plurimum P. R. posset. Id enim illi loco dicandum vates canebant, si rempublicam Romanam perpetuam esse vellent. Cum Marcum Curtium juvenem bello egregium, castigasse ferunt dubitantes, an ullum magis Romanum bonum, quam arma virtusque esset. Silentio facto, templa deorum immortalium, quæ foro imminent, capitoliumque intuentem, et manus nunc in cœlum, nunc in patentes terræ hiatus, ad Deos Manes porrigentem se devovisse: equo deinde quam poterat maxime exornato insidentem, armatum se in specum immisisse, donaque ac fruges super eum à multitudine virorum ac mulierum congestas: lacumque Curtium non ab antiquo illo T. Tatii milite Curtio Metio, sed ab hoc appellatum." *Lib. vii. cap. 6.* This picture is six feet four inches

inches and a half high, by eleven feet four inches and a quarter wide ; and, with the next, belonged to Gibbons the carver.

Horatius Cocles defending the bridge. Its companion. Thus described by Livy, lib. ii. cap. x. "Quum hostes adessent, pro se quisque in urbem ex agris demigrant: urbem ipsam sepiunt præfidiis: alia muris, alia Tiberi objecto videbantur tuta: pons sublicius iter pæne hostibus dedit; ni unus vir fuisset, Horatius Cocles (id munimentum illo die fortuna urbis Romanæ habuit), qui positus forte in statione pontis, quum captum repentino impetu janiculum, atq; inde citatos decurrere hostes vidisset; trepidamque turbam suorum arma ordinemq; relinquere, reprehensans singulos, obsistens, obtestansq; deum & hominum fidem, testabatur: *nequicquam deserto præsidio eos fugere, si transitum pontem à tergo reliquissent: jam plus hostium in palatio Capitolioque, quam in Janiculo fore.* Itaque monere, præcipere, ut pontem ferro, igni, quacunque vi possent, interrumpant: se impetum hostium, quantum corpore uno posset obsisti, excepturum. Vadit inde in primum aditum pontis: insignisq; inter conspecta cedentium pugnae terga, obversis cominus ad ineundum prælium armis, ipso miraculo audaciæ obstupescit hostes: duos tamen cum eo pudor tenuit, Sp. Larcium ac T. Herminium, ambos claros genere factisque: cum his primam periculi procellam, & quod tumultuosissimum pugnae erat, parumper sustinuit, deinde eos quoque ipsos exigua parte pontis relicta, revocantibus qui rescindebant, cedere in tutum coegit. Circumferens inde truces minaciter oculos ad proceres Etruscorum: nunc singulos provocare: nunc increpare omnes: *servitia regum superborum, suæ libertatis immemores, alienam oppugnatum venire.* Cunctati aliquamdiu sunt, dum alius alium, ut prælium incipiant, circumspectant: pudor deinde commovit aciem, & clamore sublato undiq; in unum hostem tela conjiciunt: quæ quum in objecto cuncta scuto hæssissent, neque ille minus obstinatus ingenti pontem obtineret gradu: jam impetu conabantur detrudere virum, quum simul fragor rupti pontis, simul clamor Romanorum alacritate perfecti operis sublatus, pavore subito impetum sustinuit. Tum Cocles, *Tiberine pater, inquit, te sancte precor, hæc arma & hunc militem propitio flumine accipias:* ita sic armatus in Tiberim defluit: multisque super incidentibus telis incolumis ad suos tranavit, rem ausus plus famæ habituram ad posteros, quam fidei. Grata erga tantam virtutem civitas fuit: statua in comitio posita: agri quantum uno die circumaravit, datum, privata quoque inter publicos honores studia eminebant: nam in magna inopia pro domesticis copiis unusquisque ei aliquid, fraudans se ipse victu suo, contulit."

A lions

A lioness and two lions, by Rubens*. Nothing can be livelier, or in a greater style, than the attitude of the lioness. Five feet six inches high, by eight feet wide.

Architecture. It is a kind of a street with various marble palaces in perspective, like the Strada Nuova at Genoa: the buildings and bas-reliefs are extremely fine; the latter especially are so like the hand of Polydore, that I should rather think that this picture is by this master, than by Julio Romano, whose it is called. There are some figures, but very poor ones, and undoubtedly not by the same hand as the rest of the picture: there is an officer kneeling by a woman, who shows the virgin and child in the clouds sitting under a rainbow.

About the year 1525, Julio Romano made designs for Aretine's Putana errante, which were engraved by Marc Antonio, for which the latter was put in prison, and Julio fled to Mantua. Two years after Rome was sacked by Charles V. who made public processions and prayers for the delivery of the pope [Clement VII.] whom he kept in prison: it is supposed the figure kneeling in this picture is Charles V. who is prompted by Religion to ask pardon of the virgin (above in the clouds) for having so ill treated the pope: the figure sitting on the steps is certainly Aretine, and the man in prison in the corner Marc Antonio. *Vide Bayle in artic. Aretine.* This picture was a present to lord Orford, from general Charles Churchill. Five feet six inches three quarters high, by six feet eleven wide.

An old woman sitting in a chair, a portrait three quarters, by Rubens, bought at Mr. Scawen's sale.

An old woman reading; an extremely fine portrait, by Boll, bought at the duke of Portland's sale, when he went governor to Jamaica.

* When Tomo Chachi, the Indian king, and his company were in England, about the year 1736, they were extremely surprised at the lions in the Tower, animals they had never seen: it was said in the public papers that they were frightened; which being told to Tomo Chachi, he replied, that He who had ventured himself into so strange and distant a country at his great age, could not easily be afraid of any thing. Afterwards seeing this picture at sir Robert Walpole's in Downing-street, he said he was still more surprised that any man could draw those beasts so well; and begged a copy, which was painted for him by Varelst.

Cupid

Cupid burning armour, by Elisabetta Sirani, Guido's favourite scholar. Two feet one inch and a half high, by two feet seven and a half wide.

The holy family, a groupe of heads, by Camillo Procaccino. One foot nine inches high, by two feet three and three quarters wide.

An usurer and his wife, by Quintin Matsis, the blacksmith of Antwerp. This picture is finished with the greatest labour and exactness imaginable, and was painted for a family in France; it differs very little from one at Windsor, which he did for Charles the first. Two feet eight inches and a half high, by one foot ten and three quarters wide. There is a copy of this picture at Hinchinbrook, and another at Boughton.

Job's friends bringing him presents; a fine picture by Guido, which he has executed in large, and in his brightest manner, in the church of the Mendicants at Bologna: this is dark, but there is most masterly skill in the naked, and in the disposition of the figures. Three feet one inch high, by two feet four and a half wide.

Europa, a fine landscape, by Paul Brill; the figures by Dominichini. Two feet five inches high, by three feet five and three quarters wide.

Africa; its companion. These two came out of the numerous collection of the countess de la Verrue at Paris.

Dives and Lazarus, by Paul Veronese. There are few of him better than this; the building is particularly good. Two feet seven and a half high, by three feet five wide. It belonged to monsieur de Morville, secretary of state in France.

The exposition of Cyrus, by Castiglione; a very capital picture of this master. The subject is taken from Justin, lib. i. cap. 4. "Pastori regii pecoris puerum exponendum tradit. Ejus uxor audita regii infantis expositione, summis precibus rogat sibi afferri ostendique puerum. Cujus precibus fatigatus pastor, reversus in silvam, invenit juxta infantem canem foeminam, parvulo ubera præstantem, & à feris alitibusque defendentem." Two feet four inches and a half high, by three feet six and a quarter wide.

Its

Its companion. The subject, which seems at first to be the story of Orpheus, but certainly is not, from the principal figure being thrown into the distant landscape, was guessed by lord Orford to be taken from this stanza of the 19th ode, lib. ii. of Horace :

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (credite posteris) ;
Nymphasque discentes, & aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

The adoration of the shepherds, by old Palma, from the collection of monsieur de la Vrilliere, secretary of state in France. Two feet six inches high, by three feet ten wide.

The holy family, by ditto. Two feet seven inches and a half high, by four feet five wide : from Mr. Flinck's collection.

A fine moon-light landscape with a cart overturning, by Rubens. Two feet ten inches high, by four feet one wide. It was lord Cadogan's, and has been engraved.

A nymph and shepherd, by Carlo Cignani. Three feet four inches high, by four feet one and a half wide. Mr. Charles Stanhope had another of the same design, but much darker.

Two women, an emblematical picture, by Paris Bourdon. Three feet six inches high, by four feet two wide : from Mr. Flinck's collection.

Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar, by Pietro Cortona. The Great Duke has a small sketch of this, but reversed, and with the Sarah and other figures at a distance. The Hagar is much fairer than in this. Six feet ten inches high, by six feet one wide.

Abraham's sacrifice, by Rembrandt. Abraham's head, and the naked body of Isaac, are very fine ; the painter has avoided much of the horror of the story, by making Abraham cover the boy's face, to hide the horror from himself. Six feet three inches high, by four feet three and three quarters wide.

The old man and his sons with the bundle of sticks, by Salvator Rosa, in his fine taste. Six feet high, by four feet two and a half wide.

The adoration of the shepherds, octagon, a most perfect and capital picture of Guido, not inferior to The doctors: the beauty of the virgin, the delicacy of her and the child (which is the same as in the Simeon's arms in the salon), the awe of the shepherds, and the chiaro-oscuro of the whole picture, which is in the finest preservation, are all incomparable; you see the shepherds ready to cry out to one another, Deus! Deus ille, Menalca! There is one of this same design in the church of the Chartreuse at Naples, large as life, oblong, with many more figures, but unfinished. This belonged to monsieur de la Vrilliere. Three feet three inches and a half every way. There is a fine print of it.

The continence of Scipio, by Nicolo Pouffin; painted with all the purity and propriety of an ancient bas-relief. The story is told by Livy, lib. xxvi. cap. 50. "Captiva deinde à militibus adducitur ad eum adulta virgo, adeo eximia forma, ut, quacunq[ue] incedebat, converteret omnium oculus. Scipio, percunctatus patriam parentesque, inter cætera accepit, *desponsatam eam principi Celtiberorum adolescenti, cui Allucio nomen erat.* Extemplo igitur parentibus sponsoque ab domo accitis, quum interim audiret deperire eum sponsæ amore; ubi primum venit, accuratiore eum sermone quam parentes alloquitur. *Juvenis, inquit, juvenem appello: quo minus sit inter nos hujus sermonis verecundia. Ego, quum sponsa tua capta à militibus nostris ad me deducta esset, audiremque eam tibi cordi esse, & forma faceret fidem; quia ipse, si frui liceret ludo ætatis (præsertim recto & legitimo amore) & non Respublica animum nostrum occupasset, veniam mihi dari sponsum impensius amanti vellem: tuo, cujus possum, amori faveo. Fuit sponsa tua apud me eadem quâ apud soceros tuos parentesque suos verecundiâ: servata tibi est, ut inviolatum & dignum me teque dari tibi donum posset. Hanc mercedem unam pro eo munere paciscor, amicus populo Romano sis: & si me virum bonum credis esse, quales patrem patruumque meum jam ante hæ gentes norant, scias multos nostri similes in civitate Romana esse: nec ullum in terris populum hodie dici posse, quem minus tibi hostem tuisque esse velis, aut amicum malis.* Quum adolescens, simul pudore gaudioque perfusus, dextram Scipionis tenens, *Deos omnes invocaret ad gratiam*

gratiam illi pro se referendam : quoniam sibi nequaquam satis facultatis pro suo animo, atque illius erga se merito, esset. Parentes inde cognatique virginis appellati. Qui, quoniam gratis sibi redderetur virgo, ad quam redimendam satis magnum attulissent auri pondus, orare Scipionem, ut id ab se donum acciperet, coeperunt : haud minorem ejus rei apud se gratiam futuram esse affirmantes, quam redditæ inviolatæ foret virginis. Scipio, quando tanto opere peterent, accepturum se pollicitus, poni ante pedes jussit : vocatoque ad se Allucio : Super dotem, inquit, quam accepturus à socero es, hæc tibi à me dotalia dona accedent—aurumque tollere, ac sibi habere jussit. His lætus donis honoribusque dimissus domum, implevit populares laudibus & meritis Scipionis : Venisse Diis simillimum juvenem, vincentem omnia quum armis tum benignitate ac beneficiis."

When thus the virtuous consul had decreed,
A captive virgin to his tent they lead :
In her each motion shin'd attractive grace,
And beauty's fairest features form'd her face.
A Celtiberian prince her destin'd spouse ;
But, more than int'rest, love had bound their vows—
Allucius was his name. When Scipio heard
How fond the youth, how for his bride he fear'd ;
He summons to his tribune all her friends :
Allucius in that number chief attends.
To him the consul most address'd his word,
To him, her anxious lover and her lord.
" A youth myself, to thee a youth I call,
Lest distant awe thy freer speech appall.
When to my tent this beauteous maid was brought,
When of your mutual passion I was taught,
And soon her charms confirm'd the story true,
(For Scipio's self could idolize like you)
Durst I indulge the character of age,
And in a youthful, lawful love engage ;
Did not the commonwealth enjoy me whole,
And all majestic Rome possess my soul ;
Oh ! I could love like thee ; like thee could pine ;
Like thee could—but, Allucius, she is thine !

Inviolatè have I preserv'd the maid;
 Not purer in her native courts she stay'd:
 Pure, as becomes a Roman chief to give;
 Pure, as becomes thy passion to receive.
 The sole return for this fair boon I ask;
 To live a friend to Rome be all thy task:
 And if in me some virtue you have known,
 As other Scipios in this realm have shown;
 Think many such spring from her glorious womb,
 And learn to love the virtuous sons of Rome."

This picture belonged to monsieur de Morville, and is three feet eight inches and three quarters high, by five feet two wide.

Moses striking the rock, by Nicolo Pouffin. There is a great fault in it; Moses is by no means the principal figure, nor is he striking the rock angrily, and with a great air, but seems rather scraping out the water. The thirst in all the figures, the piety in the young man lifting his father to the stream, and the devotion in others, are extremely fine. It was painted for Stella, and bought in the beginning of the last war between France and the emperor Charles VI. of a French nobleman, who declared he sold it to pay for his campaign equipage. Three feet eleven inches and a half high, by six feet three and a half wide. It has been engraved.

The placing Christ in the sepulchre, over the door, by Ludovico Caracci. Six feet three inches high, by five feet one wide.

Moses in the bulrushes, by Le Sœur; a present to lord Orford from the duke of Montagu. Seven feet one inch high, by four feet eight and a half wide. There is a print of it.

The adoration of the Magi, by Carlo Maratti. He has painted another of them in the church of the Venetian St. Mark at Rome. Six feet eleven inches high, by four feet four wide.

Cows and sheep, by Teniers, in his best manner; one foot eleven inches high, by two feet nine wide.

A landscape

A landscape with a cascade and sheep; a very fine picture, by Gaspar Pouffin. It was bought at the late earl of Halifax's sale. One foot eleven inches high, by two feet nine wide. Pond published a print of it.

The last supper, by Raphael. It was in the Arundel collection, and is mentioned in the catalogue of those pictures; from thence it came into the possession of the earl of Yarmouth, and from him to sir John Holland, of whom lord Orford bought it. It is in fine preservation. One foot eight inches high, by two feet eight and a half wide. There are various prints from it.

Solomon's idolatry, by Stella. It is painted on black and gold marble, which is left untouched in many places for the ground. There are many figures finely finished, and several beautiful airs of women's heads. One foot ten inches high, by two feet five and a quarter wide.

A sea-port; a fine picture of Claude Lorrain. There is a bright sun playing on the water, and the whole shine of the picture is in his very best manner. It belonged to monsieur Morville. Three feet one inch and a quarter high, by four feet two and a half wide.

A calm sea, ditto. A most pleasing and agreeable picture. There are two figures on the fore-ground. Apollo and the Sibyl; she is taking up a handful of sand, for every grain of which she was to live a year. Apollo granted her this boon as the price of her person, which afterwards she refused him. The promontory is designed for Cumæ, the residence of the Sibyl. Among the buildings are the ruins of the castellum aquæ Martiæ, with the trophies of Marius, which are now placed in the capitol; the remains of the building itself stand near the Coliseum. Three feet two inches and three quarters high, by four feet one wide.

Two landscapes, by Gaspar Pouffin, in his dark manner. That at the upper end of the gallery is fine. These two and the latter Claude were in the collection of the marquis of Mari. Mr. Edwin, of whom these were purchased, had two more; the prince of Wales bought the fine one of Jonah in the storm, the only sea-piece, I believe, of that hand. Three feet three inches and a quarter high, by four feet five and a quarter wide each.

The Joconda, a smith's * wife, reckoned the handsomest woman of her time; she was mistress to Francis I. king of France. By Leonardo da Vinci. She would often sit half-naked, with music, for several hours together, to be drawn by him. Mr. Richardson had another of them. This was monsieur de Morville's. Two feet nine inches high, by two feet and a quarter wide.

Apollo, by Cantarini, a cotemporary of Guido, whose manner he imitated. Two feet seven inches high, by two feet and a quarter wide.

The holy family, with angels, by Valerio Castelli, who studied Vandyck. Two feet five inches high, by one foot eleven and a half wide.

The eagle and Ganymede, by Michael Angelo Buonarotti; a subject he has often repeated, but with alterations. The king has one larger, and the queen of Hungary another, printed in Teniers's gallery: there is another in the Altieri palace at Rome. Two feet eleven inches high, by one foot eleven wide. There is a print of it.

Ætherias Aquila puerum portante per auras,
Illæsum timidis unguibus hæsit onus. MART. lib. i. ep. 7.

The virgin and child, a most beautiful, bright, and capital picture, by Dominichino. Bought out of the Zambeccari palace at Bologna, by Horace Walpole, junior. Two feet four inches high, by one foot eleven and a half wide.

The salutation, a fine finished picture, by Albano. The angels are much the same with those in the great picture by this master in the salon. Two feet high, by one foot six inches and a half wide.

* Mezeray calls her La Ferroniere, and says, who never recovered it. The same story is told her husband being enraged at the king's taking of lord Southesk and king James II. when duke her, caught on purpose a very violent distemper, of York. which he communicated through her to the king,

A
S E R M O N
O N
P A I N T I N G.

PREACHED BEFORE

The EARL of ORFORD, at Houghton, 1742.

PSALM CXV. VERSE 5.

*They have Mouths, but they speak not : Eyes have they, but they see not :
neither is there any Breath in their Nostrils.*

THESE words, with which the royal prophet lashes the insensibility of the gods of Paganism, are so descriptive of modern idolatry, that, though so frequently applied, they still retain all the force of their first severity. I do not design to run into the parallel of ancient and modern superstition, but shall only observe with concern, that the same arguments which at last exploded and defeated the heathenism of the Gentiles, have not yet been able to conquer the more obstinate idolatry of Christians. The blind, the misled Pagans bowed and adored the first ray of truth that broke in upon them : but we have eyes, and will not see !

I must

I must remark to you, that the words in the text, though spoken of images, which were more particularly the gods of the ancients, are equally referable to the pictures of the Romish church, and to them I shall chiefly confine this discourse.

Indeed, so gross is the error of adoring the works of the creature, that the folly seems almost greater than the sin; seems rather to demand pity, than provoke indignation! They would worship! they bow to a shadow!—They would adore the incomprehensible God! but they revere the faint produce of their own idea! Instead of him who is the eye of the universal world; who speaks through all nature, who breathes life into every being; instead of him, they adore shadows, that have eyes, but see not; mouths, but speak not; neither is there any breath in their nostrils. These are thy gods, O Rome!

It has been observed, that the evil principle has with the most refined policy always chosen to spread his law under the covert of the true one; and has never more successfully propagated sin, than when introduced under the veil of piety. In the present case, has he not deluded men into idolatry by passing it on the world for religion? He preached up adoration of the godhead, but taught them to worship the copy for the original. Nay, what might have tended to heighten their devotion he perverted to the means of their destruction. Painting in itself is innocent; no art, no science can be criminal; it is the misapplication that must constitute the sin. Can it be wrong, to imitate or work after the works of the divinity, as far as man can copy the touches of the great artificer? It is when with impious eyes we look on the human performance as divine; when we call our own trifling imitations of the deity, inimitable gods: it is then we sin: this is vanity! this is idolatry! Would we with other eyes regard these efforts of art, how conducive to religion! What subjects for devout meditation! How great that Being, that could give to his productions the power even to work after his almighty hand, to draw after his heavenly designs! Could we so inform our labours, our creations, then were idolatry more excusable; then might the vessel say to the potter, *How hast thou made me thus?*

And

And here I cannot but reflect on that infinite goodness, whose thought for our amusement and employment is scarce less admirable than his care for our being and preservation. Not to mention the various arts which he has planted in the heart of man, to be elaborated by study, and struck out by application; I will only mention this one of Painting. Himself from the dust could call forth this glorious scene of worlds; this expanse of azure heavens and golden suns; these beautiful landscapes of hill and dale, of forest and of mountain, of river and of ocean! From nothing he could build this goodly frame of man, and animate his universal picture with images of himself.—To us, not endowed with omnipotence, nor masters of creation, he has taught with formless masses of colours and diversifications of light and shade to call forth little worlds from the blank canvass, and to people our mimic landscapes with almost living inhabitants; figures, who, though they see not, yet have eyes; and have mouths that scarce want speech. Indeed, so great is the perfection to which he hath permitted us to arrive, that one is less amazed at the poor vulgar who adore what seems to surpass the genius of human nature; and almost excuse the credulity of the populace, who see miracles made obvious to their senses by the hand of a Raphael or a Guido. Can we wonder at a poor illiterate creature's giving faith to any legend in the life of the Romish virgin, who sees even the doctors of the * church disputing with such energy on the marvellous circumstances ascribed to her by the catholics? He must be endowed with a courage, a strength of reasoning above the common standard, who can reject fables when the sword enforces, and the pencil almost authenticates, the belief of them. Not only birds have pecked at painted fruit, and horses neighed at the coloured female: Apelles himself, the prince of the art, was deceived by one of its performances.—No wonder then the ignorant should adore, when even the master himself could be cheated by a resemblance.

When I thus soften the crime of the deceived, I would be understood to double the charge on the real criminal; on those ministers of idolatry, who, calling themselves servants of the living God, transfer his service to inanimate images. Instead of pointing out his attributes in those objects that might

* See the picture by Guido, in the gallery.

make religion more familiar to the common conceptions, they enshrine the frail works of mortality, and burn incense to canvases and oil.

Where is the good priest, where the true charitable Levite, to point out the creator in the works of the creature? to aid the doubting, to strengthen the weak, to imprint the eternal idea on the frail understanding? Let him lead the poor unpractised soul through the paths of religion, and by familiar images mould his ductile imagination to a knowledge of his maker. Then were painting united with devotion, and ransomed from idolatry; and the blended labours of the preacher and the painter might tend to the glory of God: then were each picture a sermon, each pencil *the pen of a heavenly writer*.

Let him say, Thus humble, thus resigned, looked the * son of God, when he deigned to receive baptism from the hand of man; while ministering angels with holy awe beheld the wondrous office.

Thus chastely beauteous, in such meek majesty, shone the † mother of God! Thus highly favoured among women was the handmaid of the Lord! Here behold the heavenly love of the holy family! the tender care, the innocent smiles, the devout contemplation! Behold inspired ‡ shepherds bowing before the heavenly babe, and the holy mother herself adoring the fruit of her womb! whilst good § Simeon in raptures of devotion pronounces the blessings of that miraculous birth!

Then let him turn his eyes to sadder || scenes! to affliction! to death! Let him behold what his God endured for his sake! behold the pale, the wounded body of his saviour; wasted with fasting; livid from the cross! See the suffering parent swooning; and all the passions expressed which she must have felt at that melancholy instant! Each touch of the pencil is a lesson of contrition, each figure an apostle to call you to repentance.

* See the picture by Albano, in the salon.

Guido, in the gallery.

† Several pictures of Madonnas, particularly in the Carlo Marat room, and holy families.

§ Simeon and the child, by Guido, in the salon.

‡ The octagon picture of The adoration, by

|| See the picture of Christ laid in the sepulchre, by Parmegiano, in the cabinet.

This leads me to consider the advantages of Painting over a sister art, which has rather been allotted the preference, I mean Poetry. The power of words, the harmony of numbers, the expression of thoughts, have raised poetry to a higher station than the mute picture can seem to aspire to. But yet the poem is almost confined to the nation where it was written: however strong its images, or bold its invention, they lose their force when they pass their own confines; or not understood, they are of no value; or if translated, grow flat and untasted. But Painting is a language every eye can read: the pictured passions speak the tongue of every country.

The continence of * Scipio shines with all its lustre, when told by the hand of a Poussin; while all the imagination of the poet, or eloquence of the historian, can cast no beauty on the virtuous act, in the eye of an illiterate reader.

When such benefits flow from this glorious art, how impious is it to corrupt its uses, and to employ the noblest science to the mercenary purposes of priestly ambition! to lend all the brightness with which the master's hand could adorn virtue, to deck the persecuting, the barbarous, the wicked head of a fainted inquisitor, a gloomy visionary, or an imaginary hermit! Yet such are deified, such are shrouded in clouds of glory, and exposed for adoration, with all the force of study and colours! How often has a consecrated glutton, or noted concubine, been dressed in all the attributes of divinity, as the lewdness or impiety of the painter or pontiff has influenced the picture!—The pontiffs! those gods on earth! those vicegerents of heaven! whose riches, whose vices, nay, whose infirmities and near approach to the grave have perhaps raised them to the † seat of infallibility; soon proved how frail, how mortal, when the only immortality they can hope, is from the masterly pencil of some inestimable painter!

This is indeed not one of the least merits of this, I may say, heavenly art—its power to preserve the form of a departed friend, or dear relation dead! to show how severely just looked the good legislator! how awfully serene

* See the picture on this subject in the gallery.

† See the picture of pope Clement IX. in the Carlo Marat room.

the humane, the true patriot! It shows us with what fire, what love of mankind, WILLIAM flew to save religion and liberty! It expresses how honest, how benign the line of HANOVER*! It helps our gratitude to consecrate their memory; and should aid our devotion to praise the almighty goodness, who by those his instruments has preserved his people Israel!

When we can draw such advantages from the productions of this art, and can collect such subjects for meditation from the furniture of palaces, need we fly to deserts for contemplation, or to forests to avoid sin? Here are stronger lectures of piety, more admonitions to repentance. Nor is he virtuous who shuns the † danger, but who conquers in the contest. He is the true philosopher, who can turn from three the brightest forms that paganism or painting could ascribe to ideal goddesses; and can prefer the penitent, the contrite soul of the ‡ Magdalene, whose big-swollen eye and disheveled hair speak the anguish of her conscience; her costly offering and humble embraces of her saviour's feet, the fervency of her love and devotion. Who can see this without repentance? who view the haughty worldly pharisee, without abhorrence and indignation?

Sights like these must move, where the preacher fails; for each picture is but scripture realized; and each piece a comment on the history; they are explications of parables, that seeing *ye may see and understand*. The painter but executes pictures which the saviour himself designed. He drew in all the colours of divine oratory the rich, the pampered nobleman, swelling in purple and fine linen, and sumptuously banqueting his riotous companions: he drew poor anguished § Lazarus, sighing without the proud portal for the very crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, while the dogs came and licked his sores! Who can hear this description without sentiments of compassion, or emotions of anger? Who can see it represented, without blaming the one, or shedding a charitable tear for the other?—Who can—is as the idol that has *a mouth but speaks not, and eyes that cannot see*.

* See the portraits of king William III. and King George I. by sir Godfrey Kneller, in the parlour.

† See the picture of Christ at the house of Simon the pharisee, by Rubens, in the salon.

‡ See The judgment of Paris, by Carlo Marat and by Luca Jordano, in the yellow drawing-room.

§ See the picture of Dives and Lazarus, by Paul Veronese, in the gallery.

Again,

Again, behold the divine master sketching out new groupes of figures, which every day compose pictures of sin, of folly and repentance! Hear him paint the luxurious* prodigal, given up to riot and debauchery; hear him draw the consequential ills, the miseries, the want, that tread hard upon his profusion and excess. See that prodigal, half naked, half in rags, uncouth and foul, kneeling among swine, and cursing the vices that drew on him such extremity of distress.—With him let us arise and say, *I will go to my father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!* That father will hear, will not turn from the cry of the penitent: he is not like those idols that have ears and hear not.—Will the Romish saints do thus? Can their hallowed Madonnas thus incline to their supplications? Can those gaudy missionaries, whose consecrated portraits elbow the altars of the living God, can they cast their unseeing eyes on their prostrate votaries? Can their speechless mouths say, *I will, be thou clean?*—Alas! those saints which those worshipped pictures represent, may themselves want the very pardon which their deluded adorers so idolatrously demand of them. Thus, be it, as we affirm, that they worship them and their images; or, as they pretend, that they only pray to them to pray to God, how lamentable is their option! Either to adore idols instead of the divinity; or to beg their intercession who themselves want all the intercession of the Son of God.

One really knows not how to account for the prevalence of this sin. Men fly from God into all the various crimes which human nature is capable of committing; and when apprehensions of futurity, or decay of appetite, overtake them, instead of throwing themselves into the arms of eternal mercy or infinite goodness, they barter for pardon with impotent images, or perished mortals, who died with the repute of a few less sins than the rest of mankind!—But could these supposititious deities attend to their prayers—why should canvases or stone, why men who when living were subject to all the obduracy, ill-nature, and passions of humanity, why be supposed more capable of pity, more sensible of our sorrows, than the fountain of tenderness and compassion, who sacrificed his best-beloved for the sake of mankind? Or why prefer the purchase of pardon from interested mercenary saints, to

* See the picture on this story by Salvator Rosa, in the gallery.

the free forgiveness of him who delighteth not in burnt-offerings; who hath no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live?

Yet still this prodigality of devotion is the favourite, the fashionable religion! This builds those hospitals for droning monks; this raises those sumptuous temples, and decks their gorgeous altars. Misers*, who count farthings with such labour and exactness, with such careful minuteness, who would deny a mite to the fatherless and widow, here squander their precious treasures and darling exactions. View but the tabernacle of a saint in vogue! How offerings pour in! What riches are showered upon their altars! Not happy † Job, when relieved from his misfortunes, and replaced on the seat of felicity, saw such treasures, such oblations heaped on him by the bounty and munificence of his returning friends.

How great is one's surprise, on coming to enquire into the merits that are the foundation of this universal esteem! Perhaps a churlish recluseness; a bold opposition of lawful magistrates; a dogmatical defence of church-privileges; a self-tormenting spirit; or, worse, a spirit that has tormented others, under colour of eradicating heresies or propagating the faith, is the only certificate they can show for their titles to beatitude. No love of society; no public spirit; no heroic actions; are in the catalogue of their virtues. A morose Carthusian, or bloody Dominican, is invested with robes of glory, by authority of councils and consistories; while a ‡ Curtius or a Cocles is left to the chance of fame which a private pencil can bestow on him.

But it is not necessary to dive into profane history for examples of unregarded merit: the scriptures themselves contain instances of the greatest patriots, who lie neglected, while new-fashioned bigots or noisy incendiaries are the reigning objects of public veneration §. See the great Moses himself! the law-giver, the defender, the preserver of Israel! Peevish orators are

* See the picture of The usurers, by Quint. Matfis, in the gallery.

‡ See the two pictures on their stories, by Mola, in the gallery.

† See the picture on this subject, by Guido, in the gallery.

§ The allusion to lord Orford's life is carried on through this whole character.

more run after, and artful Jesuits more popular. Examine but the life of that flighted patriot: how boldly in his youth he undertook the cause of liberty! Unknown, without interest, he stood against the face of Pharaoh! He saved his countrymen from the hand of tyranny, and from the dominion of an idolatrous king: how patiently did he bear for a series of years the clamours and cabals of a factious people, wandering after strange lusts, and exasperated by ambitious ringleaders! How oft did he intercede for their pardon, when injured himself! How tenderly deny them specious favours, which he knew must turn to their own destruction! See him lead them through opposition, through plots, through enemies, to the enjoyment of peace, and to the possession of *a land flowing with milk and honey*! Or with more surprise see him in the * barren desert, where sands and wilds overspread the dreary scene, where no hopes of moisture, no prospect of undiscovered springs could flatter their parching thirst; see how with a miraculous hand

He struck the rock, and straight the waters flow'd †.

Whoever denies his praise to such evidence of merit, or with jealous look can scowl on such benefits, is like the senseless idol, that *has a mouth that speaks not, and eyes that cannot see*.

Now to God the father, &c.

* Alludes to the waters made at Houghton, and to the picture of Moses striking the rock, by Poussin, in the gallery.

† A line of Cowley.

F I N I S.

NATURE WILL PREVAIL:

A

MORAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN ONE ACT.

VOL. II.

P p

PERSONS.

PERSONS.

MEN.

CURRENT.
PADLOCK.

WOMEN.

ALMADINE, a Fairy.
FINETTE, a Country Girl.

NATURE WILL PREVAIL:

A

Moral Entertainment, in one Act.

SCENE, *a Desert Island.*

Enter CURRENT.

WHAT an unfortunate mortal am I! to have so many virtues and not a soul to communicate them to! I love to know, I love to impart all I know! Not the least mystery in my whole composition. Then my memory is as good as my heart; and though I remember every thing I hear, still I have no peace till I have made somebody else as wise as myself. Yet in this cursed desolate island all my curiosity; all my frankness are thrown away. I cannot find a creature but that morose animal Padlock, who, though I have told him all the secrets I ever heard in my life, has never imparted a tittle to me but which way the wind was; and that with as much circumspection as if he was afraid the wind should overhear him. We have no chance of escaping hence, and yet he will not own even what party he is of. I abused the Tories. He answered, they were very loyal gentlemen. I changed my battery, and railed at the Whigs. The Whigs, replied he, have the merit of bringing in the present royal family. Other people praise and abuse; Padlock has an excuse for every body; yet with so little warmth, that I can often perceive he is glad when I rail at them, but will not join in it, for fear we should ever return and I should betray him. We are shut up in a desert, and he is as cautious as if he were in the drawing-room. I long to tell him how frightened I was by a tiger this morning, but I know he would assure me he has known many a tiger with very sociable qualities—Well, I must acquaint him, however, for I have nobody else to tell it to.

P p 2.

Enter

Enter ALMADINE.

CURRENT.

Bless me, a woman! Well, now I shall have conversation enough—pray heaven she be no relation of Padlock!

ALMADINE.

Stranger, lay aside your fears—in me you behold—

CURRENT.

A woman, and a charming one.—My lovely madam, do you think I fear a handsome woman, with whom I am alone in a desert island, where there is no one human creature, but a fellow called Padlock—and who, between you and me, is the dullest fellow on this side of the Atlantic?

ALMADINE.

I know it; but I should be sorry he knew any thing of me. You will never behold me more, if you mention having seen me.

CURRENT.

Dear madam, I give you my honour it shall never go out of my lips but to Padlock. He is my friend, and I am bound in honour to keep no secrets from him.

ALMADINE.

Your life depends on your taciturnity.

CURRENT.

[*Aside.*] What signifies whether I burst, or die any other way? Pardon my curiosity, as my being it seems is at stake. How can my life depend on keeping your secret? How can you avoid Padlock's seeing you? Nay, has not he seen you? Perhaps you are a private friend that he keeps concealed in some cave—You may trust me, he shall never know I have found out his secret.

ALMADINE.

I cannot be sure of that. You seem so communicative, that, having no other confidant, I should not be surprised if you told him even that.

CURRENT.

CURRENT.

What then, you own I have guessed right? How kind to prefer me to him! Where is your retreat? I will come to you the moment he is gone to rest. One kiss first—

ALMADINE.

Rash mortal, forbear! Know, I am not of your species—

CURRENT.

My dear lady, you have lived in this damned island till you have forgot your own language—You mean, you are not of my sex.—I see it by that snowy bosom, and I flatter myself you are not sorry that we are of different species. Lord! what pleasure it will be to hear our children prattle!

ALMADINE.

Offend not the purity of supernatural organs by your licentious ideas—I tell you I am—

CURRENT.

A supernatural beauty, I allow; but your organs, I trust, are not over-natural.

ALMADINE.

Be dumb for a moment, if possible. I am a fairy,

CURRENT.

The devil you are! You are monstrously grown. I have always heard that fairies were not a thought taller than Lilliputians.

ALMADINE.

I am of a superior order. This island is under my patronage. I am sovereign of the western ocean. You and Padlock were both shipwrecked on this coast by my order. Your destiny is in my hands. You can never depart hence but by my permission: and I repeat it to you, your life will end the moment you reveal the inviolable secret of having seen me.

CURRENT.

What, not even to Padlock?

ALMADINE.

Above all men, not to him.

CURRENT.

Bring any other man hither, and I will not desire to tell Padlock; for, between you and me, he is the worst person upon earth for a confident.

ALMADINE.

What, is he as communicative as yourself?

CURRENT.

Oh, lord! for a fairy you are a woful gueffer! He communicative! Why, he would not tell if I bid him—nay, I don't think he would, even if I swore him to secrecy.

ALMADINE.

I find the trust I place in you, is in good hands—but you know the penalty. [*vanishes.*]

CURRENT, *alone.*

Stay, stay; where the devil is she? Madam fairy, lady patroness, what's your name, queen of the ocean—Zounds, she is gone.—Supernatural indeed! Not say I have seen you? 'Faith, I don't know whether I have or not. I had fifty questions to ask her—Seen her; seen whom? Whom can I say I have seen? A gentlewoman stalks in from behind a rock, acquaints a body with her supernaturality, which was not at all the thing I wanted with her, tells me I am a dead man if I mention having seen her, and whisk! she is out of sight, without even leaving me a card with her direction. Who the devil will believe me? Aye, and moreover she says she ordered me to be shipwrecked—Very kind, truly! I am certainly bound in honour to keep so obliging a secret.—And Padlock, too—she shipwrecked him likewise—Well, she did not bid me not to tell that. I may certainly acquaint him with what relates to himself—I will do it, thus: “A certain fairy, that shall be nameless—Don't, Padlock, don't press me—a lady's name, you know, must not be imparted to the nearest friend—nay, nor don't ask me how I came to know it; but be assured a certain fairy—not that I have seen her, I don't say I have; I cannot help what you may conjecture.”—Ay, that will do; I can never be struck dead for what he may guess—I hope he

I

will

will guess.—Guess! what can he guess? If I was to tell him ever so plainly, he would not believe me.—Padlock, with all his religion, I am convinced is an unbeliever—and therefore where can be the harm of telling him what he will think a lie?—Well, but suppose I tell him upon my honour I have not seen a woman these twelve hours—his suspicious nature will conclude by the abruptness of the assertion that I have seen one, and thus he will find out my secret while I endeavour to keep it from him. It shall be so.

ECHO. It shall be so.

CURRENT.

Ha! who was that? 'Faith, I believe it was an echo—What a fortunate discovery!—Egad, I'll tell Echo the secret; and if she tells Padlock, it is no fault of mine—If he is within a mile he shall know it—*[bawls very loud]* Padlock, Padlock, I have seen a— *[ALMADINE appears.]*—a tiger.

[She disappears.]

CURRENT.

A fairy, quotha! Why, she is an errant hocus pocus—It is good, however, to have presence of mind—I see I must be upon my guard—Now for telling my secret, without telling it—*[bawls]* Padlock, Padlock, don't believe I have just seen a fairy—

ECHO. Believe I have just seen a fairy.

CURRENT. *[ALMADINE appears.]*

Oh! oh! I am a dead man!

ALMADINE.

What were those sounds I heard? Is this your secrecy? Do you insult my power? Do you proclaim to the echos what I charged you never to utter?

CURRENT.

As I hope to be saved, your majesty, that Echo is a damned liar. She blunders like an Irish footman. I was but dictating a card to her to carry a stone's throw, and she forgot the first word of it.

ALMADINE.

A L M A D I N E.

As you have not totally disobeyed me, for the present your life is respited—but as you are in some degree guilty, you will ere long be deprived of faculties that are very dear to you.

C U R R E N T.

Lord, madam, which? which? If I must be deprived of some of my faculties, may I not at least choose which?

[ALMADINE *disappears.*]

ECHO. Choose which.

C U R R E N T.

Alack! alack! what shall I do? How can I choose? My poor dear faculties, which of you must I give up? My eyes, my ears, my tongue, my hands, my—Oh, it is impossible to resolve—Yes, yes, yes, I have it—I have an aversion to sorrow—Echo, take notice, I have made my option; I will give up my tears—

ECHO. Ears.

C U R R E N T.

Ha! my ears! No, no, thou abominable jesuitical quibbling prostitute! I did not say my ears—

ECHO. Ears.

C U R R E N T.

No, no; I tell you [*as loud as he can bawl*] my tears, my t, e, a, r, s.

ECHO. E, a, r, s.

Enter F I N E T T E.

Methought I heard a man's voice—I have not seen a human creature since I was in this dismal place.—There he is—Sure he will not hurt me—I have been told I am pretty, and that no man will hurt a pretty woman; I'll venture.—[*curtsies*]
—Good sir, have compassion on an innocent virgin—

CURRENT.

C U R R E N T.

She is a sweet creature—but why does not she speak? Her lips move, but no sound comes from them. Who are you, pretty maiden? Can you speak English?

F I N E T T E.

Yes, an' please you.

C U R R E N T.

Do you mock me, child? Are you a fairy too? Can't you articulate?

F I N E T T E.

I don't understand your honour.

C U R R E N T.

Child, I am not deaf; I don't comprehend the motion of the lips without sounds. Speak aloud, if you have a mind I should know what you mean. I am not used to talk in dumb show.

F I N E T T E.

What can he mean? Perhaps he is a little deafish—I'll speak louder. My name is Finette, your honour; my parents are poor, but very honest, I assure ye.

C U R R E N T.

This is certainly some trick of the fairy. Young woman, I'll kiss you till you find your voice—

F I N E T T E.

O dear, I hope your honour won't be rude—Indeed I will cry out.

C U R R E N T.

Very well; I have no objections to the conditions, if you have not—since kisses must do the business—*[offers to kiss her.]*

[FINETTE screams.]

Enter P A D L O C K.

What have we here? Current and a pretty wench! Very well, very well, Mr. Current, I wish you much joy!

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Qq

CURRENT.

CURRENT.

Oh, Padlock, I was trying to open this girl's lips; she does nothing but make mouths at me. Try if you can make her speak.

PADLOCK.

Very willingly, if I may make use of your method.

CURRENT.

What the devil, are you dumb too?—Have you learnt the silent language of this country? You was taciturn enough before.

PADLOCK.

I thought the language I found you practising was the tongue of every country.

CURRENT.

Ha, what, ha! Come, come, have done fooling. You don't want to be kissed too, I hope?

FINETTE, to PADLOCK.

Alas, sir, the poor gentleman is either deaf or mad. I have screamed as loud as I could.

PADLOCK.

Yes, in good truth, for I heard you to the bottom of the hill.

CURRENT.

They talk to one another—seem to understand one another—and yet I don't hear a word they say.—Lord, lord, lord, sure I am not deaf! Padlock, am I deaf?

PADLOCK.

You are not dumb, at least; your tongue runs as fast as ever.

CURRENT.

Now, for heaven's sake, Padlock, tell me, I conjure you; have you spoken aloud to me? Am I deaf? Or are you in a plot with this imp of the fairies to torment me?

PADLOCK.

The girl's in the right, he is certainly gone mad—he has talked himself out of his senses.

FINETTE.

FINETTE.

Indeed, your honour, I am afraid the poor gentleman's head is a little askew, as it were—pardon my boldness.

CURRENT.

What shall I do to know whether I am really deaf or not? Dear Padlock, sweet lass, bawl as loud as you can.

PADLOCK and FINETTE.

Do you hear me?

CURRENT.

Pho! you only gape.

PADLOCK.

I tell you, we roared.

FINETTE.

Yes, indeed did us.

CURRENT.

O lord, I don't hear a word they say.—I will go let off a pistol at my own ear. [Runs out.]

PADLOCK, FINETTE.

PADLOCK.

Well, pretty maiden, don't look after that fool—my friend, I mean. He is a little apt to be thick of hearing—he is quick at times.

FINETTE.

Indeed, your honour, his worship seems to be a very civil gentleman in the main.

PADLOCK.

Oh, he does, does he? And pray how long have his worship and you been acquainted?

FINETTE.

Oh, not the time of drawing a drap of small beer, indeed and indeed!

PADLOCK.

But what made you scream out so lustily?

Qq. 2

FINETTE.

F I N E T T E.

Oh,—stay ; yes, he trod upon my best gown.

P A D L O C K.

So you did not cry out because he kissed you?

F I N E T T E.

Yes ; no—yes, I might scream, but indeed I believe the gentleman meant matrimony. Don't all gentlemen that kiss poor girls, mean to make them their wives?

P A D L O C K.

Oh, yes, yes, some time or other. But are you poor ; very poor?

F I N E T T E.

Yes, an' please your honour ; and it would be an act of charity, if you would be so good as to give me away.

P A D L O C K.

Give you away ! To whom?

F I N E T T E.

To yon fine gentleman in the gay clothes that was here awhile ago.

P A D L O C K.

Why, sure you don't like that sot?—my friend, I mean. He is a very worthy man ; but he will never marry you without a portion. You shall marry me—and as there is no clergyman in the island, we may live as man and wife in the mean time ; and if ever we get back to England, or Scotland—

Enter C U R R E N T.

O lord ! Padlock, I am certainly deaf, stone-deaf ! I fired a pistol, and did not hear it—I bawled to the echo, I banged great stones against the anchor, and all in vain : nay, I don't hear my own voice—Do I speak ? I hope I am not dumb too.

P A D L O C K.

[*Aside.*] I wish you were. Egad, I will make him believe he is ; and then the double misfortune may make him drown himself. [*Shakes his head.*]

C U R R E N T.

CURRENT.

No, you don't say so! What, don't you hear me? [PADLOCK *shakes his head.*] Upon your honour! Oh, I shall go distracted—[*bawls very loud.*]—Don't you hear me yet? [PADLOCK *shakes his head.*] Oh, undone, undone, undone!—To have but three people in this world, and not be able to hear them, nor make them hear me!—And you, my angel, don't you hear me neither?

FINETTE.

Yes, indeed, your honour; and I never heard so fine a spoken gentleman in all my born days.

PADLOCK.

[*Aside.* The girl's a fool, and in love with him; but at least he does not hear her: I'll make him believe she does not distinguish a word he says.

[*Pushes her aside, points to her, and shakes his head, as if FINETTE did not hear CURRENT.*]

CURRENT.

Don't she, upon your soul?—Oh! what will become of me? I cannot even have the satisfaction of a dialogue with the echo.

FINETTE, *angrily*, to PADLOCK.

Don't impose upon the poor gentleman; you may be ashamed of yourself. [To CURRENT.] Sir, I do hear you: speak to me. [Very loud.]

PADLOCK.

O nature, nature, didst thou form fools only to baffle the cunning of wise men? Now will love teach this simple girl to defeat all my art!

[FINETTE *points to CURRENT'S mouth, then to her own ear, and then nods to him.*]

PADLOCK.

Ay, ay; see, I said it would be so. —Damn her, but I must have her—

CURRENT.

'Faith, I believe *she does* hear me.—My life, my angel, nod again if you hear me. [FINETTE *nods, and smiles upon him.*] Oh! transport! You have a devilish

a devilish pretty mouth, when you smile; but the quickness of your ears is ten times better still—And does Padlock hear me too? [FINETTE *nods.*] I thought so.—Now do I long to tell them both the secret—but if that cursed fairy is within reach, she may make them deaf to. Oh, but now I remember, she did not forbid my telling it to this girl—Lord, it is quite reviving to have somebody to tell a secret to.—Heark you, heark you, my dear; a word in your ear.

PADLOCK.

[*Afide.*] He is going to tell her something to my prejudice. I must prevent him.

[*Pulls FINETTE away, and makes professions to CURRENT, by laying his hand to his heart; and expressing concern for his deafness, by pointing to CURRENT's ears, and looking grieved.*]

FINETTE.

It is very unhandsome in you, Mr. Padlock, to interrupt lovers. The gentleman might be going to propose matrimony, for aught you know.

CURRENT.

Good Padlock, let us alone; I was going to tell her a secret, and I dare swear she will tell it you the moment my back is turned—I must go about a little business the moment I have whispered her, and will leave you alone.

PADLOCK.

[*Afide.*] Good! One fool at least counteracts another. We cunning people always succeed sooner or later. [*To FINETTE.*] Go, go and hear what the gentleman has to say to you. It is no business of mine.

FINETTE.

So I will, without your leave. One may whisper with one's sweetheart without offence, I hope. [CURRENT *whispers her.*] A fairy! Have you seen a fairy? Lord, you make me tremble all over.

PADLOCK.

[*Afide.*] What nonsense is the blockhead talking to her?

3

CURRENT.

CURRENT.

[*Aside.*] I hope she has told him. [*To her.*] Why, sure you have not divulged my secret? Padlock, you must not believe her. Where should I have seen a fairy? I do not say there are no such beings—nay, I know there are—Not that I say I ever saw one—I may, or I may not—

PADLOCK.

His brain is certainly cracked—

FINETTE.

For fertain, it is for love—And yet, Mr. Padlock, you will bear me witness I have not been cruel. Would it not be better, think you, if I made him signs that I will marry him?

PADLOCK.

Pray, my dear, what signs will you make him? [*Aside.*] As he is mad already, I don't know but matrimony may bring him to his senses.

FINETTE.

Oh, you shall see in a trice.

[*She takes a ring from CURRENT's finger, gives it him, and holds out her own finger; then pulls PADLOCK between them, takes out a prayer-book and turns to "Matrimony," shows it to CURRENT, and then gives the book to PADLOCK.*]

CURRENT.

What the devil is all this? Matrimony? What, child, have you a mind I should marry you? Nay, with all my heart—[*Aside.*] It is the best way of securing the only woman in the island to myself.—But, my angel, who is to give you away?

ALMADINE *appears.*

That shall be my office.

CURRENT.

Oh! ecstasy! at least I can hear fairies speak.

ALMADINE.

A L M A D I N E.

And every body else: your hearing is restored. Know, Current, and thou, Padlock, that a vain endeavour to correct nature has cured me of presumption; though I have not been able to amend the respective faults in each of you. I caused you all three to be transported hither to make the experiment. What has been the result? You, Padlock, in an uninhabited island, have not been able to divest yourself of caution, reserve, suspicion, cunning, self-interest and treachery. One man alone was your companion; it was out of his power to betray you; and yet you could not bring yourself to trust him: the first woman you saw, tempted you to betray him. Of what use has good sense been to you? It has only given edge to the badness of your heart. Go back to men; you are fit to live amongst them. You, Current, are more fool than knave; but you too are incorrigible. The threats of death, the loss of hearing, could not cure you of your loquacity. It would be hard to punish you for what you cannot help. This innocent pretty creature loves you sincerely, loves you honestly. I will see you married; you shall remain here with her for ever, and shall be as happy as your nature will suffer you to be. It is no more in my power to make you happier, than it was to make you better.

F I N E T T E.

Dear gracious, shall I live alone with this fine gentleman for ever?

C U R R E N T.

No, no; I hope her majesty will now and then have a fit of making experiments, and send us more company. Adieu! Padlock; be sure you put all that has happened to us into the newspapers.

A L M A D I N E.

That he will not. He does not like newspapers meddling with characters like his.

F I N I S.

THOUGHTS ON TRAGEDY:

IN THREE LETTERS

TO

ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.

LETTER I.

AFTER the very great and general applause given to Braganza, my admiration of it, sir, can be of little value, though very precious to me, as it has procured me so very obliging, and, forgive my saying, far too flattering, a mark of attention from you. The pleasure I once had of being acquainted with you naturally attracted my expectation from your play. It is but true to say, that it far exceeded it. I did not expect that a first production in a way in which I did not know you, would prove the work of a master-poet. Even on hearing the three first acts, I was struck, not only with the language, metaphors and similies, which are as new as noble and beautiful, but with the modulation of the numbers. Your ear, sir, is as perfect as your images, and no poet we have excels you in harmony. It enchanted me so much, that it had just the contrary effect from what it ought to have had; for, forgetting how bad a figure I should make by appearing in company with such verses, I could not refuse Mr. Tighe's request of writing an epilogue, though I never was a poet, and have done writing—but in excuse, I must say I complied, only because an epilogue was immediately wanted. You have by this time, I fear, sir, seen it in the newspapers: it was written in one evening; I knew it was not only bad, but most unworthy of such a play; and

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when I heard it spoken, though pronounced better than it deserved, I thought I never heard, to any play, a flatter epilogue. I beg your pardon, sir; I am ashamed of it—the prologue is really a very fine one—but you wanted no assistance, no props; the immense applause which you drew from the audience was owing to yourself alone. Mrs. Yates and Mr. Smith played well, not quite equally to their parts—Two other principal parts were so indifferently performed, that your own merit appeared the greater; and I will venture to say, that Braganza will always charm more when read, than when seen; for I doubt there never will be found a whole set of actors together, who can do it full justice. For my own part, though so discontent with my epilogue, I shall always be proud of having facilitated and hastened Braganza's appearance on the stage, by the zeal with which I solicited the licence, and which I hope atones for my miscarriage in the other. I am indifferent to fame on my own account, but glory in having served yours.

My self-condemnation ought to deter me from obeying your further commands, however graciously laid on me. Can you want counsel, sir, who have produced Braganza? Or am I fit to give counsel, who have written a tragedy that never can appear on any stage? and who am not only sensible of the intrinsic fault in the choice of the subject, but of many others that happily will not come into question?

It is true, I have thought often on the subject, though not of late till I saw your tragedy. I was very attentive to that, and observed what parts made impression on the audience, and which did not; for every part even of so beautiful a composition, and so faultless in the poetry, could not have equal effect on a vast audience, where the greater part could not be judges but from the operation on their passions. My letter, sir, is already too long, nor can I delay thanking you till I have time to recollect my thoughts. I shall certainly never pretend to give you instruction; but if either in the future choice of a subject, or in any observations which I have made on the construction of tragedies, I can furnish you with any hints (for I certainly do not mean to write a treatise, or even methodize my thoughts), I will so far obey you as to lay them before you—though I own I wish rather to see you perform what I am sure I can give no advice upon. As I hold a good comedy the chef-œuvre of human genius, I wish, I say, you would try comedy—though you

you will be unpardonable too if you neglect tragedy, for which you have so marked a vocation.

I have the honour to be, SIR,

With the greatest respect,

esteem and admiration,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Arlington-Street,
Feb. 24, 1775.

HOR. WALPOLE.

L E T T E R II.

SIR,

IN consequence of your orders and of my own promise, I will venture to lay before you, not advice, but some indigested thoughts on subjects for tragedy, and on the composition of one—rather for the sake of talking with you on a matter agreeable to us both, than to dictate on what I have but once attempted, and never sufficiently studied; indeed not at all till I had executed some part of my piece.

I am ill qualified, sir, to recommend a subject to you; since, though I confess I thought I had found some talent in myself for tragedy (after having vainly tried at comedy, to which I was more inclined), I have never been able to find a second story that pleased me—at least, that touched me enough to pursue it. My wish was to work on that of sir Thomas More—but the difficulties were various and too great. In the first place, it would not be painting him, to omit his characteristic pleasantry. Yet who but Shakespeare could render mirth pathetic? His exquisite scene of the grave-diggers is an instance of that magic and creative power—now so overwhelmed by the ignorance of French criticism, that it is acted no more!—And would not such barbarous blunders stifle genius itself? Not to miscarry in an imitation of Shakespeare, would be to be Shakespeare—it would be still meritorious to aim at it. But there are other difficulties: one must pass censure on sir Thomas's bigotry; or draw him as a martyr to a ridiculous worship, without censuring that worship; for

even an oblique censure on it out of the mouth of one of his *reformed* persecutors would flatten the glory of his martyrdom.—These two difficulties combined made me drop all thoughts of that story, though so fertile of great and bold situations. Anne Boleyn would please me; but Henry VIII. is too perfectly drawn by Shakespeare to admit a second and much weaker edition.

There is one subject, a very favourite one with me, and yet which I alone was accidentally prevented from meddling with—Don Carlos. Otway, the next to Shakespeare in boldness, though only next but one in strokes of nature, in my opinion, as I prefer the tragic scenes in *The Fatal Marriage* and *Oroonoko* to *Venice Preserved* and *The Orphan*, has miscarried wofully in *Don Carlos*. Sir Charles Williams, who had long intended to write a tragedy on that subject, and who I believe had no tragic powers, never set about it till he was mad—and madness did not assist him as it did Lee; nor allowed him to finish it. Yet how many capital ingredients in that story! Tenderness, cruelty, heroism, policy, pity, terror! The impetuous passions of the prince, the corrected and cooler fondness and virtue of the queen, the king's dark and cruel vengeance, different shades of policy in Rui Gomez, policy and art with franker passions in the duchess of Eboli—how many contrasts!—And what helps from the religion and history of the times, or even of the preceding reign!—In short, sir, I see nothing against it but the notoriety of the story, which I think always disadvantageous, as it prevents surprise—though a known story saves the author some details—which if exhibited, as the French practice, by telling you all the preceding circumstances in the first scene, appear to me a greater crime than any of the improprieties that Shakespeare has crowded into *The Winter Evening's Tale*; for novelty, however badly introduced, can never be so insipid or more improbable than two courtiers telling one another what each must know more or less, though one of them may have been absent two or three years. Shakespeare's prologues are far more endurable.

Why I gave up this fruitful canvas, was merely because the passion is incestuous, as is most unfortunately that of my *Mysterious Mother*, though at different points of time, and that of Carlos a pardonable and not disgusting one. I shall rejoice at having left it, if you will adopt it.

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For all other subjects, I have said not one pleased me exactly. I think it would not be unadvisable to take any you like, changing the names and the country of the persons; which would prevent the audience being forestalled—though this is less an inducement to you, sir, who have rendered the last act of Braganza the most interesting, though half the audience expected the catastrophe—not indeed so strikingly as you have made it touch them. Still, as the denouement is your own, and one of the finest coups de théâtre I ever met with, it proves that a known story wants some novelty; and I confess that, in your most tender scenes, I felt less than I should have done had I not fore-known the prosperous event.

Changing the persons and country is just the reverse of the bungling contrivance in *Le Comte de Warvic*, where the author has grossly perverted a known story without amending it.

One art I think might be used, though a very difficult one; and yet I would not recommend it to you, sir, if I did not think you capable of employing it; and that is, *a very new and peculiar style*. By fixing on some region of whose language we have little or no idea, as of the Peruvians in the story of Atabalipa, you might frame a new diction, even out of English, that would have amazing effect, and seem the only one the actors could properly use. It is much easier to conceive this, than to give rules for it—but Milton certainly made a new English language; and Shakespeare, always greater than any man, has actually formed a style for Caliban that could suit no other kind of being. Dryden, vast as his genius was, tried the same thing more than once, but failed. He wanted to conceive how the Mexicans must have felt the miracles of ships, and gunpowder, &c. imported by the Europeans—he wrote most harmoniously for them; and it might be poetry, but was not nature. He miscarried still more, when he wanted to forget all he had learned by eyesight, and to think for blind Emmeline:—he makes her talk nonsense:—when she supposes her lover's face is of *soft black gold*, it conveys no idea at all. When blind professor Sanderson said, he supposed scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet; it proved he had been told that scarlet was the most vivid of colours, but showed he had no otherwise an idea of it.

The religion of the Peruvians, their demons, which I would allow to be
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real existencies, oracles and prophecies foretelling their ruin and the arrival of strangers, would add great decoration. I love decorations whenever they produce unexpected coups de théâtre. In short, we want new channels for tragedy, and still more for poetry. You have the seeds, sir; sow them where you will, they will grow. Had I your genius, I would hazard a *future* American story—suppose empires to be founded there—give them new customs, new manners—But I grow visionary—and this letter is too long—I will try to have more common sense in the next, not having left room enough in this to tell you how much I am

Your obedient servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER III.

YOU have drawn more trouble on yourself, sir, than you expected; and would probably excuse my not performing the rest of my promise: but though I look upon myself as engaged to send you my thoughts, you are neither bound to answer them, nor regard them. They very likely are not new, and it is presumption in me to send hints to a much abler writer than myself. I can only plead in apology, that I interest myself in your fame; and as you are the only man capable of restoring and improving our stage, I really mean no more than to exhort and lead you on to make use of your great talents.

I have told you, as is true, that I am no poet. It is as true that you are a genuine one; and therefore I shall not say one word on that head. For the construction of a drama—it is mechanic, though much depends on it. A bystander may be a good director at least; for mechanism certainly is independent of, though easily possessed by, a genius. Banks never wrote six tolerable lines, yet disposed his fable with so much address, that I think three plays have been constructed on his plot of *The Earl of Essex*, not one of which

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is much better than the original. The disposition is the next step to the choice of a subject, on which I have said enough in a former letter. A genius can surmount defects in both. If there is art in Othello and Macbeth, it seems to have been by chance; for Shakespeare certainly took no pains to adjust a plan, and in his historic plays seems to have turned Hollinshed and Stowe into verse and scenes as fast as he could write—though every now and then his divine genius flashed upon particular scenes and made them immortal; as in his King John, where nature itself has stamped the scenes of Constance, Arthur and Hubert with her own impression, though the rest is as defective as possible. He seems to recall the Mahometan idea of lunatics, who are sometimes inspired, oftener changelings. Yet what signifies all his rubbish? He has scenes, and even speeches, that are infinitely superior to all the correct elegance of Racine. I had rather have written the two speeches of lady Percy, in the second part of Henry IV. than all Voltaire, though I admire the latter infinitely, especially in Alzire, Mahomet and Semiramis. Indeed, when I think over all the great authors of the Greeks, Romans, Italians, French, and English (and I know no other languages), I set Shakespeare first and alone, and then begin anew.

Well, sir, I give up Shakespeare's dramas; and yet prefer him to every man. Why? For his exquisite knowledge of the passions and nature; for his simplicity too, which he possesses too when most natural. Dr. Johnson says he is bombast whenever he attempts to be sublime: but this is never true but when he aims at sublimity in the expression; the glaring fault of Johnson himself.—But as simplicity is the grace of sublime, who possesses it like Shakespeare? Is not the

Him, wondrous Him!

in lady Percy's speech, exquisitely sublime and pathetic too? He has another kind of sublime which no man ever possessed but he; and this is, his art in dignifying a vulgar or trivial expression. Voltaire is so grossly ignorant, and tasteless, as to condemn this, as to condemn *the bare bodkin*—But my enthusiasm for Shakespeare runs away with me.

I was speaking of the negligence of his construction. You have not that fault.

fault. I own I do not admire your choice of Braganza, because in reality it admits of but two acts, the conspiracy and the revolution. You have not only filled it out with the most beautiful dialogue, but made the interest rise, though the revolution has succeeded. I can never too much admire the appearance of the friar, which disarms Velasquez: and yet you will be shocked to hear, that, notwithstanding all I could say at the rehearsal, I could not prevail to have Velasquez drop the dagger instantly, the only artful way of getting it out of his hand; for, as lady P—— observed, if he kept it two moments, he would recollect that it was the only way of preserving himself. But actors are not always judges. They persisted, for show-sake, against my remonstrances, to exhibit the duke and duchess on a throne in the second act; which could not but make the audience conclude that the revolution had even then taken place.

If I could find a fault in your tragedy, sir, it would be a want of more short speeches, of a sort of serious repartee, which gives great spirit. But I think the most of what I have to say may be comprised in a recommendation of keeping the audience in suspense, and of touching the passions by the pathetic familiar. By the latter, I mean the study of Shakespeare's strokes of nature, which, soberly used, are alone superior to poetry, and, with your ear, may easily be made harmonious.

If there is any merit in my play, I think it is in interrupting the spectator's fathoming the *wholstory* till the last, and in making every scene tend to advance the catastrophe. These arts are mechanic, I confess; but at least they are as meritorious as the scrupulous delicacy of the French in observing, not only the unities, but a fantastic decorum, that does not exist in nature, and which consequently reduce all their tragedies, wherever the scene may lie, to the manners of modern Paris. Corneille could be Roman; Racine never but French, and, consequently, though a better poet, less natural and less various. Both indeed have prodigious merit. Phedre is exquisite, Britannicus admirable; and both excite pity and terror. Corneille is scarce ever tender, but always grand; yet never equal in a whole play to Racine. Rodogune, which I greatly admire, is very defective; for the two princes are so equally good, and the two women so very bad, that they divide both our esteem and indignation. Yet I own, Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire ought to rank before all

our tragedians, but Shakespeare. *Jane Shore* is perhaps our best play after his. I admire *All for Love* very much; and some scenes in *Don Sebastian*, and *Young's Revenge*. The *Siege of Damascus* is very pure—and *Phædra* and *Hippolitus* fine poetry, though wanting all the nature of the original. We have few other tragedies of signal merit, though the four first acts of *The Fair Penitent* are very good. It is strange that Dryden, who showed such a knowledge of nature in *The Cock and Fox*, should have so very little in his plays—he could rather describe it than put it into action. I have said all this, sir, only to point out to you what a field is open for you—and though so many subjects, almost all the known, are exhausted, nature is inexhaustible, and genius can achieve any thing. We have a language far more energetic, and more sonorous too, than the French. Shakespeare could do what he would with it in its unpolished state. Milton gave it pomp from the Greek, and softness from the Italian; Waller now and then, here and there, gave it the elegance of the French. Dryden poured music into it; Prior gave it ease; and Gray used it masterly for either elegy or terror. Examine, sir, the powers of a language you command, and let me again recommend to you a diction of your own *, at least in some one play. The majesty of *Paradise Lost* would have been less imposing, if it had been written in the style of *The Essay on Man*. Pope pleases, but never surprises; and astonishment is one of the springs of tragedy. *Coups de théâtre*, like the sublime one in *Mahomet*, have infinite effect. The incantations in *Macbeth*, that almost border on the burlesque, are still terrible. What French criticism can wound the ghosts of *Hamlet* or *Banquo*? Scorn rules, sir, that cramp genius, and substitute delicacy to imagination in a barren language. Shall not we soar, because the French dare not rise from the ground?

You seem to possess the *tender*. The *terrible* is still more easy, at least I know to me. In all my tragedy, *Adeliza* contents me the least. Contrasts, though mechanic too, are very striking; and though *Moliere* was a comic writer, he might give lessons to a tragic. But I have passed all bounds; and yet shall be glad if you can cull one useful hint out of my rhapsodies. I here put an end to them; and wish, out of all I have said, that you may remember

* Mr. Jephson followed this advice in his *Law of Lombardy*—but was not happy in his attempt. H. W.

nothing, sir, but my motives in writing, obedience to your commands, and a hearty eagerness for fixing on our stage so superior a writer.

I am, Sir,

With great esteem and truth,

Your most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I must beg you, sir, not to let these letters go out of your hands; for they are full of indigested thoughts, some perhaps capricious, as those on novel diction—but I wish to tempt genius out of the beaten road; and originality is the most captivating evidence of it.

THOUGHTS ON COMEDY;

Written in 1775 and 1776.

OUR old comedies are very valuable from their variety of characters, and for preserving customs and manners; but they are more defective in plans and conduct than excellent in particular parts. Some are very pedantic, the greater part gross in language and humour, the latter of which is seldom true. Ben Jonson was more correct, but still more pedantic. Volpone is faulty in the moral, and too elevated in the dialogue: The Alchymist is his best play: The Silent Woman, formed on an improbable plan, is unnaturally loaded with learning. Beaumont and Fletcher are easier than Jonson, but less happy in executing a plan than in conceiving it.

The next age dealt in the intricacies of Spanish plots, enlivened by the most licentious indecency. Dryden and the fair sex rivalled each other in violating all decorum. Wycherley naturalized French comedy, but prostituted it too. That chaste stage blushed at our translations of its best pieces. Yet Wycherley was not incapable of easy dialogue. The same age produced almost the best comedy we have, though liable to the same reprehension: The Man of Mode shines as our first genteel comedy; the touches are natural and delicate, and never overcharged. Unfortunately the tone of the most fashionable people was extremely indelicate; and when Addison, in the Spectator, anathematized this play, he forgot that it was rather a satire on the manners of the court, than an apology for them. Less licentious conversation would not have painted the age. Vanbrugh, the best writer of dialogue we have seen, is more

blameless in his language, than in his images. His expressions are sterling, and yet unstudied: his wit is not owing to description or caricature; neither sought nor too abundant. We are pleased both with the duration of his scenes and with the result of them. We are entertained, not surprised or struck. We are in good company while with him; and have neither adventures nor bons mots to repeat afterwards. It is the proof of consummate art in a comic writer, when you seem to have passed your time at the theatre as you might have done out of it—it proves he has exactly hit the style, manners, and character of his contemporaries. Plot, the vital principle of Spanish and female plays, ought to be little laboured; nor is scarcely more necessary than to put the personages into action and to release them. Vanbrugh's plays, *The Man of Mode*, and *The Careless Husband*, have no more intrigue than accounts for the meeting of the characters, as a passion or an intended marriage may do. *The Double Dealer*, the ground-work of which is almost serious enough for tragedy in private life, perplexes the attention; and the wit of the subordinate characters is necessary to enliven the darkness of the back ground.

Congreve is undoubtedly the most witty author that ever existed. Though sometimes his wit seems the effort of intention, and, though an effort, never failed; it was so natural, that, if he split it into ever so many characters, it was a polypus that soon grew perfect in each individual. We may blame the universality of wit in all his personages, but nobody can say which ought to have less. It assimilated with whatever character it was poured into: and, as Congreve would certainly have had wit in whatever station of life he had been born; as he would have made as witty a footman or old lady, as a fine gentleman; his gentlemen, ladies old or young, his footmen, nay his coxcombs (for they are not fools but puppies) have as much wit, and wit as much their own, as his men of most parts and best understandings. No character drops a sentence that would be proper in any other mouth. Not only Lady Wishfort and Ben are characteristically marked, but Scandal, Mrs. Frail, and every fainter personage, are peculiarly distinct from each other. Sir Wilful Witwoud is unlike Sir Joseph Wittol. Witwoud is different from Tattle, Valentine from Mellefont, and Cynthia from Angelica. That still each play is unnatural, is only because four assemblages of different persons could never have so much wit as Congreve has bestowed on them. We want breath or attention to follow their repartees; and are so charmed with what every body says,

says, that we have not leisure to be interested in what any body does. We are so pleased with each person, that we wish success to all; and our approbation is so occupied, that our passions cannot be engaged. We even do not believe that a company who seem to meet only to show their wit, can have any other object in view. Their very vices seem affected, only to furnish subject for gaiety: thus the intrigue of Careless and Lady Pliant does not strike us more than a story that we know is invented to set off the talents of the relator. For these reasons, though they are something more, I can scarce allow Congreve's to be true comedies. No man would be corrected, if sure that his wit would make his vices or ridicules overlooked.

The delicate and almost insensible touches of The Careless Husband are the reverse of Congreve's ungovernable wit. The affected characters of Lady Betty Modish and Lord Foppington are marked with the pencil of nature as much as Sir Charles, Lady Easy, and Lady Graveairs. It is in drawing *refined* or *affected nature* that consists the extreme difficulty of painting what is called *high life*, where affectation, politeness, fashion, art, interest, and the attentions exacted by society, restrain the sallies of passion, colour over vice, disguise crimes, and confine man to an uniformity of behaviour, that is composed to the standard of not shocking, alarming, or offending those who profess the same rule of exterior conduct. Good breeding conceals their sensations, interest their crimes, and fashion legitimates their follies. Good sense forms the plan, education ripens it, conversation gives the varnish, and wit the excuse. Yet under all these disguises nature lets out its symptoms. Protestations are so generally the marks of falsehood, that the more liberally they are dealt, the more they indicate what they mean to conceal. Ceremonious behaviour is the substitute for pride, and equally demands return of respect. A fashionable man banters those whom in a state of nature he would affront. Thus good company have the same passions with low life, and have only changed the terms and moderated the display. The first instance of good breeding in the world was complimenting the fair sex with substituting the word *love* for *lust*. Courts and society have changed all the other denominations of our passions, and regulated their appearance. The feuds of great barons are now marked by not bowing to each other, or not visiting. The rancour is not decreased, but society could not subsist if they fought whenever they met. In former days fields of battle were the only public places; but since wealth and luxury and elegance, and unrestrained conversation with the other sex, have softened our manners,

manners, nature finds its account in less turbulent gratification of the passions; and good-breeding, which seems the current coin of humanity, is no more than bank bills real treasure: but it increases the national fund of politeness, and is taken as current money; though the acceptor knows it is no more addressed to him than the bill to the first person to whom it was made payable; but he can pay it away, and knows it will always be accepted.

The comic writer's art consists in seizing and distinguishing these shades, which have rendered man a fictitious animal, without destroying his original composition. The French, who have carried the *man of society* farther than other nations, no longer exhibit the naked passions. Their characters are all graduated. The *misanthrope* and the *avare* are exploded personages. *L'homme du jour ou les dehors trompeurs*, *Le Glorieux*, *Le Méchant*, are the beings of artificial habitude, not the entities that would exist in a state of nature*. If any vice predominates, it acts according to the rules within which it is circumscribed by the laws of society. Ambition circumvents, not invades; lust tempts, but does not ravish. Ill-nature whispers, rather than accuses. Husbands and wives can hate, without scolding. A duel is transacted as civilly

* This is so true, that the French, observing how much general passions are exhausted, have of late written pieces on compound characters, as the *Bourru bienfaisant*, *L'Avare fastueux*, &c. Such characters must arise in the advanced state of society, and may even be natural; but it requires great address and delicacy to manage them: and though it may not be universally true that there is a *ruling passion* in every man, it is still very improbable that two predominant passions should be so equally balanced as to produce such a contrast or opposition as the business of comedy may require: and yet unless the two contending passions are nearly equal in force, the superior or predominant one will relapse into the old comedy, which exhibited such a single passion or vice. The difficulty will be increased by these reflections; one of the passions in the compounded character may be, and probably is, an affected one; especially if the latter is at war with the ruling passion: for instance, an ostentatious miser can only *affect* generosity; for a generous man is not likely

to *act* avarice, because, generosity being a quality esteemed, and covetousness held in aversion, the latter may be glad to conceal a vice; but few men are such good Christians as to disguise the beauty of their minds beneath an ugly mask. The parsimony then of the miser will certainly preponderate; and the poet's art must distinguish between his natural sordidness and adopted liberality, and must take care not to make the opposition farcical. Another difficulty will be, that compound characters cannot be general; and, therefore, when an author blends two passions, he will seem to draw a portrait rather than a character. Yet such compound of passions may open a new field, and enrich the province of comedy. The extensive mischiefs of ambition have appropriated that passion to tragedy; but might not very comic scenes be produced by representing an *ambitious miser* perpetually destroying his own views by grudging and saving the money, which, if expended, would promote his ambition? H. W.

as a visit. Kings, instead of challenging, mourn for each other, though in open war.

Even the lower ranks of people could not be brought on the stage in this age, without softening the outline. A shopkeeper's daughter is a *young lady with a handsome fortune* and necessary *accomplishments*. Her brother *acts plays* for his diversion, is of a club, and games. Footmen have all the graces of their masters; and even highwaymen die genteelly.

One reads that in China even carmen make excuses to one another for stopping up the way. Half the time of the Chinese is passed in ceremony. I conclude their comedies cannot be very striking. Where one kind of polish runs through a whole nation, the operation of the passions must be less discernible. All common characters are not only exhausted, but concealed. In this nation we have certainly more characters than are seen in any other, owing perhaps to two causes, our liberty and the uncertainty of our climate. But this does not help the comic writer. Though he may every day meet with an original character, he cannot employ it—for, to be tasted, the humour must be common enough to be understood by the generality. Peculiarities in character are commonly affectations, and the affectation of a private or single person is not prey for the stage. I take *Cimberton* in *The Conscious Lovers* to be a portrait; probably a very resembling one—but as nobody knows the original, nobody can be much struck with the copy. Still, while the liberty of our government exists, there will be more originality in our manners than in those of other nations, though an inundation of politeness has softened our features as well as weakened our constitution. Englishmen used to exert their independence by a certain brutality, that was *not* honesty, but often produced it; for a man that piques himself on speaking truth grows to have a pride in not disgracing himself.

As the great outlines of the passions are softened down by urbanity, fashionable follies usurp the place which belonged to criticism on characters; and when fashions are the object of ridicule, comedies soon grow obsolete and cease to be useful. Alchymy was the pursuit in vogue in the age of Ben Jonson; but, being a temporary folly, satire on it is no longer a lesson. Fashions pushed to excess produce a like excess in the reproof; and comedies degenerate into farce and buffoonery, when follies are exaggerated in the representation.

sensation. The traits in *The Miser* that exhibit his extreme avarice are within the operation of the passions: in *The Alchymist* an epidemic folly, grown obsolete, is food for a commentator, not for an audience.

In fact, exaggeration is the fault of the author. If he is master enough of his talent to seize the precise truth of either passion or affectation, he will please more, though perhaps not at the first representation. Falstaff is a fictitious character, and would have been so had it existed in real life: yet his humour and his wit are so just, that they never have failed to charm all who are capable of tasting him in his own tongue.

Some lessons of the drama, or at least the shortness of its duration, have reduced even Shakespeare to precipitate his catastrophe. The reformation of the termagant wife in *The Taming of the Shrew* is too sudden. So are those of Margaritta in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, and of Lady Townly in *The Provoked Husband*. Time or grace only operates such miracles.

In my own opinion, a good comedy, by the passions being exhausted, is at present the most difficult of all compositions, if it represents either nature or fictitious nature; I mean mankind in its present state of civilised society.

The enemies of *sentimental comedy* (or, as the French, the inventors, called it, *comédie larmoyante*) seem to think that the great business of comedy is to make the audience laugh. *That* may certainly be effected without nature or character. A Scot, an Irishman, a Mrs. Slipshod, can always produce a laugh, at least from half the audience. For my part, I confess I am more disposed to weep than to laugh at such poor artifices. The advocates of merry comedy appeal to Moliere. I appeal to him too. Which is his better comedy, *The Misanthrope*, or the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*? *The Tartuffe*, or *The Etourdi*? In reality, did not Moliere in *The Misanthrope* give a pattern of serious comedy? What is finer than the serious scenes of Maskwell and Lady Touchwood in *The Double Dealer*? I do not take the *comédie larmoyante* to have been so much a deficiency of pleasantry in its authors, as the effect of observation and reflection. Tragedy had been confined to the distresses of kings, princesses, and heroes; and comedy restrained to making us laugh at passions pushed to a degree of ridicule. In the former, as great personages only were concerned, language was elevated to suit their rank, rather than their sentiments; for real
passion

passion rarely talks in heroics. Had tragedy descended to people of subordinate stations, authors found the language would be too pompous. I should therefore think that the first man who gave a *comédie larmoyante*, rather meant to represent a melancholy story in private life, than merely to produce a comedy without mirth. If he had therefore not married two species then reckoned incompatible, that is tragedy and comedy, or, in other words, distress with a cheerful conclusion; and, instead of calling it *comédie larmoyante*, had named his new genus *tragédie mitigée*, or, as the same purpose has since been styled, *tragédie bourgeoise*; he would have given a third species to the stage.

The French, who feel themselves and their genius cramped by the many impertinent shackles they have invented for authors, have taught these to escape, in those pieces which shake off all fetters, and leave genius and imagination at full liberty—I mean in their *comédie Italienne*, where under the *cannon* of Harlequin, and in defiance of all rules, they indulge their gaiety and invention. In short, a man who declares he writes without rules, may say what he pleases. If he invents happily, he succeeds, is indulged, and his piece lasts in spite of Aristotle and Bossu. If he does not compensate by originality, fancy, wit, or nature, for scorning rule, the author is deservedly damned, at the sole expence to the public of having been tired by dulness for one evening.

I will finish this rhapsodical essay with remarking, that comedy is infinitely more difficult to an English than to a French man. Not only their language, so inferior in numbers, harmony and copiousness, to ours for poetry and eloquence, is far better adapted to conversation and dialogue; but all the French, especially of the higher ranks*, pique themselves on speaking their own language correctly and elegantly; the women especially. It was not till of late years with us that the language has been correctly spoken even in both houses of parliament. Before Addison and Swift, style was scarce aimed at even by our best authors. Dryden, whose prose was almost as harmonious and beautiful as his poetry, was not always accurate. Lord Shaftesbury proved that when a man of quality soared above his peers, he wrote bombastly, turgidly,

* I include men of learning in the higher ranks, because in France they are admitted into the best company, who certainly give the tone to the elegance of any language, and in that sense only the highest company are the best company; for the term *best* has been ravished from the lowest ranks of men, who I doubt are the most virtuous of the community, and given to, or usurped by, the richest and most noble. H. W.

poetically. Lord Chatham gave the tone to fine language in oratory. Within these very few years, our young orators are correct in their common conversation. Our ladies have not yet adopted the patronage of our language. Thence correct language in common conversation sounds pedantic or affected. Mr. Gray was so circumspect in his usual language, that it seemed unnatural, though it was only pure English. My inference is, that attention to the style in comedy runs a risk of not appearing easy. Yet I own *The Careless Husband* and *Vanbrugh* are standards—and *The School for Scandal* and *The Heiress* have shewn that difficulties are no impediments to genius; and that, however passions and follies may be civilised, refined, or complicated, subjects for comedy are not wanting, and can be exhibited in the purest language of easy dialogue, without swelling to pedantry, or sinking to incorrectness. The authors of those two comedies have equalled Terence in the graces of style, and excelled him in wit and character: consequently we have better comedies than Greece or Rome enjoyed. It is even remarkable that the Grecians, who perfected poetry and eloquence, and invented tragedy and comedy, should have made so little progress in the last. Terence's plays, copied from Menander, convey little idea of that author's talent; and when so many of the farces of Aristophanes have been preserved, it is difficult to conceive that only a few scraps of Menander would have been transmitted to us, if his merit had been in proportion to the excellence of their tragic writers. **Moliere will probably be as immortal as Corneille and Racine.**

DETECTION

DETECTION of a late FORGERY

CALLED

Testament Politique du Chevalier Robert Walpoole*.

Ergo age, chare pater, cervici imponere nostræ:

Ipse subibo humeris, nec me labor iste gravabit.

ÆNEID. II.

THOUGH nothing is less worth while in general than to refute silly books and printed lies, both because they perish of themselves, and because the evil grows faster than the remedy can follow it; yet there are some forgeries which it may be necessary to expose, lest malice and ill-designing men should treasure them up, preserve them from merited oblivion, and consign them to posterity, like base metals, which become revered for the heads with which they have been stamped, or valued for their antiquity, which bestows a kind of authenticity on them, when no other cotemporary memorials exist.

I have just turned over a spurious production called Testament politique du chevalier Walpoole, comte d'Orford, coined the Lord knows where, and said to be stamped in that mint of forgeries, Holland. If the editor has floundered in the very orthography of my father's name, he has at least improved his spelling in the title, if he was the author, as he seems to intimate he was,

* The *Testament Politique du Chevalier Robert Walpoole* meeting with the contempt and oblivion it deserved, and never being translated into English, Mr. Walpole found all public de-

tection of it needless, and never published this answer, but left it to appear with the rest of his posthumous works.

of a wretched rhapsody called A history of sir Robert Walpole's administration, printed three or four years ago. I think there were two or three volumes of that work, I forget exactly how many: but I know in the title-page of every one he called sir Robert Walpole earl of Oxford: so competent a biographer was he of a man whose very title he confounded! He is more correct now by a whole letter. I shall give instances hereafter that he does not improve very fast, even in the easy and trifling accuracy of titles.

The author's first piece was a wretched compilation from newspapers, pamphlets and magazines, full of blunders and yet void of facts. But peace be with the dead! I hasten to bury its successor along with it.

It must surprise every man who has a grain of sense, that the present work in question should first appear in French. This ill omen, attendant on its birth, never belies itself. All the ideas are as foreign as the language. No account is given how the original, supposing it had ever been composed in English, which it was not, came into possession of the editor. Did the supposed author leave no children, no relations, no friends to whom he communicated or entrusted his work? No child, no relation, no friend ever heard, before or since sir Robert Walpole's death, of such a performance. The editor will perhaps urge that the supposed author (sir Robert himself) never communicated his work to any person connected with him; and, had he written it, he would have been in the right. He was too tender a parent, too amiable a friend, to give his family and friends the mortification of hearing him contradict with his last breath every virtuous, every rational principle which had so uniformly governed his whole conduct. Their first care after his death would have been to burn a writing, that, while it disgraced his heart, would have proved that his understanding was decayed: an event, that in the melancholy hours of his decease was never superadded to the grief of his family and his friends. The strength of his abilities, the soundness of his judgment, the fortitude of his temper, his calmness, his pleasantries, his patience, his humanity, were never more illustrious than in the last scene of his life. His patriotism, his love of his country, his attachment to the royal family on the throne, dignified and occupied most of the moments of his last hours. I could give proofs and attestations of all—but it is not in answer to an impostor that I shall deign to prostitute such venerable materials.

Should the editor assume an air of honest roguery, and plead that he had

stolen

stolen the original MS., I promise him he need not fear any prosecution from the family: they will never claim what they know they never had any title to possess.

No satisfaction being given to the public of the means by which the supposed original came into the hands of the editor, the most disinterested and indifferent reader will conclude that no such satisfaction could be given. I shall go farther, and prove incontestably that sir Robert Walpole was not the author of a single line of this fictitious trumpery. These proofs shall be produced after a few remarks: but first, the editor is hereby called upon to produce the original MS. in sir Robert Walpole's own hand. From the time that he retired from business, he kept no secretary. If he had occasion to have even a letter transcribed, he made use of no hand but that of his two youngest children, lady Mary Churchill, and the author of these sheets, who both resided constantly in the house with him from the time of his retirement to his death. They, and his other surviving son sir Edward Walpole, who was with his father almost daily in London, and much with him in the country, never heard of their father's composing a single line after his retreat; and all three declare solemnly the present work to be a gross imposition.

Prefixed to the work are some absurd letters, as unlike the style and manner of sir Robert Walpole, as they are repugnant to his undeviating principles. His family cannot even guess to whom by far the greater part of them are pretended to be addressed. They are stuffed with maxims and reflections, or common-place observations, which whoever knew sir Robert Walpole knows he never used. He wrote few letters, scarce any but on necessary business, and none like authors and essayists.

The very first passage, which sets out with a prophecy, is so ridiculous, that, had he written it, the prophecy would never have been accomplished, nor would he have corresponded with a man silly enough to make it. "*You foretold,*" says sir Robert, "*that if ever I was chosen for Lynn, I should become minister.*" We beg to know of the editor, what connection there was between a seat for Lynn, and an appointment to the ministry—Could sir Robert Walpole come into parliament for no other borough in the kingdom? And how was this prophecy fulfilled? By his being of the council to prince George of Denmark, as lord high admiral. I do not know what are called *ministers* at

at Paris or at Amsterdam, but no Englishman ever called a commissioner of the admiralty a minister.

The reflections in the next letter are unfortunately out of their place. When a *queen* was on the throne, a queen who at that time had no contests with her subjects, and a queen to whom Mr. Walpole had then no access (for his post gave him none); is it probable, he should have said, *What prudence is necessary to please a king irritated at the privileges of his subjects!* At the beginning of the same letter, a vain-glorious lie is put into the mouth of the same person. He says he was no sooner called to the prince's council than he attained a singular ascendant there. Nothing was less true. The prince, who was inclined to the Tories, and whose confidence was engrossed by a brother of the duke of Marlborough, never had the least partiality to Mr. Walpole. The person who first distinguished his abilities and protected him, was the lord treasurer Godolphin, who is not mentioned, though sir Robert Walpole solely ascribed to him his promotion. It was his pride to the end of his life; he loved lord Godolphin more than any man he ever knew; and a gratitude that flourished in its full vigour for forty years afterwards, was not likely to be silent in the first overflowing of its sensibility.

The silly anecdote in a subsequent letter of madame Maintenon and Forbin is of a piece with the rest. I refer to madame Maintenon's own letter, to have it decided, whether a female pique about a ceremonial between her and king James's queen occasioned the defeat of Forbin's enterprise. Those good ladies, who governed their bigoted husbands, were not likely to quarrel when the cause of enthusiasm was in question. Queen Mary paid ample homage to queen Maintenon: both ruined the affairs of their respective monarchs, and both hoped to have their ambition pardoned by extending the yoke of popery. Mary's spirit drove her weaker husband on the last extremities. The Maintenon, more timid, more patient, more artful, had more difficulties to encounter. She had a bigot to make, and the self-sufficiency of her husband to subdue, and his passion for glory to lull asleep. She did ruin his glory, but not by design; and she dreaded him too much to counter-work his plans intentionally. Nothing could have raised her interest with him like restoring king James—nothing could have raised her own glory so high—and I believe nobody thinks, that, however insensible to *his* fame, she was indifferent to her own. Her piety was a farce, and only a supplement to her ambition: and
though,

though, if she and Cromwell wore a mask till it fitted them, certainly neither were *born* enthusiasts.

A following letter undertakes a vain and extravagant attempt to make Mr. Walpole pass for a Jacobite by principle. Thank God that cause is reduced to piteous extremities, when it flies to sir Robert Walpole's grave for countenance! Many good protestants have been said to declare themselves papists on their death-bed. This is the first instance of a champion of liberty being called to depose in the cause of Jacobitism, two-and-twenty years after his decease.

Hoc Ithacus velit, & magno mercentur Atridæ.

Walpole, whose hero was king William, who suffered imprisonment under Anne for his devotion to the Hanover succession, who rejected with scorn the offers of Harley, who contributed so much to the overthrow of Bolingbroke, the exile of Atterbury, and the destruction of the arms and councils of the Jacobites, is made to *doubt*, during the whig-ministry of queen Anne, (p. 24, vol. i.) whether the timid flight and abdication of king James left the nation at liberty to choose their sovereign—And did not Hampden doubt whether he had a right to oppose the arbitrary imposition of ship-money? But be it so. While living, let us withstand every encroachment of prerogative—and when we are dead, let Jesuits, if they please, make our wills and recant for us. I am glad they have so little else to do: it is more harmless than stabbing kings.

Amidst all the lies the fictitious author has hazarded, he observes one caution; which is, giving no dates to his letters. My father was remarkably attentive to this circumstance—but it exposes an impostor to detection. However, the seeds of falsehood seldom produce a crop of truth. Here is an instance, in p. 27: Mr. Walpole, after the death of the queen—he who, when only a counsellor of the admiralty, had vaunted himself a minister, is now grown so modest as to call himself only an apprentice in parliament. He had sitten there before the death of king William, and through all the reign of queen Anne, till driven thence by violence. He was a principal actor there in the new reign—and yet pretends to find great difficulty in preventing sir William Windham from being chairman of the committee of ways and means: sir William Windham, who, says the writer, boasts openly of his opposition

to the house of Hanover. That this blemish in the life of so able a man as sir W. Windham should here be recalled, is not surprising. It is well known from the consequences of lord Bolinbroke's letter to that gentleman, how thoroughly he renounced his former mistaken prejudices; and it does much more honour to his memory to have abjured them, than it can do hurt to have entertained them.

In the next letter Mr. Walpole acquaints the unknown lord his friend, that he is appointed paymaster of the forces, of guards and garrisons, and of Chelsea-hospital. His friend must have been very ignorant, not to have known that the last article followed the first of course. It is just what an accurate Frenchman would have detailed, and what an Englishman would not.

Such truths are only ridiculous. The next lie is serious. Mr. Walpole is made to say, "Il faut que je fasse les informations necessaires pour trouver des coupables. J'espere que j'y parviendrai; car vous savez que dans les revolutions il faut en trouver pour alimenter le ressentiment du peuple, et celui du parti qui prend le dessus. Le sang du juste, dût-il couler, ces fortes d'injustices deviennent legitimes par la constitution de notre gouvernement."—What! did sir Robert Walpole feel, or dare to write, these shocking words! tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore!—words that never issued from the mouth of a Ravallac! Was there ever a political assassin who did not believe, or at least affect to believe, that conscience guided his frantic arm? Was there a murderer in the Ligue, or in the massacre of Paris, that avowed to shed the blood of the *just*? Catherine of Medicis, Philip II. or Charles IX. who musquetered his own subjects as they swam the Seine to escape his fury, were scarce capable of daring to breathe such detestable maxims. Oh! my father, most humane of men, is this the testament you bequeathed to your children? What instant of your most amiable life was stained with blood? In the height of their resentment and rage, what single man of your enemies ever reproached you with cruelty? Did they tax you with imaginary crimes, and forget so foul a stain? How did this black letter escape their penetration? Did you not pardon Bolinbroke in spite of the remonstrances and opposition of your friends? Did you hunt for criminals?—Nay, when did you not pardon your enemies? the most inveterate of them! At what moment could you not have said with fervent innocence, Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us! What brighter testimony have I of your present felicity, than the mildness and gentleness of
your

your whole life!—Go, impostor, rake the annals of scandal, and produce a passage that reproaches that honourable name with blood-thirstiness. Consult surviving Jacobites, whom he discovered, and left unpunished—ask them if he had occasion to hunt for criminals! I could say more: but let those perish in oblivion whom his indulgence abandoned to it.

The duplicity which, in p. 34, the minister is made to brag of, is almost a virtue compared to what went before. But falsehood was as dissonant from his nature as cruelty. His frankness often hurt himself. But this is no place for his panegyric—suffice it to confute calumnies.

The next letter grows comic from its improbability. It is addressed to my lord T. K.; and Œdipus, if he can, may find out who is meant by those letters. It desires the lord to trust his son to Mr. Walpole, who will promote him; but his lordship is requested to advise his son not to talk jacobitism too openly. How consonant to this is the ardour for discovering criminals! Intemperate Jacobites were exactly the subjects that such a minister would have voluntarily recommended to the new prince on the throne! How well the author is acquainted with the man and the times he represents!

Follows a letter to my lord S. D. D. which promises another from my lord M. O. The latter may be my lord Matthew Onslow, or any other peer that never existed. The former, we are informed by a curious note, was my lord Sunderland, who betrayed king James; and so I dare swear the author intended it. Unluckily, the earl of Sunderland who was minister to king James died Sept. 28, 1702: and it was his son who was minister to king George the first. This blunder I place solely to the editor, though there is no doubt but he was the author too.

In the next piece is a mistake, which could not be made by sir Robert Walpole: he calls the earl of Oxford my lord Harley. No Englishman could have made the mistake; as lord Harley was the title of the son, not of the father, who was created earl at the first step, and never was lord Harley. So afterwards Bolinbroke is sometimes called earl of Bolinbroke and sometimes viscount. *Comte* and *vicomte* are easily confounded by a foreigner; but what resemblance in sound is there between *earl* and *viscount*?

In p. 46, is such a recapitulation of the crimes of queen Anne's ministers, as surely did not reduce the ministers to *hunt* for criminals.

Next comes a droll punishment intended to be inflicted on the earl of Oxford, in case he should escape the sentence of the law. The king, says his supposed minister, will certainly forbid him the court:—a dreadful punishment in the eyes of a foreigner, but not considered in England with equal horror. Lord Oxford had thrust himself amidst the crowd on the king's accession, to kiss his hand; but was not noticed. Severe treatment, no doubt; *before his trial*. I question if he would have felt it so sensibly afterwards. However, Mr. Walpole was certainly not very sanguinary by nature, if he contented himself with banishing so great a rival from St. James's. At the bottom of p. 50, the editor accuses himself of stealing this letter from himself: nobody will dispute his right to the property of it.

A letter to my lady P. T. promises favour to Mr. A. which, says the editor, means Mr. Prior. The Jacobites and persons who dabble in treason make use of false names and false initials; but what occasion had a powerful minister for such reserve? When he engaged to serve a prisoner, why disguise his name to that prisoner's friend? How sagacious was the editor in penetrating a needless mystery of his own making! In the same letter is an instance of the author's gross ignorance of the English constitution; Mr. Walpole is made to call himself one of Prior's judges. Is there an Englishman who does not know that judicature is not of the competence of the house of commons? Mr. Walpole was chairman of the committee of secrecy which examined Prior. Was it possible that Mr. Walpole could call himself one of Prior's judges, and say he had pronounced sentence on him? With equal truth might a witness at the Old Bailey call himself lord mayor.

In some subsequent letters is much discourse on Mr. Walpole's resignation, without a single hint at the open, known, avowed cause of it—the breach between the king and prince—a circumstance which Mr. Walpole never disguised, though it seems the editor-author never heard of it;—so difficult is it to forge a work that can stand the very first inspection! In the same letter Mr. Edgcumbe is called Edgcumbe esquire. Country fellows say, 'squire Edgcumbe; gazetteers, Edgcumbe esquire; but what gentleman ever used either term?

Then follows a declaration of the court against Mr. Walpole; the most absurd piece of stuff that can be imagined, and too ridiculous for even a newspaper. I scarce think it was forged even by the party-writers of the time.

Another letter, p. 82, begins with this beautiful conceit, *I acquaint you that I am no longer any thing; for what is a minister when he is not a minister?* It puts one in mind of the blunder which the old editions bestowed on Shakespear:

Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.

In the same letter is a term, of which I beg the editor to give us the original in English. It is *ex-ministre*—a gallicism, to which we have no word that corresponds; consequently the French is the original.—But enough of these detections; you can no longer doubt that the work is a clumsy imposture. I will take notice but of two passages more in the letters, and leave them to the obloquy they deserve.

In the negotiations with the court of France, sir Robert and his brother Horace write several letters to one another, in which they both mention lord Harrington as embassador in Spain. These letters, though without date, must have been written before March 11, 1727, because Mr. Stanhope did not quit Madrid till that day, and it was not till Nov. 29, N. S. that he was created lord Harrington. I should be glad to see the original letters.

The other article is the pension of an hundred thousand livres granted by king George I. to the Pretender. The editor confesses that he can discover no trace of its having been ever granted, but in this letter. If he had not put it into that letter himself, he would not have found it even there.

The Opposition to sir Robert Walpole accused him of being pensioner to the Pretender. It seems they did not know that the reverse was true! What humiliation for the house of Stuart to be charged with stooping to accept between four and five thousand pounds a year from their successful antagonist! But I believe they were as innocent of it as sir Robert Walpole was of the facts with which the forger of his testament has endeavoured to load him. The historians of Amsterdam and the will-makers of Paris are not in much vogue. This performance will not raise their reputation. There was an age when

nobody disputed whatever forgeries were fabricated in convents. But great changes have happened since the donation of Constantine could pass uncontroverted: and it required more address than modern monks possess, and more ignorance than the present age is blessed with, to support and endure palpable forgeries. Learned men have laid down rules for examining internal and external evidence; that is, with much solemnity they have furnished common sense with terms, and thought they taught it to use its own lights. But when common sense is not restrained by power and prejudice, it can make its way without the assistance of those grave midwives, the Learned, who destroy at least as many children as they save.

I will now make a few remarks on the work itself, and they shall be but few; for when letters which sir Robert Walpole is supposed to have written in his life, are proved fictitious, the work to which they are an introduction, and which now first appears so long after his death, is likely to meet with little credit.

In page 4, sir Robert Walpole is made to complain of being abandoned by his friends. This is for once an undeserved satire on mankind. No fallen minister ever experienced such firm attachment from his friends as he did. His first levee after his fall was so crowded, that those of the new ministers became a proverb for their emptiness. He remained the oracle of his party during his three surviving years: and for the six weeks of his last illness, his house and his door were extraordinarily frequented by all ranks of men. Both then and before he was consulted by the king and duke of Cumberland, and different ministers—But I must stop; I am not writing his history, but confuting falsehoods.

I must observe that the first volume tends to decry commerce; the second advises the English to mind little or nothing else. Are these contradictions like the good sense of sir Robert Walpole, or the nonsense of an impostor?

With equal truth, and equal absurdity, the supposed author, page 10, is made to harangue against the adopted royal family. To state such passages, is to refute them. In page 12, is a similar argument in favour of popery. How low is each cause sunk when sir Robert Walpole is borrowed for their missionary!

I pass

DETECTION OF A LATE FORGERY. 333

I pass over witticisms, strained allusions, jargon of modern philosophy, sophisticated systems, and blundering ideas of commerce and government. I wish they who approve this work may conduct themselves by its maxims.

Page 23, the ferocity of the English is attributed to the use of coal-fires. The author says, we were not so melancholy and savage before we adopted that usage. This piece of history and philosophy is not the least diverting folly in the book.

In the next letter but one is an invective against liberty. Erase the name of sir Robert Walpole from the title-page, and substitute that of father Peters, confessor of James II. and the work would really have an air of probability.

The note to page 33, in which the editor explains the form of passing bills, is, like all the rest, full of mistakes; but these he is so good as to take to his own account; and therefore I leave him in possession. In another note, page 35, he informs us, that if a king of England declares war on a personal account, he wages it at his own private expence. This is new to us English.

Then follows a deduction of the history of England, the tendency of which is to deny Magna Charta. If those worthy labourers the testament-makers of this age had existed seventeen hundred years ago, I suppose they would have made Julius Cæsar leave behind him an invective against usurpation. They scorn the least grain of probability, and yet expect credit!

The reign of Henry IV. by whom I am so charitable as to believe the author meant Henry V. is said to have been a continued series of victories over France. I do not know whom he means, when he says Henry VIII. governed his parliaments by maintaining them in all their prerogatives. It was a very gentle way of guarding their privileges, by threatening their heads if they denied him a subsidy.

Elizabeth's haughty tone is forgotten, and James I. figures next as a monarch of spirit. Such history is worthy of such systems!

Cromwell is called by this vulgar writer a brewer's son. The partisans of hereditary

hereditary right are in the wrong to falsify and depreciate his birth. When so many royal lines produce so many fools, they should not remind the world that it ought to seek for great princes wherever they can be found. Cromwell was not so great a tyrant as Henry VIII. or James II. or Louis XIV. and he was a much abler prince. The first was a bubble abroad, the second a fool at home and abroad, the third a destroyer of mankind. England never made a greater figure than under Cromwell; and though the duke of Marlborough and Mr. Pitt extended farther the glory of our arms, we still enjoy Jamaica, which was not ravished from us by contemptible treaties, as the fruits have been of the successes obtained by those other great men.

The conquests made by Mr. Pitt are not mentioned by me improperly. They were the true source of half the blunders before me. The author preaches against them in every page of his work. Unfortunately he forgot that when sir Robert Walpole died, there was no question of conquest. He remained in power a very short time after the beginning of the war in 1741. Admiral Vernon had taken Porto Bello, and miscarried before Carthagená. The succeeding ministers were no heroes. Lord Granville talked very big, but achieved nothing; and was removed before sir Robert's death. The duke of Newcastle, Mr. Pelham, and lord Hardwick were of no heroic mould, and accordingly did nothing. An invasion had been apprehended under marshal Saxe, which, though it miscarried, left the nation alarmed at the views of France and the Jacobites. Sir Robert Walpole, for the last year of his life, had nothing in his thoughts but the dangers to which the crown would soon be exposed: often and often did he repeat, "*Within a twelvemonth this crown will be fought for on English ground.*" His words were prophetic. The rebellion broke out in three months after his death; yet is he made to talk as if he condemned the measures of Mr. Pitt, and had lived to see Martinico, Guadaloupe, Quebec, Louisbourg, the Havannah, conquered, the fleets of France and Spain destroyed, and both Indies at the mercy of Great Britain. Alas! his last hours were gilded with no such pleasing visions! He felt all that patriot melancholy which would have cast a gloom over his fainting soul, if he had lived to see the treaty of Utrecht renewed. Turn to pp. 68 and 72. Les profits de ces grandes conquêtes n'équivalent donc pas les frais qu'elles entraînent, says the supposed minister, who had been dead 14 or 15 years before they were made. In the very next page we are asked, Comment la nation Angloise ose-t-elle publier que la France touche au moment de sa decadence?

decadence? Was that the language of 1742, 43, 44, and the beginning of 45; or of 1758, 59, and 60?

This is an absolute proof of the forgery. Here is another: In page 144, the author says, *En Angleterre on n'a pas gratis l'air même qu'on y respire.* This means the tax on windows—which was not laid till after sir Robert's death. The grossness of these blunders made me run through the rest of the work very cursorily. I did not want to know so silly an author's ideas, but to show that they were not my father's. The work is below criticism; but the author deserved to be burnt in the hand for an impostor, and that I have done for him. It is unnecessary to specify more of his ignorance, and even on points on which it was impossible for the most trifling English minister to mistake; as in p. 214, where he thinks the house of commons has *solely* the right of proposing bills, and the lords of approving and rejecting; not knowing that both houses have both rights in common. In the note to this clumsy blunder, it is said that the king confirms a bill by touching it with his sceptre, an ornament which the king of England *never* uses but at his coronation. I only mention these inaccuracies for foreigners. For them too I must take notice of another piece of ignorance, of which a minister of this country could not be guilty. The author, p. 219, talks of *governors of provinces*. We have no such thing, except that shadow, lords lieutenants. I suppose the author meant the latter, because he is speaking of elections of members of parliament, and says, to secure a parliament, the court appoints such governors of provinces as it can confide in. I repeat it to foreigners, we have no governors of provinces. Lords lieutenants have no power in elections but by their personal interest, if they happen to have any. Sheriffs, mayors, and such like, are the returning officers, and are annual. The author may take his choice of what he pretends to have meant.

But of all his blunders, none is more striking than the following, p. 223. *La nation Britannique croit-elle avoir secoué le joug, pour être parvenue à rendre le parlement triennal?* I call this a most striking blunder, though not a more capital anachronism than what he had said on our conquests, but because so immediately relative to sir Robert Walpole. During his whole administration, the Opposition to him contended for triennial parliaments, which had been superseded ever since the year 1716, when septennial parliaments were established.

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established. The latter were maintained by sir Robert Walpole, continued to exist to his death, and do continue to this very moment, February 1767.

Here is another instance of the same stamp. Sir Robert Walpole is made to call the number of members in the house of commons 513—The real number is 558, by the addition of the 45 Scotch members, on the Union in queen Anne's reign. I think 518 balloted on the question of examining into the conduct of the earl of Orford, after he had quitted the administration and was created a peer in 1742. Is it very likely that between that æra and his death in 1745 he should forget a number so memorable to himself, and recollect only what had been the number fifty years before?—So much for volume the first!

The second shall give me and the reader very little trouble. It is as dull, as uninformed, confused, and contradictory as the first; and entirely founded on events subsequent to the death of sir Robert Walpole; though the author, a little more upon his guard, takes care to ascribe a prophetic spirit to the minister, by making him foresee exactly the desertion of Austria to France, the affairs of Portugal, and the enterprises of the king of Prussia. My father had sagacity and penetration, but certainly did not foresee the exact history of twenty years. The genuine author was however so hurt at our conquests, that they put him off his guard. In p. 77, he says, *Il faudra bien du tems pour que l'impression favorable que la nation a donnée d'elle puisse s'effacer.* But of all the improprieties that he has put into the mouth of sir Robert Walpole, nothing exceeds his making him quote Corneille. Sir Robert Walpole could not speak a word of French, did read letters of business in that language with difficulty, was conversant with no French authors, and most assuredly had never read one of their poets. He had little esteem for those of his own country, and I dare aver had not even seen all the pieces of Pope that were published in his own time. He had very little leisure; and, when he had, did not bestow it on reading.

This second volume is chiefly composed of a tedious discussion of the various interests of the European powers, misunderstood and misapplied, and teeming with anachronisms. For instance, p. 96, the author says, after every war we pay dearly to the landgrave of Hesse for the ravages committed in his

his country. This has undoubtedly been the case since my father's death, but when was it so in his life-time?

I am weary of tracking so miserable a writer, but I cannot help laughing at one particular chapter, which begins p. 179 and continues to the end of 229. Would one believe that these fifty dull pages should be put into the mouth of sir Robert Walpole, and be a dissertation on the constitution of Poland? How exactly the author knew the minister! and how perfectly was sir Robert acquainted with that country! How important must he have thought it to his country to examine so barbarous, so confused, and so insignificant a system! Les Towavizs, says he, forment d'assez bonnes troupes. Sir Robert Walpole certainly knew much of the Towavizs; about as much as he did of Gentoos, who now compose so interesting a part of our literature. In a note at the end of this wonderful chapter, it is suggested that sir Robert borrowed most of his ideas from the *Jus Polonicum*. Whether that work was published in my father's time or not, I know not. I never saw it myself, who have dabbled in dull books, which he never did. Had this chapter been ascribed to lord Granville, who with all his wit, and fire, and talents, condescended to read, or condescended to pretend to read, the bad Latin of German civilians, it would not have been out of character. Sir Robert Walpole would as soon have read *The divine legation* as the *Jus Polonicum*.

I have done with this imposture, and will add but few words.

Sir Robert Walpole did not leave a sheet of paper of his composition behind him, as all his family know. They had earnestly wished, and at times respectfully pressed him to give some account of his own administration; but neither his health nor inclination permitted it. He resigned his places in February 1742, and was engaged by the secret committee till June of that year, when he went into the country for about three months. He was in town all the succeeding winter, as he was those of 1743 and 44, sitting at home, receiving constant visits from his friends and party, consulted by ministers, and sometimes attending parliament. He passed the two summers of 1743 and 44 at Houghton, the only time in which he had any leisure: in those summers I was not two whole months absent from him, and do declare he never attempted to write any thing but necessary letters. In one of those summers, I forget which, desirous of amusing him, which his ill health required,

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quired, I proposed to read to him. He said, What will you read? I answered, as most young men would to a statesman, History, sir. No child, said he, I know that cannot be true.—Judge if he was likely to write history, or a testament politique.

I should have said, that in the winter of 1743 he was much engaged in allaying the heats raised by the partiality of the late king to the troops of Hanover, and was the sole author of composing those animosities. In the winter of 1744, he was still more warmly and zealously employed in alarming the nation on the intended invasion under marshal Saxe; he went to the house of lords, and exerted his former spirit and eloquence with such distinction, that the late prince of Wales, who was present, was struck, and signified to him his pardon of all that had passed between them while my father was minister—as if he had never been essentially serviceable to the house of Hanover before! His health at that time declined greatly; and he could no longer go abroad from the inconvenience of stones in his bladder. In this melancholy state, during the summer of 1744, he read the works of Dr. Sydenham, whom he much esteemed; and Dr. Jurin's Treatise on Mrs. Stephens's medicine for dissolving the stone being put into his hands, he found a resemblance in it to the opinions of Sydenham. This determined him to try Jurin's preparation. He was brought to town with great difficulty, took Jurin's medicine, and was killed by it in March 1745.

This solemn account of the conclusion of so respectable a life was not due to so grovelling an author as he who wrote The testament politique; but it was due to truth, to the public, and to the best of fathers. He wants no monument that such weak hands as mine can raise; but while they have motion, they shall defend his memory against forgeries. Calumnies I heed not: but he shall not be made to calumniate himself, while there is sensibility in the soul of

His affectionate son

HORACE WALPOLE.

February 16, 1767.

THE

THE
L I F E

OF THE

REVEREND MR. THOMAS BAKER,

OF

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE.

Written in 1778.

Xx 2

ALPHABETICALLY

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OF THE

REVEREND MR. THOMAS BAKER

OF

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE

Written in 1778.

W. B. ELLIOTT

X 2

T H E

LIFE OF MR. THOMAS BAKER.

THE deep or extensive learning of a man of letters is but a barren field for biography. His notions are speculation ; his adventures, enquiry. If his studies fermented or consolidated into compositions, the history of his life commonly proves but a register of the squabbles occasioned by his works, of the patrons he flattered, of the preferments he obtained or missed. The dates of his publications and their editions form the outlines of his story ; and frequently the plans or projects of works he meditated are taken to aid the account ; the day of his death is scrupulously ascertained :—and thus, to compose the life of a man who did very little, his biographer acquaints us with what he did not do, and when he ceased to do any thing.

Nor are authors such benefactors to the world, that the trifling incidents of their lives deserve to be recorded. The most shining of the class have not been the most useful members of the community. If Newton unravelled some arcana of nature, and exalted our ideas of the Divinity by the investigation of his works ; what benefactions has Homer or Virgil conferred on mankind but a fund of harmonious amusement ? Barren literati, who produce nothing, are innocent drones, whom the world has been so kind as to agree to respect for having entertained themselves gravely in the manner most agreeable to their taste. When they have devoured libraries, they are supposed to be prodigies of knowledge, though they are but walking or temporary dictionaries. Yet the republic of letters, confining its own honours to its own corporation, fondly decrees the distinction of biography to most of its active, and to some of its mute members.

Comprehensive as his studies were, his learning or his works were not my incentives to recording memorials of Mr. Thomas Baker. His publications were very few, and his long-protracted life was marked by as few events as

could well be sprinkled through so extended a space, and in a period so memorable for a revolution that left no man an uninterested spectator. Yet, though his abilities rescued his name from oblivion, and though he shone as a confessor for his principles; his singular modesty so little sought the double portion of fame he merited, that, though an accurate and indefatigable recorder of the actions of others, he seems to have humbly declined all care of registering any memoranda of his own story.

That modesty, and that unaffected courage of conscience, with other virtues, particularly one that seldom coalesces with martyrdom for conscience, I mean, impartiality—these were themes that I thought deserved to be transmitted to posterity; not only for the sake of the actor, but for the instruction and imitation of mankind. The example of a virtuous man resigning his fortune rather than violate his oath, preserving charity for his antagonists, and contracting neither virulence nor pride from his sufferings, was an instance too singular not to merit selection. One such action, executed with intrepidity yet without ostentation, could dignify a whole life; and ought to rank the sufferer with his more exalted companions in the same cause. If *they* sacrificed mitres to their integrity, *he* gave his *all*; and on the altar of conscience the firstling of a flock, we know, is as acceptable as a hecatomb of bulls.

Simplicity, the grace that flows from and most becomes good sense, and which naturally ought to accompany the pursuit of wisdom and the command of our passions, has in all ages been forgotten in the ceremonial of philosophers. In fact, their very pretensions exclude so humble an attribute. The Grecian sages announced their own claims: their apes, the moderns, have not relinquished any demands on any part of the succession. Hence the modest Mr. Baker, who was patient, humble, temperate; who sought neither fame nor riches; who was content with the poverty he embraced from duty; who searched after truth, rather than wisdom; never attained the title of *philosopher*: the inference whence is not unfair, that it is a title oftener assumed by the wearers than conferred. Mr. Baker was what his piety enjoined him to be, and what prohibits all assumption of merit—a christian philosopher.

Born with parts and industry, glowing with virtue, and fortified with resolution to adhere to the dictates of his judgment and conscience, the earliest blossom of his talents was dedicated to the same cause which the uniform
tenour

tenour of his life maintained. Smitten with the love of improving his mind, he waded early into science: yet, though he saw its beauties, he discerned its defects, and hastened to disclose the delusions of the syren, while he discovered that he had tasted of her most valuable favours. In the ardour of youth, and enamoured of knowledge, he anticipated experience; and his first production proclaimed what maturity of years alone inculcates into others, that all is vanity but religion. To lower learning and display it, has not been a rare effort of the love of paradox, which is the love of fame. Mr. Baker despised the dexterity of the former, nor aspired to the latter: he gave his book without his name. It was a tribute to his conviction, and a caution to the proud of knowledge. He meant not to check enquiry, but to point out its proper goal.

With the same affection to truth he could turn his mind from the enchanting worlds of investigation to the dry collection of little facts. With shining parts he could condescend to be an antiquary. From a companion of Newton he could stoop to associate with Antony Wood and Thomas Hearne. Gratitude, as well as situation, seems to have given this complexion to his studies. Attached to a society that rejected him from its bosom, and yet harboured him in its arms, he dedicated many days and hours to the history of St. John's college. Though a sincere protestant, the tender effusions of his gratitude made him almost a devotee of a female saint. The pious foundress, Margaret of Richmond, owes more to this Lutheran son than to all that have risen from her alms to episcopal thrones in either church—But I am anticipating his character, which will dart more conspicuously from his conduct. It was a star that seemed to occupy one only little point; but it was a fixed star; and when we examine it through the glass of truth, we find it magnified without exaggeration.

I have warned the reader that it has been with difficulty that any particulars of the life of this good man have been recovered. The highest quality he ever assumed himself was that of *socius ejectus*, which he sometimes subscribed. The industry of a * gentleman, who resembles Mr. Baker in his primitive simplicity and attachment to the university, has retrieved the few notices that I am able to impart—but genealogy and circumstances are but adventitious ornaments to a character that was simple, consistent and heroic. Yet Mr. Baker,

* The Rev. Mr. William Cole, formerly of Clare-hall and King's college, and now rector of Burgham in Buckinghamshire.

though

though he voluntarily descended to poverty, did not spring from necessitous or ignoble parents. It was not returning to his natural condition, when he abandoned the good things of this world. Sordid natures are more capable of reverting to a mean state, than men of gentle birth of embracing the deprivation of comforts. His continuance among those who stripped him of enjoyments was the noblest emanation of a mind incapable of envy or resentment. He quitted what he proved he loved, by remaining on a soil that no longer yielded him any thing but a stone for his pillow.

Thomas Baker, a younger son of sir George Baker of Crooke-hall * Lancaster in the county of Durham, was born September 14, 1656. With his elder brother George he was admitted pensioner of St. John's college in Cambridge June 13, 1674; and Thomas was received as scholar of the same college in November 1676; and as perpetual fellow of the same society in March 1680. In the books of the college is mention of a Thomas Baker as elected librarian in 1699, and Hebrew reader in 1700: but as our Mr. Thomas Baker was then fellow only by connivance, and was actually deprived of his fellowship in 1717; the gentleman who communicated this intelligence reasonably concludes that the society did not heap additional favours on one whom they only tolerated amongst them: and he confirms this conjecture by observing, that, on Mr. Baker's expulsion, he is styled senior Baker for distinction.

At what age Mr. Baker dedicated himself to the church, does not appear. That it was the profession he voluntarily embraced, cannot be doubted from the unvaried colour of his life and studies, and from his having adhered to a monastic life, when divested of the privilege of exercising his ministry. Born under a tempest of contending sects, his reason no sooner began to develop itself than he heard nothing but the conflict of the like warring elements. The jealousy of popery, that had alarmed the staunchest protestants under a devout king, blazed with reason under his profligate son, who was influenced by a brother, whose understanding he despised, in the point that most demands the exercise of one's own judgment. The controversy was managed, at least on the side of the church of England, with the highest abilities; yet when

* By his admission in the College register it appears that his father was then only an esquire, and I do not believe he was afterwards knighted.

The name of the place is Lanchester, and it is so spelt in the will.

Mr. Baker consecrated his services to that church, though it was the predominant, it neither enjoyed the partiality of the crown, nor promised a life of ease and tranquillity, at least to one who fathomed every duty, nor dispensed with himself in the performance of the most difficult. This is not mere conjecture, nor drawn from the tenor of his delicate conscience. Mr. Baker early and boldly bore testimony to his religious sentiments. Here are the proofs:

In the library of St. John's college is a collection of the London gazettes. That of July 5, 1688, contains those emanations of loyalty that attend *all* princes in possession (and had not been wanting to Richard Cromwell), and an account of the rejoicings made on the birth of king James's supposed son, in particular of those celebrated at Durham, under the auspices of bishop Crewe, to whom Mr. Baker seems to have been chaplain. On the margin of that gazette Mr. Baker has written these words: "This account was drawn up by the bishop, as his secretary Mr. Peters told me. I was present at the solemnity. If I did not rejoice as I ought, pardon me, O God, that sin!"

What delicacy of conscience! The good man trembled for his religion, yet doubted whether the Omnipotent did not expect that he should exult in whatever good luck befell his vicegerent—But, of what religion were they who invented such principles? If the Ruler of the universe visits a sinful world with pestilence, can he require us to rejoice at the calamity? In other words, can Almighty Wisdom exact our feeling contradictory sensations? Though a pious person says he rejoices, does he rejoice? Such doctors enjoin lip-worship, as if the All-seeing could be imposed on by a formulary of words. This is absurd casuistry, devised by bigots, and recommended by knaves. Nor could Mr. Baker's good sense have swallowed such nonsense, if the tenderness of his piety had not been alarmed by what he had been told was his duty. He thought it safer to trust to his conscience than his judgment. Nor had passive obedience ever a sincerer victim, or did good sense ever lose a worthier son misled by authority. Bishop Crewe proved less sincere, or less firm.

In the same gazette is an account from Whitehall of July 6, of the removal of the Judges, (a clear indication that the king was acting against law) and of the alteration of those appointed to hold the summer assizes on the northern circuit. There too Mr. Baker has attested his own conduct, with the same

dubitation whether he had not transgressed his duty in obeying the dictates of his conscience. It is still more remarkable, that he wept his want of devotion to his worldly master *after* king James was divested of power. There can be no doubt but such contrition would not have been felt, if king James had been successful. Mr. Baker's scruples never led him to sacrifice his religion to his prince, while in possession. Had James triumphed, we may justly conclude that Mr. Baker would have laid down his life for his faith. The relinquishment of fortune is nearer to the stake, than to a time-serving compliance. It was generous to bewail his own want of blind zeal for an unfortunate prince. He would have seen James's folly in its true light, if reduced to the option of emolument or the cross. The death of Charles I. has won him many hearts, that would have abhorred his tyranny if it had been successful.

"At Durham," says Mr. Baker, "I preached before the judges (three of the ecclesiastic commissioners being then present). I could easily observe the sermon gave offence (and indeed justly); and yet it passed without censure. I have since burnt it, as I did the rest."

Here good nature pauses to lament those confessors who resisted king James, and thought it their duty to become victims to their oaths. Indignation takes their part, and condemns oaths that are not mutual, and that are supposed to bind but one side. What foundation can there be for subjects devoting themselves to their prince, if he is bound by no reciprocal ties? If they are his chattels, his herd, his property, oaths are frivolous. He has power to punish them if they revolt, whether they are sworn to him or not. To swear to a king, without reciprocity from him, is subjecting our souls to him as well as our bodies. We are to be damned to all eternity if he makes his tyranny intolerable. Proclaim him God at once. God alone can be trusted with power over our minds: God alone can judge how much we can endure. Shall one of ourselves be emperor of the mind?—No, said Mr. Baker—yet repented that he had said so!—And we must admire the beauty of that integrity, which, instead of recurring to the refinements of casuistry to discover a salvo that would console it, bowed to arguments against itself, and distrusted its own reason more than its scruples.

A contest so nice ought to make us, who stand at a distance, view the combatants with impartiality. Sancroft, who preferred his oath to his mitre, and Tillotson,

Tillotson, who, in accepting it, adhered to the principles that he had avowed when persecution, not emolument, was the probable consequence of his resistance, deserve to be esteemed honest men. James, who had violated his coronation oath, and yet expected that the ministers of religion should prefer their oaths to their religion, was guilty, if either Sancroft or Tillotson was in the wrong. The chief magistrate of any country, who is a rock of offence to the consciences of his subjects, deserves no commiseration. The profusion of advantages that are showered on kings to enforce the authority of magistracy, and to reward them for their superintendency of the whole community, enhances their guilt when they set an example of trampling on the laws which it is both their duty and their interest to preserve inviolate—and none but womanish minds will pity them, when they provoke their subjects to throw off allegiance, and incur the penalty of their crimes. The blindest bigot to the memory of Charles I. or James II. cannot deny, that both were the original aggressors. Had they both acted conformably to the constitution and laws, no man living can think that any part of the nation would have revolted. Did not ship-money and disuse of parliaments precede the rebellion, or were the causes of it? Did not James in the dawn of his reign hoist the banner of popery? Had not Sancroft and the six bishops been imprisoned for withstanding the dispensing power? If Sancroft was a sincere protestant, could he believe that his oath bound him to an idolatrous king, who had perjured himself by promoting idolatry? Might not Tillotson think that the king's perjury absolved his subjects from their oaths? Sancroft, I verily believe, was so weak as to be of the contrary opinion. He was deluded by the conduct of the primitive Christians, who submitted to the higher powers—But how wide was the difference! The pagan emperors of Rome had never sworn to maintain pure christianity—and the early Christians themselves (if not the first, who had no opportunity of resistance) were not very passive, as soon as their numbers enabled them to use temporal weapons for the defence of their religion. Mr. Baker, of a more enlightened understanding than Sancroft's, yet acted the same disinterested part. But what severe reflections does the purity of their conduct call forth on a set of men who in the same cause acted and have acted the counterpart to those confessors!—I mean those Jacobites, who did take the oaths to king William and the succeeding princes down to the present reign, and yet constantly promoted the interests of a family they had so solemnly abjured! Let their conduct be tried by the

standard of their own Sancroft, and let us hear by what casuistry they will be absolved from guilt and contempt !

The three ecclesiastic commissioners alluded to by Mr. Baker in his preceding note, were, probably, Crewe, bishop of Durham, and two of the new judges.

Those commissioners ordered an account to be returned to them of the names of all such of the clergy as refused to read his Majesty's Declaration of April 7, for liberty of conscience.

On the margin of the Gazette for August 23, 1688, Mr. Baker has written this note : " I was ordered by the bishop of Durham [a commissioner] to attend the archdeacon, Dr. Granville, for the execution of this order ; which I readily did, knowing it to be enjoined me as a penance for my former disobedience, having refused to read the Declaration in his chapel, and forbid my curate to read it at my living *. The good man's answer was, that he would obey the king and the bishop, and the first man he returned should be the archdeacon, his curates not having read it in his absence ; but had he been present, he would have read it himself. Not long after he and I were both of us deprived for disobedience of another kind, and the commanding bishop saved himself by his usual compliance."

Here Mr. Baker's understanding and conscience appear in their full lustre. He saw it was not his duty to obey the king against his religion. He disobeyed. Yet when James had deservedly lost his crown, Mr. Baker sacrificed his fortune rather than take an oath to another. Dr. Denis Granville, dean and archdeacon of Durham, acted the same part, though with less merit, having been ready to humour the king in his injunctions. His bishopric was the religion of bishop Crewe, and he was ready for the toleration of popery or for suppression of it, according to the humour of the king on the throne. But when bishops sit so loose to both religions, one may be very sure they are not sincere in either, but would be Mahometans if the archiepiscopal

* This shows that Mr. Baker lost a living as will that it was the parish of Long-Newton in well as his fellowship ; and it appears from his the bishopric of Durham.

mitre were turned into a turban. They have not been so pliable towards any reformed church of Christians who do not admit of an opulent clergy. The whole tenour and spirit of the gospel inculcate poverty, charity, and self-denial. It is not so easy to prove from the New Testament that archbishoprics and bishoprics, in the modern sense, are of divine institution. St. Peter and St. Paul would have stared at being saluted by the titles of your grace and your lordship; and on what text are founded deaneries, prebends, chapters, and ecclesiastical courts, those popish excrescencies of a simple religion, we are yet to seek. Translations from one see to another are no doubt authorised by the same chapter of one of the four evangelists, though I know not of which, wherein prelates are enjoined to vote always with the prime minister for the time being; as the Swiss fight for the prince, whatever his religion is, who takes them into his pay.

These notes on the gazette that I have cited, and the firmness of his subsequent conduct, prove that Mr. Baker was prepared to meet every storm that could fall on him in the cause of his religion. It was the stamp of a mind still more disinterested, that he was not equally ready to triumph with his religion, when it was victorious. He had not foreseen the fall of the tyrant, nor had considered royalty on the great scale of the interests of the public, and as an office only held by the possessor for the benefit of the people. The sufferings of Charles I. whose crimes were not of the magnitude of his son's, had raised a spirit of enthusiasm in his partisans, and conjured up in their minds a profane idolatry of kings, that was inconsistent both with true religion and common sense; and had been extended even to genealogic succession—as if being born of a certain race could entitle any family to a right of violating with impunity all laws, both divine and human. Mr. Baker had unhappily imbibed those prejudices; but, as his virtue corrected the errors of his understanding, himself was the only person whom he attempted to sacrifice to his mistaken loyalty. He was never suspected of caballing against the new established government; and, while his own order and both universities, Oxford in particular, swarmed with factious priests, and engendered some whose zeal dipped them even in plots of assassination against the deliverer of the protestant religion, the meek Mr. Baker was content with the cross he had embraced, and never profaned his piety by rebellious intrigues. He even lived in charity, in communion, in friendship with churchmen of the most opposite principles. He assisted the studies and publications of archbishop Wake and bishop Kennet:
and

and while turbulent incendiaries and Jacobite priests, who had taken the oaths to king William, poured deluges of filth and malevolence on the head of bishop Burnet, for having, like an honest man, ventured his life in the cause of his religion, and for having (his greatest crime) recorded the crimes of the Stuarts and their ministers and creatures, Mr. Baker did justice to the character of the man, and contributed to his History of the reformation of that church to which they both adhered, and which other protestant divines have endeavoured to subject again to a Roman catholic sovereign. Mr. Baker's conduct is the most severe answer to all such libellers and renegades.

That prejudice and obstinacy were not the sole arbiters of this good man's conscience, appeared from his being disposed to take the oaths to the new government, as soon as his old master king James was no more; whose tampering, in concert with that other royal saint, Louis XIV. in the assassination-plot, and from which their memories will never be washed *, had shaken the allegiance of many of his warmest devotees. But the imposition of an oath of abjuration dispelled all thoughts in Mr. Baker of conformity: perhaps not from mere tenderness. He was too conscientious to take an oath to king William with any intention of transgressing it, like so many others, on a good

* The marshal duke of Berwick, son of king James, in his own Memoirs written by himself, has these words: "Pendant mon séjour à Londres, ayant été informé qu'il s'y tramait une conspiration contre la personne du prince d'Orange, je crus que, ma principale mission étant finie, je ne devois pas perdre le tems à regagner la France pour ne point me trouver confondu avec les conjurés, dont le dessein me paroissoit difficile à exécuter." Vol. i. p. 145. Not a word of abhorrence of so atrocious a design; it was the difficulty of the execution that staggered the good duke, and made him consult his safety. In the next page he is still more explicit; he owns that, Louis and James being apprised of the conspiracy, James waited on the sea-coast for the event of the plot. It is true, the duke pretends that the conspirators aimed only at seizing king William: but the words *quelque événement* imply that any event of the conspiracy would not be unwelcome. It was proved that the

conspirators actually intended to shoot the king; and lord Portland remonstrated to Louis himself at Versailles against the appearance of the duke of Berwick there, as privy to the plot of assassination. Lord Portland tells king William so in his letters:—and who can doubt it, when he himself acknowledges so much? Had the conspirators been able to seize the person of William, would they have hesitated at murder if he or his guards had resisted? William had James in his power, and facilitated his escape from Rochester. A man who had the meanness to *see*, and triumph over, the duke of Monmouth, and then put him to death, would, no doubt, have been tender of William's life, if the conspirators had had so little zeal, after succeeding in carrying off the king, as not to have saved James the trouble of signing the warrant for his death! After owning the plot, it is folly to endeavour to palliate it, and as great folly to believe the palliation!

opportunity;

opportunity ; but having fallen into such difficulties by his religious observance of the oath he had taken, he was probably averse to entangling himself in more snares. And since the experience of several reigns has demonstrated how little binding oaths are but to the most virtuous of mankind, it were to be wished that they were administered with great circumspection. The perjuries at the Custom-house, and in the case of elections, call for the abrogation of a sacrament that has lost all sanctity.

Mr. Baker retained his fellowship to the death of queen Anne, by the connivance of Dr. Jenkin the master, who at first had been himself a non-juror, but on taking the oaths had been elected head of the college. The accession of a new family of foreigners, who were not lineal heirs, and whose relation to the crown was too remote not to offend the prejudices of the vulgar, incited the vigilance of government to be strict in imposing the oath of fidelity. It was tendered to and refused by Mr. Baker. In his life in the *Biographia Britannica*, it is asserted, that he had hoped to continue to be screened by the master, and was offended at that indulgence being withdrawn ; but the proof of that assertion is very inadequate to the inference. He wrote himself in the blank leaves of all the books he afterwards gave to the college *socius ejectus*. If, when a conscientious man sacrifices his fortune to his integrity, it is demanded that he should have no sense of the sacrifice ; the demand would not only be absurd, but would destroy half the beauty of the action. What merit is there in conquering passions to which we are insensible ? Is it not rather a contradiction in terms ? How remote too is indignation and a lively sense of our loss, from patience ? Or can any words convey less resentment than *socius ejectus* ? Me, I own, they strike as humble and resigned ; and were I to search for an invidious interpretation, the utmost I could discover in the words *socius ejectus* would be a testimonial borne by the victim to his own virtuous deed. If, after all, Mr. Baker retained a lively sense of his deprivation, the long remainder of his days was a constant triumph over his anger ; for he remained in the college, under the jurisdiction of the master who had expelled him, in charity with his late colleagues, and dedicated many of his hours to the illustration of the history of his college. His meek, modest, inoffensive behaviour never varied. Avarice, the preposterous passion that often increases with our decay, never stained Mr. Baker's simplicity. He had little, but thought it enough ; and had the greatness of mind to decline offers of what would have been wealth in his circumstances.

It is indeed asserted in the new edition of the Biographia Britannica, that Mr. Prior ceded to Mr. Baker the profits of his fellowship after his expulsion. If he did, the generous act was worthy of so honest and amiable a man as Mr. Prior; and it is not to detract from the generosity of one whose soul glowed with friendship and good-nature, and whose poetry owed not one of its graceful and genteel beauties to asperity, that I am obliged, on the remarks of the gentleman to whom this tract is chiefly indebted, to doubt of the reality of the gift. Though Mr. Baker could have enjoyed the benefit of the cession but very few years, he being ejected in 1717, and Mr. Prior dying in 1721; the generosity was complete, Mr. Prior not being able to cede his fellowship but while he enjoyed it. But on the authority above mentioned, I must question the fact; not from the want of humanity in Mr. Prior, but from his own circumstances, which could ill allow him to be so munificent. Mr. Prior bequeathed books to the value of 200*l*. (together with the portraits of himself and the earl of Jersey) to St. John's college, in acknowledgment for having held the fellowship during his life. It is no proof, though perhaps a presumption, that he would not have been so sensible of the obligation, if he had ceded it to another; but in fact Mr. Prior's own fortune was so far from splendid, that he was little enabled to be a patron. He had had the intrinsic merit of having raised himself by his abilities from obscurity to shining eminence both in poetry and in the state—and yet there is no trace of his having been greedy of wealth. He left a very inconsiderable fortune, and at the very moment of Mr. Baker's sacrifice Mr. Prior's own friends were fallen into sudden disgrace, one of his patrons* was in the Tower, and the other in exile, and he himself under prosecution by parliament. It appears from his friend Dr. Swift, that Mr. Prior had prepared no pecuniary shelter against the storm. "Our friend Prior," says he, "not having had the vicissitude of human things before his eyes, is likely to end his days in as forlorn a state as any other poet has done before him, if his friends do not take more care of him than he did of himself." Swift's Letters from 1703 to 1740, published by Dr. Hawksworth in 1766, in 3 vols. octavo, p. 50. Accordingly the Dean, with Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Gay, with a zeal that will for ever illustrate that friendly society of men of the first genius, who never suffered either jealousy or even party to interfere with their esteem for congenial merit, set on foot, promoted, and carried into execution a subscription for the publi-

* Robert Harley earl of Oxford.

cation of Mr. Prior's works.—Mr. Prior, with his other virtues, was a man of no ostentation; would he have accepted a subscription for himself, while ceding an independent, though small, income to another? Yet the assertion is positive. It is not decent to contradict a gentleman of unimpeached character on what he affirms; yet it may be presumed, that, being a matter of tradition, at the distance of near sixty years the original reporter may have been mistaken.

There is still less foundation for believing what is asserted in a marginal note in the first edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, p. 3726, that bishop Burnet allowed Mr. Baker an annuity. That they had literary connections is well known, probably commenced by Mr. Baker's sending the prelate many corrections of his *History of the Reformation*, which his lordship mentions with great gratitude and esteem, in the introduction to his third volume, where he has also printed Mr. Baker's observations. But the terms employed by the bishop are far from implying either familiarity or patronage; and as that was his last publication, being dedicated to George I. and as Burnet died in March 1715, near two years before Mr. Baker lost his fellowship, it is not probable that the bishop would have selected a nonjuror for the object of his bounty, and less probable that Mr. Baker would have accepted it; he, who, when reduced to much narrower circumstances, would not stoop to accept emoluments from the head of the triumphant church. Having assisted archbishop Wake in his work on the state of the church, his grace offered to Mr. Baker the nomination of any friend he would recommend to a living of 200*l.* a year, since he could not accept it himself. This generous gratitude Mr. Baker declined, and desired that his grace's favour might be confined to a present of the book in question. Nor can it easily be believed, that a man who never boasted of the distinctions he received, would have been silent on obligations. Mr. Baker certainly did receive pecuniary presents from Edward Harley the second earl of Oxford, and it is said they were an annuity of 60*l.* a year. Mr. Baker ever gratefully acknowledged the patronage of the noble Mæcenæ, to whose house at Wimple he was always a welcome guest. More of their connection will appear, when we come to speak of the disposition of Mr. Baker's works.

Excluded from the church, in whose service he had intended to exert his activity and pious labours, he was reduced to the exercise of his private

virtues, and at liberty, if ever man was, to indulge his passion for study. It was the occupation of the rest of his life; and from the æra of his deprivation there is no trace of events in his long course but such as were literary. I shall therefore confine what I have farther to say of Mr. Baker to the chapter of his writings; and even check the pleasure I have in doing justice to his virtues, unless where they break out indirectly from circumstances that attended his own compositions, or the communications with which he assisted other authors.

Mr. Baker's first publication was his *Reflections on Learning*, published in octavo, 1699, without his name. It is a work full of learning, wit, and ingenuity, and deservedly raised the author's reputation; yet as much as I admire it, it would be the partiality of a biographer to his hero, not to allow that it has considerable defects. The editors of the new *Biographia* have justly reprehended Mr. Baker's style, which is far from possessing modern elegance, and from being formed by a good ear. It is not so universally replete with coarse and vulgar language, as the styles of Dr. Echard, Dr. Bentley, and Dr. Wootton; men whom however I rather mention with Mr. Baker as luminaries of science and wit, than to censure the harshness and want of purity in their diction. But Mr. Baker's book had a more considerable fault than the defect of elegance. It wanted a logical conclusion. The title of his work explains his scope. "*Reflections upon Learning; wherein is shewn the insufficiency thereof in its several particulars, in order to evince the usefulness and necessity of Revelation.*"

The fathers who decried human learning in order to enforce the one thing necessary, religion, argued consequentially, supposing God implanted a propensity to arts and sciences in the heart of man, and yet did not intend that he should make any use of the powers bestowed. The fathers too, who held that absurd doctrine, had at least the excuse of apprehending that the end of the world was at hand. But seventeen hundred years have pretty well exploded that vision; and therefore we must be the more surprised to hear an ingenious man argue like enthusiasts of the second or third century.

That human industry has not perfected, probably cannot perfect, every science, is a self-evident truth, but perhaps not a melancholy one. The investigation is delightful; and so exquisite is the goodness of the creator, that he

he has taught us to strike out numerous enjoyments even from imperfect knowledge. Where he has not given us specifics, he has bestowed succedaneums. If the pyramids were raised by slender skill in mechanics, though by great labour, they might be erected in less time now, yet would not last longer. The natives of Otaheite could carve without iron. A Grecian or Roman could execute works in cameo or intaglia without microscopic glasses, which we cannot imitate with superior advantages. But how does revelation supply the defects of knowledge, except in what it was given to reveal? I will mention a few of Mr. Baker's topics, to which revelation seems a very inadequate supplement. In fact, except morality, I see not what revelation was intended to improve, has improved, or could improve. If it even has not improved morality, it is not the fault of revelation, but of those to whom it has been dispensed.

But, says Mr. Baker, language, grammar, history, chronology, geography, civil law, canon law, physic, oriental and scholastic learning, are still imperfect.

In his preface he declares he does not mean wholly to discredit the use of human learning; yet as in one place he apprehends that the thirst of learning will substitute natural to revealed religion, we might infer that he fears knowledge is no great friend to revelation—but at least the whole scope of his book and the avowed declaration of the conclusion is, that no complete satisfaction is to be had but from revelation. If he meant, that no complete happiness can flow but from religion, it is an undeniable truth, and the defects of knowledge are by no means the greatest evils against which we need that consolatory cordial. But when he runs through the defects of history, physic, and canon law, &c. and sends us to revelation, one should suppose that in revelation were to be found the discoveries not yet made in any of those sciences. Otherwise his dissertation is a nugatory declamation, and a vain parade of his own examination of so many branches of knowledge. I should trifle if I replied, that I cannot see how revelation can improve physic, or supply its place, since the power of curing diseases has not been transmitted from the apostles to their successors. Or if I applied revelation to the canon law, which is, or is pretended to be, drawn from the gospel. Or if, instead of believing that revelation could amend scholastic learning, I should assert that

nothing can improve nonsense and absurdity; and that the learning of the schools was so far from being learning, that it barred all knowledge, and that the world never recovered its senses till it exploded the schools.

But reasonable piety will never confound things that have no coherence. The gospel was intended to correct our passions, and preach purer morality than had been discovered by the force of human reason. Ten thousand inventions, systems, and doctrines have been built upon it, to which it gave no foundation. The precepts of Christ were plain and simple. He enjoined, he forbade, nothing but what he expressed. He came not to instruct us in chronology, nor to teach us to write history. His own disciples indeed did not always understand him, or conjectured more from his words than they implied. The more their successors have fancied themselves illuminated, the farther they have wandered in the dark; and good Mr. Baker has not been the most free from error, if he really thought, as his argument leads us to suppose, that the gospel could supply any other consolation to the imperfection of science, than resignation to the divine will. All human knowledge, except morality, might have made all the progress it has made, had revelation never been dispensed: and it would puzzle Mr. Baker himself to show, that any other science has been improved by lights drawn from the gospel: and if in near two thousand years it has contributed nothing to science, it probably never will. Mr. Baker was cautiously in the right not to refer us to the older testament for improving the sciences, as it was remarkably unfortunate in some, particularly in history, geography, and astronomy—defects solved by the supposition that God conformed himself to the ideas of men—a very irreligious solution: but the old law being abrogated by the new, we have no business to uphold the former; nor could we without falling into contradictions; the spirit of Jewish invasions and massacre, and their want of charity for their neighbours, being totally abhorrent from the spirit of the meek Jesus.

Mr. Baker's Reflections on learning drew him into a controversy with Le Clerc, a dispute detailed in the Biographia, and which therefore I shall not repeat. It seems to have been the only moment of his life in which he did not preserve his temperate politeness, but exchanged it, yet only to a moderate degree, for that boisterous indelicacy of the literati of the preceding age, the Scaligers, Scioppiuses, and Salmasiuses, who hurled Latin ordures at the heads

heads of their foes, and were proud of being able to be as scurrilous as the cobblers * of old Rome and in the same terms.

May I be allowed to think that a fault which a man commits but once in a long life, is a beauty in his character; at least a foil, that heightens the rest of his virtues, and implies a greater amendment? In Mr. Baker it was redeemed by communications even to men of the most opposite principles. He knew to distinguish between the members of the republic of letters, and the adherents to a party in the state from which he dissented.

His next, and sole other, publication was a new edition of bishop Fisher's funeral sermon on Margaret countess of Richmond and Derby; to which he added an account of her charities, foundations, &c.

The rest of his life was passed in the study of antiquity and in laborious collections of antique papers, great numbers of which he transcribed with his own hand, relating to our transactions both in the church and the state. From these stores, and his own indefatigable reading, he assisted many men of congenial studies in their several publications; and he was supposed to have been engaged for many years in compiling for his own university a work similar to Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*: but there is no sufficient warrant for believing that he ever meditated such a digestion; and he certainly left nothing beyond materials for it.

Of his own college he actually undertook and executed a very valuable history; valuable still less for its accuracy and fidelity, than for its author's singular impartiality. It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of temper in a martyr. It is brightened too with rays of judgment and good sense that shine unexpectedly from such brute matter; and though too dry to charm without the walls of its own college, it is so honourable both to the society and the author, that it is rather surprising a few copies at least have not been preserved by the press: at least it would be a model to writers of that class, if the scribblers of antiquities could be taught to have taste, and to abandon bigotry and prejudice, and useless trifles, which have no value but that of existence.

The authors and editors his contemporaries, whose studies were congenial

* Dr. Bentley said of Joshua Barnes, that he knew as much Greek as a Grecian cobbler.

with

with Mr. Baker's, were gratefully fond of acknowledging their obligations to him, and of bearing testimony to his exemplary virtues. Mr. Brown Willis, Dr. Knight in his Life of Erasmus, Dr. Richardson in his edition of Godwin *De præsulibus Angliæ*, Professor Ward in his History of Gresham College, Dr. Fiddes in his Life of Wolsey, and Hearne in several of his publications, all hold the same language on the communicative humanity and other excellencies of this primitive confessor.

More might be said on this head; but where genuine virtues shine so conspicuously by their own light, they want no adventitious rays. The preceding age had leaned so heavily on those collateral crutches, compliments from cotemporaries, that panegyrics of that kind sunk into total disuse. Mr. Pope's juvenile works were I think the last so gilded, and his own effulgence made all those lesser stars

Hide their diminish'd heads.

In those indefatigable researches, in collections, in benevolent and friendly communications, and in the exercise of every duty and of every charity within the limits of his contracted fortune, Mr. Baker reached the eighty-fourth year of his age, when his life terminated as mildly, though suddenly, as it had been passed. On Saturday the 28th of June, 1740, in the afternoon, he was found lying upon the floor of his chamber; his face so much convulsed that his speech was almost inarticulate; a stupor hung on his senses, and one side was dead. At times he seemed to disregard what was passing around him; at others he knew those present, and recommended himself to their prayers for an easy death; expressing perfect resignation, as he perceived, he said, that his time was come, and thanking his friends for their kind offices. In this easy state of transition he lasted till the following Wednesday; and being almost incapable of swallowing, he took little nourishment and less of medicine, accepting with uneasiness any assistance, but to change his linen, as he deemed all remedy impossible and but a delay of his departure; so that his friends forbore to disturb him more than was requisite to mark that there was no neglect.

This was the end he had often wished, preceded by a short illness, and accompanied by little or no pain. He was interred in the anti-chapel of St. John's

John's college with every sincere mark of respect and ceremony from the society, and an oration in his praise was pronounced over his grave by one of the fellows.

The last act of his life, his will, was consonant to the series of his actions, and breathes the same devotion, humility, charity, friendship, and candour, that had adorned each period. It shall be printed here, as it indicates the disposition of his MSS. the contents of which are specified in the new edition of the Biographia Britannica, and which show how useful a virtuous man may be even when cut off from society: but one particularity of his last testament is too memorable not to be singled from the rest of his legacies. One of them is to Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose principles in church and state were not only very different from those of Mr. Baker, but the doctor himself had lost the friendship of their common patron, the earl of Oxford, by being converted from the narrow and bigoted creed of those who adhered to the monkish notions of royal and ecclesiastical despotism, and who did not, like Mr. Baker, allow any toleration, nor forgive Middleton for seeing with his own eyes. Mr. Baker certainly intended no reproach to a sect, which he never quitted; but the candour of his conduct is the severest censure on every party that is intolerant. They alone who abhor toleration deserve little. They are enemies to the freedom of religion, over which God alone can have any right of empire. Mr. Baker lived and died in charity with all mankind, and was perhaps the sole instance of a man who bequeathed his worldly goods to a society that had ejected him, and to the ministers of a church in which he had lost preferment. The following copy of his will attests these merits, and shall close what I have to say of so uncommon and amiable a character.

MR. BAKER'S

MR. BAKER'S WILL.

IN the name of God, Amen. I Thomas Baker, ejected fellow of St. John's college in Cambridge, do make my last will and testament as follows :

First, I commend my soul into the hands of Almighty God (my gracious and good God) my faithful creator, and merciful redeemer, and in all my dangers and difficulties a most constant protector. Blessed for ever be his holy name !

As to the temporal goods it hath pleased the same good God to bestow on me (such as all men might be content with, and are, I bless God, neither poverty nor riches), I dispose of them in the following manner :

Whereas I have made a deed of gift (or sale for one guinea) of twenty-one volumes in folio of my own hand writing, to the right honourable Edward earl of Oxford, I confirm and ratify that gift by this my last will, and I beg his lordship's acceptance of them, being sensible they are of little use or value ; with two other volumes in folio, markt vol. 19, 20. since conveyed to him in like manner.

To my dear cousin George Baker, esq. of Crook, I leave The Life of Cardinal Wolsey, noted with my own hand, lord Clarendon's History with cuts and prints, and Winwood's Memorials in three volumes, in folio, with a five-pound jacobus piece of gold, as a mark of respect and affection, since he does not want it.

To my cousin Ferd. Baker, my silver salver, as promised.

To my worthy kinsman and friend, Mr. George Smith, I leave Godwin De præsulibus Angliæ, Waræus De præsulibus Hyberniz, both noted with my own hand,

To the reverend and learned Dr. Newcombe, master of St. John's college, I leave a ring of a guinea, with two tables of the masters of St. John's college,

in frames, with my founder's picture (Dr. Hugh Ashton) for himself or college: and to his excellent lady a ring of one guinea.

To my worthy friend Dr. Dickens, regius professor of law, I leave the first edition of Linwood's Provincial, in a large folio and black letter, with a ring of a guinea, and Dr. Corbet's picture, for himself, or the college.

To the worthy Mr. Burrough, fellow of Caius college, I leave bishop Cofin's picture for the college; and my worthy friend Dr. Knight, archbishop Parker's picture, together with another picture (near my bed) of Dr. Humphry Tyndal, dean of Ely (as supposed, and the date and year agree exactly).

All my other pictures and prints undisposed of, I leave to my worthy friend Dr. Grey*, LL. D. for the ornament of his house, with a ring of a guinea to him, Dr. Middleton, Dr. Williams, Mrs. Burton of Ellamore, and my dear niece and god-daughter Mrs. Margaret Shepperson, and the rev. Mr. John Boswell, vicar of Taunton and prebendary of Wells.

To St. John's college library I leave all such books, printed or MSS. as I have, and are wanting there; excepting those I leave in trust to my worthy friend Dr. Middleton, for the University library: viz. archbishop Wake's State of the Church, noted and improved under his own hand; bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation, in three volumes, noted in my hand; and bishop Kennet's Register and Chronicle (for the memory of which three great prelates, my honoured friends, I must always have a due regard). To these I add Mr. Anstis's History of the Garter, in 2 vols. folio; Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, and (Maunsel's Catalogue) both noted in my own hand, and Gunton's and Patrick's History of the Church of Peterborough, noted for bishop Kennet in my own hand; with 15 volumes more or less, in folio, in manuscript, all in my own hand; and 3 volumes in quarto, part in my own hand.

To the poor of the parish of Lanchester, where (at Crook) I was born; and to the poor of the parish of Longnewton, where I was ejected; to each parish I leave ten pounds, and to the college servants of St. John the Evan-

* Dr. Zacary Grey, either editor or author of Remarks upon Neale's History of the Puritans, and the last edition of Hudibras.

gelist ten pounds (among such as shall be willing to accept a share), and out of that I leave five pounds to my bedmaker.

And whereas I have an hundred pounds in the Bank of England, under the name of my worthy friend and kinsman Dr. William Bedford, M. D. I leave him the profits of one year, and one year's dividend next after my decease.

As to my funeral, I am not so solicitous: I desire nothing more than christian burial. Christ be merciful to me a sinner!

Lastly, I constitute and appoint my dear nephew, Richard Burton, esquire, my sole executor; to whom I leave every thing undisposed of, which I hope will be enough, to defray his trouble. May God Almighty bless him, and give him all the engaging qualities of his father, all the virtues of his mother, and none of the sins or failings of his uncle; which (God knows) are great and many, and humbly (O my God) I call for mercy.

In testimony of this my will, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 15th day of October, 1739.

THOMAS BAKER.

Signed, sealed, delivered and declared by the aforesaid Thomas Baker, the testator, as for his last will and testament, in the presence of us,

WILLIAM CLAPHAM,
CHARLES RICHARDS.

And now, O my God, into thy hands I contentedly resign myself: whether it be to life or death, thy will be done. Long life I have not desired, and yet thou hast given it me. Give me, if it be thy good pleasure, an easy and an happy death: or, if it shall please thee to visit me severely, as my sins have deserved, give me patience to bear thy correction, and let me always say, even with my dying breath, Thy will be done. Amen, Amen.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF MY CONDUCT

RELATIVE TO THE

PLACES I hold under GOVERNMENT,

AND TOWARDS

MINISTERS.

ACCOUNT OF MY CONDUCT, &c.

IN my youth my father, sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, gave me the two patent little places I still hold, of clerk of the estreats and comptroller of the pipe, which together produce about or near 300 l. per annum. When I was about eighteen or nineteen he gave me the place of inspector of the imports and exports in the custom-house, which I resigned in about a year, on his giving me the patent place of usher of the exchequer, then reckoned worth 900 l. a year. From that time I lived on my own income, and travelled at my own expence; nor did I during my father's life receive from him but 250 l. at different times; which I say not in derogation of his extreme tenderness and goodness to me, but to show that I was content with what he had given to me, and that from the age of twenty I was no charge to my family.

Before my father's quitting his post, he, at the instance of my eldest brother, lord Walpole, had altered the delivery of exchequer bills from ten pounds to an hundred pounds. My deputy, after that alteration made, observed, that, as usher of the exchequer, who furnishes the materials of exchequer bills, on which, by the table of rates in the exchequer, I had a stated profit, I should lose ten per cent. which he represented to my father; who, having altered them to oblige my brother, would not undo what he had done; but to repair the prejudice I had suffered, sir Robert, with his wonted equity and tenderness, determined to give me 2000 l. in lieu of what I lost, and would have added that legacy in a codicil to his will:—but this happening only two days before his death, when he was little capable of making that codicil, my brother lord Walpole engaged, at my father's desire, to pay me 400 l. a year; which not long after my brother redeemed for the intended 2000 l.

King George the first had graciously bestowed on my father the patent place of collector of the customs for his own life, and for the lives of his two elder sons Robert and Edward; but my father reserved in himself a right of disposing of the income of that place as he should please during the existence of the grant. Accordingly having afterwards obtained for his eldest son Robert the great place of auditor of the exchequer, and for his second son Edward that of clerk of the pells, he bequeathed, by an instrument under his hand, 1000 l.
a year

a year to me out of the patent for the remainder of the term, and devised the remainder, about 800l. a year, to be divided between my brother Edward and me.

Having provided thus largely for my brother Edward and me, and leaving nothing but an estate in land of nominally 8000l. a year, and a debt of between 40 and 50,000l. he gave to my brother Edward and me only 5000l. a piece, of which I have never received but 1000l. and none of the interest. He also gave to my brother Edward a freehold-house in Pall-Mall, and to me the remainder of a house in Arlington-street, which went away from me in 1781, the term being expired.

Though my portion was much inferior to my brother's, still it was a noble fortune for a third son, and much beyond what I expected or deserved. Yet undoubtedly so excellent a parent would not have made so very slender a provision as 5000l. for a son he loved, if he had not had the opportunity and the legal right of giving me a much ampler fortune of what he had obtained by his long faithful and very essential services to the kings George the first and second.

I presume boldly to say that my father had a legal right of making the provision for me he did in the places I hold. Patent places for life have existed from time immemorial, by law, and under all changes of government. He who holds an ancient patent place enjoys it as much by law as any gentleman holds his estate, and by more ancient tenure than most gentlemen hold theirs, and from the same fountain, only of ancients date, than many of the nobility and gentry hold their estates, who possess them only by grants from the crown, as I possess my places, which were not wrung from the church, and in violation of the intention of the donors, as a vast number of estates were; nor can I think myself as a patent placeman a more useless or a less legal engrosser of part of the wealth of the nation than deans and prebendaries. While there are distinctions of ranks, and unequal divisions of property, not acquired by personal merit, but by birth or favour, some will be more fortunate than others. The poor are most entitled to complain; but an archdeacon or a country gentleman has very little grace in complaining that any other unprofitable class is indulged by the laws in the enjoyment of more than an equal share of property, with the meanest labourer or lowest mechanic.

Having said this with the confidence that does not misbecome a legal possessor,

feffor, I am far from pretending to any other plea, much less to any merit in myself. A tender parent lavished riches on me greatly beyond my desert, of which I am so little conscious in myself, that, if the distresses of the public require a revocation of gifts bestowed by the crown in its splendour, I know no man who can plead fewer services to his country, or less merit in himself than I can. In one light only I can wipe off an aspersion in which patent placemen have been confounded with other placemen. No man who holds a place for life, is dependent on the crown farther than his duty or his gratitude binds him. I, perhaps, by the nature of my office, which I shall explain hereafter, am more dependent than almost any patent-holder—and yet I may presume to say, that having suffered by that dependence because I would not violate my principles and conscience, I cannot be deemed a servile placeman'.

Endowed so bountifully by a fond parent as I have allowed myself to be, it would be ridiculous to say that I have been content; yet not having unfolded some peculiarities in my situation, I may venture to say that I have shown that I could be content with a considerable diminution. I have never made any merit of that moderation: but when I am held out to the public as one whom the public are called upon to reduce to an humbler lot, which I am ready to admit, if it be but allowed that all my guilt consists in holding what somebody else would have held if I did not, it may be permitted to me to prove, that while I assumed no claim of merit, I have declined every offered opportunity of enlarging or securing my fortune, because I would not be bound to serve any minister contrary to my principles, and because I chose to have no obligations but to one to whom I owed every thing, and to whom it was my duty, and whom it would be my pride to obey, if he were on earth to exact that obedience!

I have said that my father left me much the larger share in the income of the patent place in the custom-house. I have also mentioned that the patent was granted to my father during the lives of him and his two elder sons: on his death there remained the lives of my two brothers, and that my share would consequently cease entirely if I survived them. The health of my eldest brother declining, and my brother Edward being eleven years older than me, two or three of my best friends urged me to ask to have my life added to the patent. I refused—but own I was at last over-persuaded to make application

My conduct while I sat in parliament is most probably forgotten; but no man can collect that it looked like servility to ministers. It is needless to obviate what never was objected to me.

to Mr. Pelham—how unwillingly will appear by my behaviour on that occasion, which did not last two minutes. I went to him and made my request. He replied civilly, “he could not ask the king to add my life to the patent, but if I could get my brother Edward to let my life stand in lieu of his, he would endeavour to serve me.”—I answered quickly, “Sir, I will never ask my brother to stand in a precarious light instead of me;” and hurrying out of his house, returned to two of my friends who waited for me, and said to them, “I have done what you desired me to do, but, thank God! I have been refused.”—This was in the year 1751, and was the first and last favour I ever asked of any minister for myself.

Had I been an ambitious or an interested man, I certainly have had eminent opportunities of indulging either passion. At the beginning of the present reign an overture presented itself to me, which a more selfish man would have thought flattering to his views. How I embraced that occasion may be seen by Letter VIII. in page 378.

I may be allowed to say, that I have waved more substantial and real offers. Twice I have been offered to have my share of the patent, which I now hold only during my brother's life, conferred on me for my own. Both times I positively refused to accept that offer. Having rejected a certainty of 1400l. per ann. for my own life, instead of holding it during the life of one eleven years older, I hope I shall not be thought a very interested man.

I will now explain the nature of my office of usher of the exchequer, stated by the commissioners of accounts to render to me clear four thousand two hundred pounds a year, and which I said was given to me as producing but nine hundred a year, and which, on an additional tax being laid on places, I gave in as producing 1800l. a year, and which, had it been adverted to, would make me seem to have given in a very fraudulent estimate; but I am so conscious of my innocence and integrity in that respect, that I chose—perhaps out of vanity—to recollect that circumstance myself, as it certainly reflects no dishonour on me. When I was called on to give in the value of my place, I took my book of accounts and receipts for the last twelve years, and gave in the medium of those twelve years, which was 1800l. a year. As mine has been an increasing place by three wars, and other circumstances, and as for the first years of my holding that place it was much less, the medium sum would have been less than 1800l. a year, if I had taken my receipts farther back than twelve years; so that I plainly exaggerated, instead of diminishing
what

what I had received annually from my first nomination to the office. If I have enjoyed too much, as I confess I have, at least I have not sought to increase my income by any indirect or dirty methods.

The duty of my office is to shut the gates of the exchequer, and to furnish paper, pens, ink, wax, sand, tape, pen-knives, scissars, parchment, and a great variety of other articles to the exchequer, treasury, and their officers, and to pay the bills of the workmen and tradesmen who serve those offices. Many of the articles specified are stated in a very ancient table of rates in the exchequer (I think of the time of Edward III. so that my office is, if a grievance, no very novel one), and on those, large profits are allowed to the usher; whence my profit arises, and whence, if it is largely augmented of late years, a candid examiner will observe, that that increase proceeds from the prodigious additional consumption of paper, pens, ink, wax, which the excessive increase of business at the treasury must occasion; and therefore should a much less quantity of those implements be employed, my profits would decrease in proportion. When therefore I am charged as receiver of 4200l. a year, it should be remembered, that though I was so in the year 1780 (though I shall show that even that is an arbitrary statement, and not calculated on any medium), yet I cannot equitably be reckoned *communibus annis* to receive so large a sum. I have shown that 1800l. a year was the medium on twelve years, and those not of my least receipts.

It is very difficult to state my case, and not seem to defend it. But I am telling the truth, and not pleading for favour—at least, my object is to obtain a favourable opinion of my character. I am far more indifferent about my fortune. But surely any impartial man will reflect how grievous it must be to a disinterested mind to be held up to the public as a blood-sucker, under the invidious name of a placeman—to be one of those pointed at by county associations, as grievances that call for speedy correction and removal; in short, to be confounded with contractors and other leeches that have grown out of the profusions and abuses of the time, though my office has existed from the oldest times, and has existed under the best government. Public distress demands economy and correction. Be they exercised; I desire no exception. But being guilty of no servile, of no indirect means in obtaining, augmenting, or retaining my office, I am ready to resign that office; but I will prove (and defy all mankind to detect me in a single falsehood) that I have held my place with honour, and have nothing to palliate or conceal in my execution of it.

The

The place is held under many disagreeable circumstances. I advance money to the tradesmen and workmen; I contract to pay the principal merchant with whom I deal for paper, though I should never be repaid. There is no specific time appointed for my being paid; it depends on the good pleasure of the first lord of the treasury; and yet, though a mere tradesman in that respect, I believe no man will accuse me of having ever paid court or even attendance on a first lord of the treasury. I was *once*, forty years ago, at the late duke of Newcastle's levee, the only minister's levee at which I ever was present except my own father's. Yet with very few have I had cause not to be content in my own particular. If I have been proud, they have been just. Yet some of my predecessors have met with harder fates. Mr. Naylor, my immediate predecessor but one, lost twenty thousand pounds by the death of queen Anne.

Risks by prudent men are calculated as drawbacks; but where advantage preponderates, even the terrors of calculation are surmounted. More prudent men than I am would have combated those risks, by making the most of their advantages. I have ever disdained that pitiful arithmetic. All the goods I furnish have always been purchased by me at the highest prices—and never came a complaint from the treasury that was not instantly remedied by my orders. In more than forty years I have never received an important complaint, nor given occasion to one.

Having said that there is no certain time settled for my being paid, and as I have sometimes had large arrears due, and consequently as one year frequently runs into another, and thence I may in one year receive four or five thousand pounds, because in the preceding I did not receive half so much, the commissioners of accounts having examined my deputy but on a single year, were just in their report of what I received *that year*; but, had they gone farther back, would certainly not have given in 4200l. as my receipt *communibus annis*. This unintended misrepresentation I bore in silence, it having been

¹ From lord North I always received regular justice and civility, though I never paid any court to him, nor disguised my disinclination to his measures. This compliment, which now cannot be misinterpreted, is due to him, and is an unsuspicious evidence of his good humour and averseness from all malignity. When I am

grateful to the living for civilities, I scorn to recollect the rancour of the dead.

² My deputy received my positive orders to give to the commissioners the most particular detail of my profits, and to offer them in my name my account-books of all my receipts, which they declined accepting, and which would have shown them

been my steadfast purpose not to interfere with the public examination of places, nor take the smallest step to mitigate my own fate, which I submit implicitly to the discretion of the legislature. What I hold, I hold by law: if the law deprives me, I have too much reverence for the laws of my country to complain. No man ever heard me utter a syllable in my own behalf. My nearest friends know that I have required them not to interpose to save me. This dread of seeming to make interest to save my place preponderated with me to appear ungrateful for a time, lest it should look like a selfish compliment: I have never yet thanked Mr. Burke for the overflowing pleasure he gave my heart, when, on moving his bill, he paid that just compliment to the virtues of my honest excellent father. This acknowledgment I hope he will accept as a proof, that, though silent, I was not insensible to the obligation. Just praise out of his mouth is an epitaph of sterling value, and, standing in his printed speech on that occasion, will enjoy an immortality which happens to few epitaphs.

This apology for my own conduct will I hope be accepted from a man who has nothing to boast but his disinterestedness, and is grievously wounded by standing in a light of one by whom the public suffers. Were my place worth double 4000l. I could resign it cheerfully at the demand of my country; but having never flattered the ministers I disapproved, nor profited to the value of a shilling by my dearest friends when in power, which they have been twice of late years (and having so much reason to be proud of their friendship, why should I not name two such virtuous upright men as the duke of Richmond and general Conway?), I cannot bear to appear in the predicament of one enriched to the detriment of the country. This stab has been given to my peace, and the loss of my place will not enlarge the wound, nor will the retention of the place heal it. It is this most scrupulous state of facts that alone can rehabilitate me in the eyes of the public, if any thing can; — and though nothing would have drawn a vain detail from me, unprovoked, it cannot be thought arrogant to endeavour to wipe off reproach, nor impertinent to aim at negative merit with the public, instead of subscribing to undeserved and invidious obloquy.

March 30, 1782.

HORACE WALPOLE.

them a very different state of the medium of my place. Had they accepted those books, I intended to send them word, that they were welcome to examine my receipts; but that I hoped, as

they were gentlemen, they would not look at the foolish manner in which I had flung away most of what I had received.

LETTERS

LETTERS TO AND FROM MINISTERS.

LETTER I.

To THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

SOME time ago Mr. West, by your grace's order, treated with me for the sale of my place in the custom-house, which bringing in to me at the lowest thirteen hundred per ann. with the contingency of 100 per ann. more on the death of Mrs. Leneve, besides other advantages which I shall mention presently, was thought worth, by those who understand, and whom I consulted on, these sort of things, from fourteen to fifteen thousand pounds. The affair, as I understood, went off by my brother, who has the reversion after me, expecting much more for his small share and great reversion, than was thought reasonable.

This being a brief state of the case, I have now thought of a plan, by which I believe I could accommodate your grace in a much easier manner, and which I shall here propose to be accepted or rejected as your grace shall think proper.

The post of master of the mint, held at present by Mr. Chetwynd, is, I think, reckoned at 1200 l. per ann. If it is less, even 1000 l. I will exchange mine for it on the following terms. If your grace will give me the reversion of the master of the mint after Mr. Chetwynd, for my life, I will immediately on his death resign my share and profits of the place in the custom-house to whomever your grace pleases. That is, I will give up fourteen hundred a year, precarious, for 1200 or 1000 certain; on which your grace will please to make these observations: If my brother will not part with his contingency, whoever shall have my share will still be a great gainer. For

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instance,

instance, the master of the mint must be given to somebody—if to me, I give in lieu my profits (I believe, greater than those), besides what I hinted at above; and in our place there are seven or eight places in mine and my brother's gift alternately, of which two at least are *very* good—I shall give up my nominations with my place. If Mr. Chetwynd outlives me, as my profits would go to another, not a farthing of money is thrown away, and when Mr. Chetwynd shall drop, his place will be in your grace's disposal, as it is at present. If my brother dies before me and Mr. Chetwynd, the whole profit of the custom-house place will be in your grace's disposal, and I shall be to wait for Mr. Chetwynd's reversion, or to die myself; neither of which will be of any consequence but to myself. In short, my lord, instead of paying me a large sum of money as was before proposed, your grace will only have the trouble of asking the king to consent to my exchange of my place, that your grace may have the very fair pretence of asking at the same time for one or two lives in the custom-house place, which on this agreement with me your grace would ensure to your family (and would be a great provision for a younger son of my lord Lincoln); and as I should be ready to resign mine (by much the largest share), I should suppose his majesty would not refuse your grace a suit so advantageous to you, and which then you would have so reasonable foundation for asking. And I own I have one pleasure in reflecting how, different from most reversions, this would be rather a service than anyways offensive to Mr. Chetwynd.

There is one thing more I ought to mention. I don't know the exact value of Mr. Chetwynd's place; it may be more than I have stated it, and I have no thoughts of making any clandestine advantage. If it should exceed 13 or 1400l. per ann. I by no means desire to be a gainer in income, and shall readily agree to pay to whomever your grace pleases as much as it shall exceed my present place; as on the other hand, if it falls short, I am content to be the sufferer.

I have treated this exchange as very advantageous to your grace, and it certainly would be exceedingly so; yet I do not mean either to be artful for my own profit, or to pretend to make any court by it. It would be below me not to deal frankly with your grace: I have neither ambition nor avarice to satisfy; I have as much from the government as I desire, or have any pretensions to; I want no more; but I do wish to be secure for my life, and to

keep nearly what I have. If I can keep it honourably, as I should, by this exchange, I should be glad: if I cannot, I shall be content with much less, for I would do nothing unworthy of me, to obtain any advantage. Your grace sent to me in a very handsome manner before; I hope my compliance then, and the much better proposal for your grace that I make now, mark my attention and desire of obliging your grace, in which, without any disguise, I mean, my lord, at once to pay a civility to you, and to secure myself in a way which leaves me nothing to be ashamed of, and gives your grace some reason to be satisfied with my plain dealing—in a word, a way as creditable to you as it will be little expensive.

I am, my lord,

Your grace's, &c.

HOR. WALPOLE.

Nov. 12, 1758.

LETTER II.

TO THE RT. HON. HENRY BILSON LEGGE.

SIR,

UPON hearing a motion yesterday in the house of commons for an account of the produce of the tax on places, I sent for my deputy and asked what I had paid. He told me that nothing had been demanded; that he had been ready to pay whatever should be required, as I had given him positive orders, and to answer to the extent of the value of my place whenever it should be enquired into. You will excuse my troubling you with this now, since on one hand I don't know on what method the treasury have fixed for taxing the places in the exchequer; and on the other, if I did, I would not send my assessment *just now*, lest it should look as if I had had any design of evading the tax, and only paid for fear of the enquiry. I must appeal to you, sir, how very groundless such a suspicion would be. I can scarce expect that any thing I say should make an impression on any body, and yet I believe you may recollect, that when such a tax was first talked of, I told you how far I was from wishing it should not be imposed; that I thought persons who had a good deal from the government ought to pay towards carrying it on, and that we in employments could afford it better than many on whom the weight

weight of taxes fell very heavily. I must bear my brother witness that he entirely agreed with me in these sentiments.

When this tax was to be voted, I again spoke to you upon it, sir, and said, Though I was very ready to pay myself, I hoped it would not be extended to little offices, where salaries were small, and the business great: and I mentioned to you a difficulty that might, by inadvertence, be laid upon me, if I was rated according to my bills, which, including all that I pay to the king's workmen and tradesmen, would, if valued in that manner, impose a greater duty upon me than my whole income would amount to. This you told me could never be the case; and I only mention it now, to show that I no more conceal what I said for myself, than I sought to avoid any incumbrance to which I ought to be subject. You concluded the conversation with saying, that no method of taxing places was yet settled, and that it would be a very difficult matter to adjust.

Do excuse my repeating all this detail, and be so good as to keep this letter, if it should be necessary for my justification. There is but one thing in the world that I have any pretence to be proud of, and that is, my disinterestedness: It would hurt me beyond measure to have it for one moment called in question. My carelessness about money had made me quite forget the tax since last year, or I should have again applied to you for directions—but I do protest I had rather give up the place than have one man in England think that I meant to avoid paying my share.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Arlington-street,

Feb. 3, 1759.

LETTER III.

To Mr. WALPOLE.

MR. PITT presents his compliments to Mr. Walpole, and is extremely sorry to have been abroad when Mr. Walpole has twice done him the honour

to

to call. He is going out of town this morning, and will be very glad to receive any commands of Mr. Walpole next week, at the time he shall please to name.

St. James's Square,
Nov. 17, 1759.

LETTER IV.

TO THE RT. HON. WILLIAM PITT.

SIR,

ON my coming to town I did myself the honour of waiting on you and lady Hesther Pitt, and though I think myself extremely distinguished by your obliging note, I should be sorry for having given you the trouble of writing it, if it did not *lend* me a very pardonable opportunity of saying what I much wished to express, but thought myself too private a person, and of too little consequence to take the liberty to say. In short, sir, I was eager to congratulate you on the lustre you have thrown on this country; I wished to thank you for the security you have fixed to me of enjoying the happiness I do enjoy. You have placed England in a situation in which it never saw itself—a task the more difficult, as you had not to improve, but recover. In a trifling book written two or three years ago, I said (speaking of the name in the world the most venerable to me), “Sixteen unfortunate and inglorious years since his removal have already written his eulogium.” It is but justice to you, sir, to add, that that period ended when your administration began. Sir, don’t take this for flattery; there is nothing in your power to give that I would accept—nay, there is nothing I could envy, but what I believe you would scarce offer me, your glory. This may sound very vain and insolent, but consider, sir, what a monarch is a man who wants nothing; consider how he looks down on one who is only the most illustrious man in Britain.—But, sir, freedoms apart, insignificant as I am, probably it must be some satisfaction to a great mind like yours, to receive incense when you are sure there is no flattery blended with it: and what must any Englishman be that could give you a minute’s satisfaction, and would hesitate!

Adieu, sir—I am unambitious, I am disinterested—but I am vain. You have

† Royal and Noble Authors, account of sir Robert Walpole.

by

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by your notice, uncanvassed, unexpected, and at the period when you certainly could have the least temptation to stoop down to me, flattered me in the most agreeable manner. If there could arrive the moment, when you could be nobody and I anybody, you cannot imagine how grateful I would be. In the mean time permit me to be, as I have been ever since I had the honour of knowing you,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Nov. 19, 1759.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER V.

TO THE EARL OF BUTE.

MY LORD,

HAVING heard that his majesty was curious about his pictures, I recollected some catalogues of the royal collections which I had a little share in publishing a few years ago. I dare not presume to offer them to his majesty myself; but I take the liberty of sending them to your lordship, that, if you should think they may contribute to his majesty's information or amusement, they may come to his hand more properly from your lordship than they could do from me. I have added some notes that illustrate a few particulars.

Having dabbled a good deal in this kind of things, if there is any point in which I could be of use to your lordship for his majesty's satisfaction, I should be very ready and happy to employ my little knowledge or pains. And permit me to say, my lord, your lordship cannot command any body who will execute your orders more cheerfully or more disinterestedly, or that will trouble you less with any solicitations: an explanation which even esteem and sincerity are forced to make to one in your lordship's situation. The mere love of the arts, and the joy of seeing on the throne a prince of taste, are my only inducements for offering my slender services. I know myself too well to think I can ever be of any use but as a virtuoso and antiquarian; a character I should formerly have called very insignificant; though now my pride, since his majesty vouch-

safes

safes to patronize the arts, and your lordship has the honour to countenance genius, a rank of which at most I can be but an admirer.

I have the honour to be, &c.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VI.

TO MR. WALPOLE.

SIR,

I HAVE presented the book sent me to his majesty, and mentioned the very polite and respectful manner you expressed yourself in with regard to him. The catalogue came very opportunely, for the king had just given orders to the duke of Devonshire to make out exact lists of all the pictures in the royal palaces. His majesty's great fondness for the arts will, I hope, soon have a striking effect in this country. I with gratitude acknowledge the assistance they have been of to me during many years of absolute solitude: other matters much less agreeable now demand my whole attention; depend upon it, therefore, I shall presume on your generosity, and use the freedom you give me, without remorse or hesitation; fully satisfied, that whatever you shall please to undertake, will be executed in a much superior manner to any attempts of mine, even in the days of liberty and quiet. I am sorry before I finish this scrawl to be forced to enter my protest against an expression in yours. Men of your character and ability are by no means confined to any one study: quick parts and superior talents become useful in every occupation they are applied to; with these, according to marshal Saxe, little things amaze, and great ones do not surprise.

I am, sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

BUTE.

Dec. 17, 1760.

LETTER VII.

TO MR. WALPOLE.

LORD BUTE presents his compliments to Mr. Walpole, and returns him a thousand thanks for the very agreeable present he has made him. In looking over it, lord Bute observes Mr. Walpole has mixed several curious remarks on the customs, &c. of the times he treats of; a thing much wanted, and that has never yet been executed, except in parts by Peck, &c. Such a general work would be not only very agreeable, but instructive:—the French have attempted it; the Russians are about it; and lord Bute has been informed, Mr. Walpole is well furnished with materials for such a noble work.

Saturday.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE EARL OF BUTE.

MY LORD,

I AM sensible how little time your lordship can have to throw away on reading idle letters or letters of compliment; yet as it would be too great want of respect to your lordship not to make some sort of reply to the note you have done me the honour to send me, I thought I could couch what I have to say in fewer words by writing, than in troubling you with a visit, which might come unseasonably, and a letter you may read at any moment when you are most idle. I have already, my lord, detained you too long by sending you a book, which I could not flatter myself you would turn over in such a season of business: by the manner in which you have considered it, you have shown me that your very minutes of amusement you try to turn to the advantage of your country. It was this pleasing prospect of patronage to the arts that tempted me to offer you my pebble towards the new structure. I am flattered that you have taken notice of the only ambition I have: I should be more flattered if I could contribute to the smallest of your lordship's designs for illustrating Britain.

The hint your lordship is so good as to give me for a work like Montfaucon's

con's Monuments de la Monarchie Françoise, has long been a subject that I have wished to see executed, nor in point of materials do I think it would be a very difficult one. The chief impediment was the expence, too great for a private fortune. The extravagant prices extorted by English artists is a discouragement to all public undertakings. Drawings from paintings, tombs, &c. would be very dear. To have them engraved as they ought to be, would exceed the compass of a much ampler income than mine, which, though equal to my largest wish, cannot measure itself with the rapacity of our performers.

But, my lord, if his majesty was pleased to command such a work, on so laudable an idea as your lordship's, nobody would be more ready than myself to give his assistance. I own, I think I could be of use in it, in collecting or pointing out materials, and I would readily take any trouble in aiding, supervising, or directing such a plan. Pardon me, my lord, if I offer no more; I mean, that I do not undertake the part of composition. I have already trespassed too much upon the indulgence of the public; I wish not to disgust them with hearing of me, and reading me. It is time for me to have done; and when I shall have completed, as I almost have, the history of the Arts on which I am now engaged, I did not purpose to tempt again the patience of mankind. But the case is very different with regard to my trouble. My whole fortune is from the bounty of the crown, and from the public; it would ill become me to spare any pains for the king's glory, or for the honour and satisfaction of my country; and give me leave to add, my lord, it would be an ungrateful return for the distinction with which your lordship has condescended to honour me, if I withheld such trifling aid as mine, when it might in the least tend to adorn your lordship's administration. From me, my lord, permit me to say, these are not words of course, or of compliment, this is not the language of flattery; your lordship knows I have no views, perhaps knows that, insignificant as it is, my praise is never detached from my esteem: and when you have raised, as I trust you will, real monuments of glory, the most contemptible characters in the inscription dedicated by your country, may not be the testimony of,

My lord,

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Feb. 15, 1762.

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LETTER IX.

TO THE EARL OF BUTE.

MY LORD,

AS it is now near five months since your lordship signed my orders, I should be glad if your lordship would please to direct the payment of the money.

I am, my lord,

Your lordship's obedient humble servant,

Arlington-street,
March 14, 1763.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER X.

TO THE EARL OF BUTE.

MY LORD,

I AM very sensible of your lordship's obliging civility in immediately ordering my money on my application. It was by no means from want of respect to your lordship that that application was not made sooner; but for above twenty years that I have held the office, it has been the constant practice to write to the first secretary to desire his letter, when the lords have signed the orders; and the payment has seldom been delayed above a fortnight after.

If your lordship should approve of it, should much rather, as my bills become due, apply to your lordship, than to any body else, unless your lordship please to give any other directions.

I am, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

March 16, 1763.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XI.

TO MR. BEDFORD.

DEAR SIR,

INQUIRING of your son to-day why my new clerk was not more instructed, he said, there were circumstances which some persons of the treasury would

would not like to have communicated; which much surprizing me, your son said Mr. Rowe had had some cloth, which he chose to have entered as some other article. This notice did and could not but greatly astonish me, who have always told you in the most positive manner that I never would connive at the smallest collusion, nor upon any account receive the least profit that was not strictly and justly my due. You know I have repeatedly declared to you that I would not suffer the benefits of my office to be raised by any indirect practices on my part; and you must remember how strongly I rejected old Palmer's pretensions, and was firm that I would lose the perquisites due on what he was entitled to take at the office, rather than enter into any bargain with him.

When I talked to you last at Brixton-causeway, you desired me not to let any body into the secrets of my office. I replied with dissatisfaction that *I would have no secrets in my office*, nor would receive a shilling from it that I was not willing all the world should know—and I appeal to yourself if this has not been my constant rule.

I am sensible that you have done nothing but from zeal for me and regard to my interest—but my honour is infinitely more dear to me, and I most peremptorily charge you not to give into the least collusion with any body of the treasury, in order either to serve me by increasing my profits, or by gaining them to my interest. I will go shares with no man living in any dirt. I am aware that this may make those people my enemies, and may turn them to prejudice me by postponing my accounts, by delaying my payments, or, as your son said, by preventing their taking many articles from the office on which I should have a just profit. But I scorn such traffic, and had rather lose the office itself, than blush to hold it by such means. In short, I prefer being wronged to doing wrong.

In the present case, Mr. Rowe is welcome to the cloth; but then I will pay for it myself, and do absolutely forbid you to charge it in any shape to the government. Should he ever make such another application to you, or should any other person, you must say that you dare not yield to it, and that I have positively forbidden it.

Mr. Harris must be instructed thoroughly in all the duties of his place, but
I do

I do not desire he should know this transaction, for fear he should ever be tempted to imitate it. I am fully persuaded of your good intentions to me in it, and that your prudence and fear of making me an enemy induced you to comply. But I entreat you to remember, that as I have no worldly wisdom myself, I cannot let any man living use any for me contrary to right, justice, and the duty I owe to the public as a servant of the government. I have held the place now above thirty years through many storms, and sometimes under much oppression, but my conduct in it has been untainted; and as I have disdained to secure it by voting with ministers against my conscience, you may depend upon it, I will not traffic for the favour of clerks by winking at their corruption.

I am, dear sir,

Yours most sincerely,

Arlington-street,
Feb. 27, 1771.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

TO MR. WALPOLE.

SIR,

YOU may be assured of my perfect obedience to the commands I received yesterday.

I am happy that you think I have served you with zeal—gratitude required and obliged me to it—affection is too familiar a word from me; and I do most solemnly assure you that my poor unfortunate son has not been less zealous, for he never thought your accounts high enough; and yet you may be quite easy and satisfied that nothing has been done that could bring the least reflection upon your honour. Our desires have been to oblige every body, and we have done it honestly; and if I knowing a gentleman to have an allowed right to a particular perquisite of office, which he did not always want in that shape, have gratified him with another thing in lieu of it *of equal value*, I did not perceive the injury to government, or think you would have any objection to it: but if you will not suffer such indulgence to be continued, and will be pleased to inform me so by my son, I will show the strictest regard to your commands.

There

LETTERS TO AND FROM MINISTERS. 383

There has never been any thing charged in your accounts without a voucher of its delivery, which would always justify you ; and the person who ordered it was to justify himself if called upon.

I am, fir,

Your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

Brixton-caufeway,
March 1, 1771.

GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

LETTER XIII.

To MR. WALPOLE.

SIR,

I AM directed by lord North to send you a copy of the representation which the commissioners of the customs have made to the board of treasury relative to the difficulty which hath arose in the management of the office, in which you are so much interested, by the death of Mr. Mann. His lordship orders me to say that he is desirous of arranging this business in any way that is practicable and most agreeable to you, and to appoint (if it can be) Mr. Suckling, or who you choose, as temporary collector.

I shall be at my house at Sion-hill tomorrow morning, and shall be glad to receive your answer to that place ; or, if it is agreeable to you, I will wait on you at Strawberry-hill to receive your commands. I have the honour to be with great respect,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

Treasury-chambers,
December 23, 1775.

JOHN ROBINSON.

To the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury.

Custom-house, London, December 22, 1775.

Memorial of the commissioners for managing and causing to be levied and collected his majesty's customs, &c.

SHEWETH,

THAT his late majesty king George I. by his letters patent bearing date the 28th of June 1716, did grant unto Robert Hare, esq. and Robert Mann, gentleman,

gentleman, the office of collector inwards of the customs in the port of London, and the members and creeks thereof, for and during the natural lives of Robert Walpole, jun. esq. and Edward Walpole, esq. sons of the right honourable Robert Walpole, esq. and during the life of the longest liver of them, with full powers to execute the said office by themselves, or their sufficient deputy or deputies.

That Mr. Suckling, the present deputy to the collector inwards, acquainted us, that Edward Louisa Mann, esq. the last person admitted to that office, is now dead, and that the same devolves to sir Horace Mann, bart. his majesty's minister at Florence, who not being in England cannot immediately attend to take the oath of office.

We beg leave to represent the same to your lordships; and as the case is unprecedented, we are at a loss to know how and by whom the collection is to be carried on during this interval, and in what manner and in whose name the money so collected is to be paid into the hands of the receiver general, in order to its being paid into the exchequer.

This being a matter of very great importance, as well as peculiar nicety and difficulty in point of law and prudence, we think it necessary to give your lordships this early intimation of it, and pray to receive your lordships' directions herein.

H. BANKES.

W. MUSGRAVE.

CN. MORRIS.

Js. JEFFERYS.

LETTER XIV.

To JOHN ROBINSON, Esq.

SIR,

I HAVE but this minute received the honour of your most obliging letter, and do not lose a minute in answering it.

It is impossible to be more sensible than I am of lord North's goodness, and I must beg you, sir, to express my gratitude to his lordship, as I shall have the

the honour of doing in person. His lordship's condescension to me is as flattering as unmerited; and the only way I can at all pretend to deserve it is by doing what I ought; that is, as far as the case regards myself, prefer the public service to myself, and submit myself in the care of that interest to his lordship's wisdom: at the same time having so just a sense of the duty of gratitude, that I think myself equally obliged by a kind offer, whether accepted or declined.

The collectorship of the customs is an office of such importance, that my family or I, who have received such favours from the government, ought to be the first to take care that the public suffers no detriment in an office in which we are concerned. I, it is true, have a great, though a temporary, interest in that office, but it is my brother, sir Edward, in whom it is vested for his life; and therefore I flatter myself that both lord North and you, sir, will consider my answer as only regarding myself; for though I am persuaded that my brother has the public service full as much at heart as I have, I must not take upon me to answer for him about an office that virtually and ultimately rests in him. For myself, I am persuaded that I cannot serve the public more essentially than by waving my own interest entirely, and referring the whole disposition of the present difficulty to lord North's discretion, and submitting myself entirely to what he shall direct. The situation of the office by the absence of sir Horace Mann is certainly extremely momentous, and ought not to remain precarious; therefore, I beg very respectfully and gratefully too, that I may not be considered for an instant, but that his lordship will give orders for the security of the office in whatever manner he thinks fit, till sir Horace can come over and accept it; and whatever his lordship shall determine will be cheerfully acquiesced in by,

SIR,

His lordship's and your most grateful

And most obedient humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

Arlington-street,
December 25, 1775.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIR,

I was so convinced that my brother sir Edward prefers the service of the public to his own interest, at least as much as I do, that I deferred sending
VOL. II. D d d my

my immediate answer till I had communicated it to my brother; and he authorizes me to say that he submits himself entirely to lord North's arbitration for the safety of the office till sir Horace Mann can be admitted to it according to the intention of the patent.

LETTER XV.

To JOHN ROBINSON, Esq.

SIR,

MY deputy, Mr. Bedford, has acquainted me that you are desirous of knowing the prices I pay for the several articles with which, as usher of the exchequer, I supply the treasury; and he told me that you added, that lord North has a mind to make new regulations that may be æconomic for the public. I have accordingly, sir, ordered Mr. Bedford to give you the most exact information on every particular. He told me too that lord North would be so just as, I do not doubt, to make compensations to any body that should suffer by such alterations. Give me leave, sir, to say that it is not on that ground that I now trouble you. On the contrary, it is to beg you will be so good as to acquaint lord North, that he may not only command any information from me on that subject, as far as I myself am concerned, and which it is my duty to give, but that I shall cheerfully acquiesce in whatever new regulations he shall be pleased to make for the benefit of the public. No rights or interest of mine shall stand in the way of so good a purpose; and when I use the word *rights*, it is not to support, but to wave them for any national benefit. I have received too great benefits and too long from the crown and the public, not to owe any facility in my power, as far as so inconsiderable a person can do it, to ease the burthens of both, and I shall with great willingness accept whatever shall be thought proper for me on any new plan of public æconomy. I should think myself of too little consequence to say this, were it not that the example of the most private man may be of use on such an occasion. I am, sir, with great regard,

Your obedient humble servant,

Arlington-street,
June 9, 1777.

HORACE WALPOLE.

LETTER XVI.

To the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE, Usher of the Receipt of the Exchequer.

SIR,

I AM commanded by the lords commissioners of his majesty's treasury to desire you will forthwith cause to be made out and transmitted to me, for their lordships' information, an account of the ordinary allowance of stationary delivered into this office in the year 1780; together with the prices of each article, and the amount of the whole; an account of the extraordinary allowance of stationary, and all other necessaries whatsoever, delivered to the lords, secretaries, clerks, or any other person in this office, within the same time; together with the prices of each article, and the amount of the whole.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

GEORGE ROSE.

Treasury-chambers,
August 10, 1782.

LETTER XVII.

To MR. WALPOLE.

SIR,

I WAS very much concerned to understand yesterday, from Mr. Bedford, that you had considered my letter to him as leading towards an enquiry into the conduct of your office; it was merely to know what the consumption of stationary at the treasury has been, which I could not learn with correctness there. This I begged Mr. Bedford would assure you of in the strongest terms, to prevent a possibility of your continuing under a mistake with respect to my intention in writing to him; and when I mentioned the misapprehension to lord Shelburne, he expressed the utmost anxiety to have it set right, and desired I would write to you myself for that purpose, with assurances that it would give him very great pain to have occasioned the smallest uneasiness to you, which I hope you will admit as an apology for my having given you this trouble. I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

GEORGE ROSE.

Duke-street, Westminster,
August 16, 1782.

LETTER XVIII.

TO GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

THOUGH I am very sorry, sir, that you have had so much trouble on my account, I cannot entirely lament it, both as it has procured me a most obliging letter from you, and as it gives me an opportunity of explaining my expressions by Mr. Bedford, which, if I had had the pleasure of being better known to you, would not have surprised you.

As a very subordinate officer of the exchequer, I have always known it was my duty to receive the commands of my superiors, the lords of the treasury, with respect and obedience, and to give them any information that they please to demand of me. I owe every thing I have to the crown and the public, and certainly by no merit of my own; the servants of the crown and the public are entitled to any lights that can fall to my province to furnish; and so far from having any secrets in my office, I would not keep it an hour, by any mystery, subterfuge, or disguise. I once received an enquiry from Mr. Robinson something parallel, sir, to yours, and, as Mr. Bedford can tell you, immediately complied with his request.

When the commissioners of accounts sent for Mr. Bedford, I gave him the most positive orders to lay before them the most minute details of my office, and answer their every question circumstantially.

Forgive my troubling you, sir, with these particulars about myself: they are only meant to shew you that so far from entertaining any jealousy about my office, I think myself accountable for every part of it, and should blush if I were not ready and willing to give it: perhaps that delicacy made me express myself a little more eagerly than the case deserved.

With regard to lord Shelburne's or your own desire of information, I beg both will command me or Mr. Bedford on any occasion without ceremony. I feel extremely obliged to you, sir, for your readiness in explaining your orders; and I must entreat you to present my most respectful thanks to lord Shelburne for his lordship's condescension and attention, to which my insignificance had no pretensions, but which must increase my gratitude. I would
take

take the liberty of thanking his lordship myself, but he cannot have time to read complimentary letters. I fear, sir, I have taken up but too much of yours, for which I beg your pardon, and have the honour to be with great regard,

S I R,

Your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

Strawberry-hill,
August 18, 1782.

HORACE WALPOLE.

LETTER XIX.

TO WILLIAM SUCKLING, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

THE more I reflect on what you said to me yesterday, the stronger is my opinion that the most faithful and exact account should be given of all the fees and profits belonging to the office. There can be no right to any thing that it is necessary to conceal from those who have authority to ask an account: and as this is my opinion, I must beg you will observe it as far as I have any title to interfere, and to keep it as a record of my sentiments, if they do not prevail in other offices. I do not pretend to judge for others, but I am very solicitous to preserve my own conduct uniform with what it has always been. I have no notion of holding a public office and not being ready to give an account of it at a minute's warning.

I am, dear sir,

Yours most sincerely,

Berkeley-square,
January 31, 1783.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XX.

TO MR. WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

BE pleased to accept my most humble thanks for your speedy compliance with my request in applying to the commander in chief for purchasing a commission; the young man I wish to introduce into the service is my son, aged twenty, about five feet ten inches high.

Since I had the honour of waiting upon you, have received a letter from
Mr.

Mr. Adair's office of a cornetcy to be sold in lord Southampton's regiment of dragoons, which I am in treaty for. If any difficulty should arise in the business, your very kind offer of speaking again to the commander in chief shall be embraced by me.

It gives me the fullest satisfaction to find you more and more strengthened in your opinion as to the propriety of rendering the accounts called for. Sir Edward entirely agreed therein, as he also did in the new arrangement of the warehouse officers. I have the honour to inform you that the duke of Manchester sees the necessity of a compliance, and has ordered his deputies to make suitable returns to the accounts called for.

I am with great respect, dear sir,

Your most obliged and humble servant,

WILLIAM SUCKLING.

February 1, 1783.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE EARL OF SHELBURNE.

MY LORD,

NOTHING but the dread of ostentation would have prevented me long ago from taking the step I am now going to take, and which obliges me to give your lordship this trouble, which I flatter myself you will excuse in pity to the feelings of a man who has long suffered in silence under the painful sensation of being reckoned in any manner a burthen to the public.

From the moment that the necessities of this country made reformation of expence called for, I not only approved of such a design, but was most ready to be an object of it. So far from any wish of being exempted, I did every thing that became me as a benefited servant of the public to lay open my situation to those delegated to enquire into the state of offices. I ordered my deputy to give the most minute account of my advantages, and to offer to the commissioners every light that it was possible for me to give about my own office. I can boldly say, that every board of treasury that has been employed since reformation was started, must bear me witness that publicly or privately

they never heard my name to any application for favour or mitigation of my lot. I could go farther, if the repugnance I have to saying any thing of myself did not enjoin me silence, as it has during a long period of very irksome reflections on my standing in the light of one chargeable to the public, without any merit on my part.

But, my lord, when I read in the papers on coming to town to-day that my office of usher of the exchequer has not only been alleged in the house of commons as an expensive one, but as a bar to the correction of great waste, I can no longer be silent. I must sacrifice my aversion for parade to my duty; and must beg leave to say to your lordship, that I entreat that my patent may be no obstacle to any necessary reformation. I am ready to consent to any thing that parliament shall think proper to do. The legislature without my consent may do what it pleases, but it will have my perfect and cheerful acquiescence in whatever it shall please to ordain about me and my office. I am ready to surrender my patent, and shall be content with whatever shall be thought enough for me by a new regulation. I wish my age of sixty-six and my infirmities did not reduce this tender to a very immeritorious one, for to give up what I have very little time to enjoy is no very heroic effort.

But though I am little solicitous about myself, I do feel for my deputy and clerk, who have long faithfully executed all the trouble of my office, and have wives and families unprovided for, but during my life. I should hope to have them considered; and though I have no merit to plead myself, I flatter myself that this testimonial to their integrity will have a little weight.

The great confidence I have in your lordship's goodness and honour makes me take the liberty of addressing this letter to you, for two reasons; one to authorize your lordship to take what step you please with regard to my office, and the other, that you would not produce this letter unless necessary to my vindication. I had still rather bear the vexation of what has been said on my place in public, than seem to affect any vainglorious self-denial. It shall suffice me to have deposited my justification in so honourable a bosom as your lordship's, unless I should be called on to clear myself more publicly.

I have the honour to be with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

June 19, 1783.

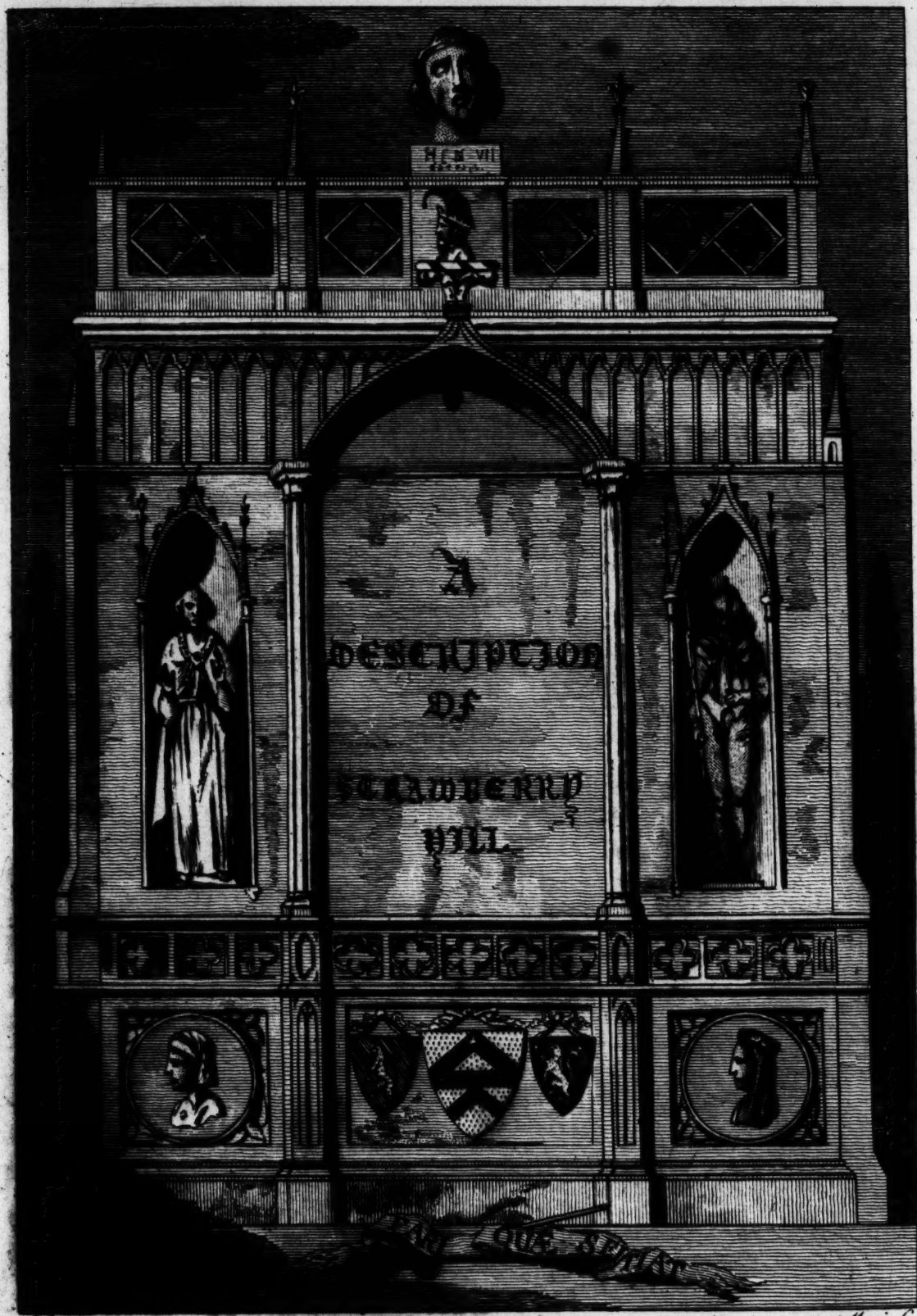
HOR. WALPOLE.

LORD JOHN CAVENDISH called on me on 22d ; said, if I resigned, my place must go to Martin. He said he should, when he had time, bring in a bill for taking away exchequer places, but should give possessors the same salaries as stated by the commissioners of accounts. I said I could not take mine at that rate ; they had stated mine at 4100l. a year ; which I thought hard ; they had taken a very high year when I had received more than a yearly payment (indeed three quarters) ; that I had not complained, because I would not seem to lower my place ; yet, as I had thought myself ill-treated by its being overcharged, I could not in conscience not tell him the truth ; and that so far from desiring 4000 l. a year, I should be content with half : that I had much rather have a provision made for my deputy and clerk for their lives.

But though I am little solicitous about myself, I do feel for my deputy and
for those who have long faithfully executed all the trouble of my office, and have
been and families unprovided for, but during my life. I should hope to have
been considered; and though I have no merit to plead myself, I flatter myself
that this testimony to their integrity will have a little weight.

The great confidence I have in your lordship's goodness and honour makes
me the more ready to address this letter to you, for two reasons; one to
show your lordship to the public what I feel with regard to my office,
and the other, that you would not produce this letter unless necessary to my
honour. I had still rather bear the vexation of what has been said on my
behalf, than remain to affect any vainglorious self-denial. It shall
be my care to have deposited my justification in so honourable a place as your
lordship's office, I should be called on to clear myself more publicly.

Yours obedient servant,
HOB. WALPOLE.



E. Edwards inv.

Harris sc.

FRONTISPIECE.

A
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
VILLA

OF
Mr. HORACE WALPOLE,

AT
Strawberry-Hill near Twickenham, Middlesex.

WITH AN INVENTORY OF THE
FURNITURE, PICTURES, CURIOSITIES, &c.

VOL. II.

E e e

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

VILLAGE

OF

ST. MORACE WALPOLE

AT

St. Morace Hill near Twickenham, Middlesex.

WITH AN INVENTORY OF THE

LIBRARY OF THE ST. MORACE HILL

Recd

Vol. II

P R E F A C E.

IT will look, I fear, a little like arrogance in a private man to give a printed description of his villa and collection, in which almost every thing is diminutive. It is not, however, intended for public sale, and originally was meant only to assist those who should visit the place. A farther view succeeded; that of exhibiting specimens of Gothic architecture, as collected from standards in cathedrals and chapel-tombs, and showing how they may be applied to chimney-pieces, ceilings, windows, balustrades, loggias, &c. The general disuse of Gothic architecture, and the decay and alterations so frequently made in churches, give prints a chance of being the sole preservatives of that style.

Catalogues raisonnés of collections are very frequent in France and Holland; and it is no high degree of vanity to assume for an existing collection an illustration that is allowed to many a temporary auction—an existing collection—even that phrase is void of vanity. Having lived, unhappily, to see the noblest school of painting that this kingdom beheld, transported almost out of the sight of Europe, it would be strange fascination, nay, a total insensibility to the pride of family, and to the moral reflections that wounded pride commonly feels, to expect that a paper fabric and an assemblage of curious trifles, made by an insignificant man, should last or be treated with more veneration and respect than the trophies of a palace deposited in it by one of the best and wisest ministers that this country has enjoyed.

Far from such visions of self-love, the following account of pictures and rarities is given with a view to their future dispersion. The several purchasers will find a history of their purchases; nor do virtuosos dislike to refer to such a catalogue for an authentic certificate of their curiosities. The following collection was made out of the spoils of many renowned cabinets; as Dr. Meade's, lady Elizabeth Germaine's, lord Oxford's, the duchess of Portland's, and of about forty more of celebrity. Such well-attested descent is the genealogy of the objects of virtù—not so noble as those of the peerage, but on a par with those of race-horses. In all three, especially the pedigrees of peers and rarities, the line is often continued by many insignificant names.

The most considerable part of the following catalogue consists of miniatures, enamels, and portraits of remarkable persons. The collection of miniatures and enamels is, I believe, the largest and finest in any country. His Majesty has some very fine, the duke of Portland more; in no other is to be seen, in any good preservation, any number of the works of Isaac and Peter Oliver. The large pieces by the latter, in the royal collection, faded long ago by being exposed to the sun and air. Mons^r. Henery at Paris, and others, have many fine pieces of Petitot. In the following list are some most capital works of that master, and of his only rival Zincke. Raphael's missal is an unique work in miniature of that monarch of painting; and the book of psalms by Julio Clovio the finest specimen extant of illumination. The drawings and bas-reliefs in wax, by lady Diana Beauclerc, are as invaluable as rare.

To an English antiquary must be dear so many historic pictures of our ancient monarchs and royal family; no fewer than four family-pieces of Henry V, VI, VII, and VIII. of queen Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon; of the duchess of Suffolk and her second husband; and that curious and well-painted picture of Charles II. and his gardener. Nor will so many

works of Holbein be less precious to him, especially Zuccherò's drawings from his Triumphs of Riches and Poverty.

To virtuosos of more classic taste, the small busts of Jupiter Serapis in basalt, and of Caligula in bronze, and the silver bell of Benvenuto Cellini, will display the art of ancient and modern sculpture—how high it was carried by Greek statuary, appears in the eagle.

To those who have still more taste than consists in mere sight, the catalogue itself will convey satisfaction, by containing a copy of madame du Deffand's letter in the name of madame de Sevigné; not written in imitation of that model of letter-writers, but composed of more delicacy of thought and more elegance of expression than perhaps madame de Sevigné herself could have attained. The two ladies ought not to be compared—one was all natural ease and tenderness—the other charms by the graces of the most polished style, which, however, are less beautiful than the graces of the wit they clothe.

Upon the whole, some transient pleasure may even hereafter arise to the peruser of this catalogue. To others it may afford another kind of satisfaction, that of criticism. In a house affecting not only obsolete architecture, but pretending to an observance of the *costume* even in the furniture, the mixture of modern portraits, and French porcelaine, and Greek and Roman sculpture, may seem heterogeneous. In truth, I did not mean to make my house so Gothic as to exclude convenience, and modern refinements in luxury. The designs of the inside and outside are strictly ancient, but the decorations are modern*. Would our ancestors, before the reformation of architecture, not have deposited in their gloomy castles antique statues

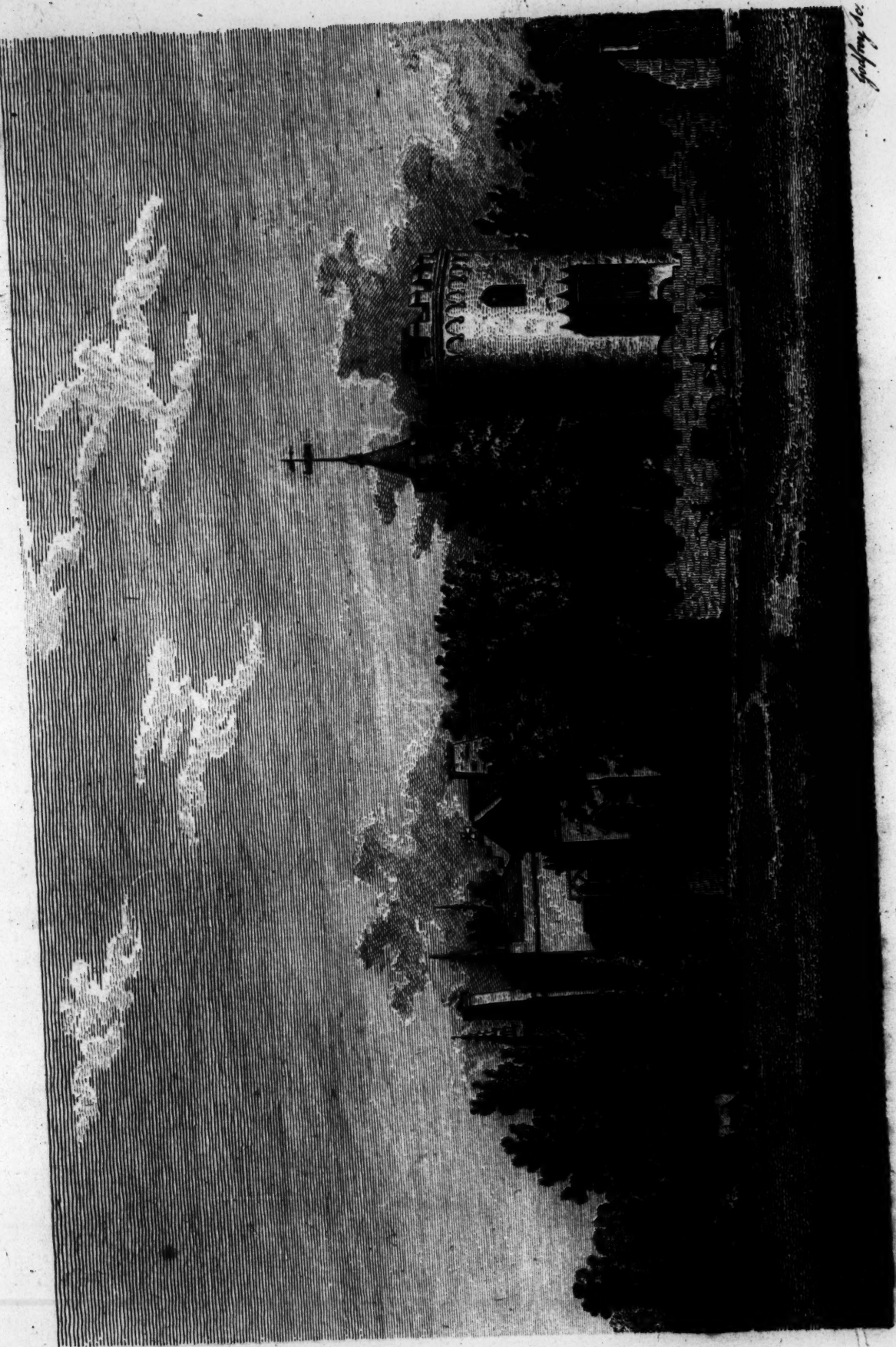
* And the mixture may be denominated, in some words of Pope,

A Gothic Vatican of Greece and Rome.

and fine pictures, beautiful vases and ornamental china, if they had possessed them?—But I do not mean to defend by argument a small capricious house. It was built to please my own taste, and in some degree to realize my own visions. I have specified what it contains: could I describe the gay but tranquil scene where it stands, and add the beauty of the landscape to the romantic cast of the mansion, it would raise more pleasing sensations than a dry list of curiosities can excite: at least the prospect would recall the good humour of those who might be disposed to condemn the fantastic fabric, and to think it a very proper habitation of, as it was the scene that inspired, the author of the *Castle of Otranto*.

A DESCRIPTION

Vol. II. P. 399.



Marlow del.

Geddes sc.

North Front of Strawberry Hill.

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

VILLA

OF

Mr. HORACE WALPOLE,

AT STRAWBERRY-HILL NEAR TWICKENHAM.

WHERE the Gothic castle now stands, was originally a small tenement*, built in 1698, and let as a lodging-house: Cibber once took it, and wrote one of his plays here, *The Refusal, or the Lady's Philosophy*. After him, Talbot bishop of Durham had it for eight years†: then, Henry Bridges marquis of Carnarvon, son of James duke of Chandos, and since duke himself. It was next hired by Mrs. Chenevix‡, the noted toy-woman, who, on the death of her husband, let it to lord John Philip Sackville, second son of Lionel duke of Dorset: he kept it about two years, and then Mr. Walpole took the remainder of Mrs. Chenevix's lease in May 1747, and the next year bought it by act of parliament, it being the property of three minors of the name of Mortimer. Along with this house and some

* It was built by the earl of Bradford's coachman, and was called by the common people, *Chopp'd-Straw-Hall*, they supposing, that by feeding his lord's horses with chopped straw, he had saved money enough to build his house; but the piece of ground on which it stands is called in all the old leases, *Strawberry-Hill-Spot*, from

whence it takes its name.

† The bishop kept a large table here, which is scarce conceivable, as he had no kitchen but that little place which is now the china-room.

‡ Pere Goutayer lodged here with her for some time.

others

other tenements was another small one*, then occupied by Richard Franklin, printer of *The Craftsman*, who had been taken up for printing that paper during the administration of sir Robert Walpole†. When Mr. Walpole bought Strawberry-hill, there were but five acres belonging to the house: the rest have been purchased since. The castle now existing was not entirely built from the ground, but formed at different times, by alterations of and additions to the old small house. The library, and refectory or great parlour, were entirely new built in 1753; the gallery, round tower, great cloister, and cabinet, in 1760 and 1761; the great north bed-chamber in 1770; and the Beauclerc tower with the hexagon closet in 1776.

The embattled wall to the road is taken from a print of Aston-house in Warwickshire, in Dugdale's history of that county.

Entering by the great north gate, the first object that presents itself is a small oratory enclosed with iron rails; in front, an altar, on which stands a saint in bronze; open niches, and stone basons for holy water; designed by John Chute, esq. of the Vine in Hampshire. On the right hand is a small garden called the abbot's garden, parted off by an open screen, taken from the tomb of Roger Niger bishop of London in old St. Paul's. Passing on the left, by a small cloister‡, is the entrance to the house, the narrow front of which was designed by Richard Bentley, only son of Dr. Bentley, the learned master of Trinity-college, Cambridge. Over the door are three shields of Walpole, Shorter and Robfart.

* It has since been pulled down, and a cottage built on the same spot. The garden too has been newly laid out by Mr. Walpole since it came into his hands by Franklin's death.

† It is remarkable, that the printer of *The Craftsman* was Mr. Walpole's tenant; and that the writer of *The Craftsman*, W. Pulteney earl of Bath, wrote a ballad in praise of Strawberry-hill.

‡ In this cloister are two blue and white Delft flower-pots; and a bas-relief head in marble, inscribed Dia Helianora: it is the portrait of the princess Eleanor d'Este, with whom Paffo was in love, and who was the cause of his misfortunes: it was sent to Mr. Walpole from Italy by sir William Hamilton, minister at Naples. On

a pedestal stands the large blue and white china tub in which Mr. Walpole's cat was drowned; on a label of the pedestal is written the first stanza of Mr. Gray's beautiful ode on that occasion:

Twins on this lofty vase's side,

Where China's gayest art has dy'd

The azure flowers that flourish'd round

Demurest of the tabby kind,

The perky Selima reclin'd,

Gaz'd on the lake below.

In the winding cloisters on the right hand are some ancient bas-reliefs; and a brass plate with the effigies of Ralph Walpole bishop of Norwich and Ely, engraven by Muntz (a Swiss painter who lived some time with Mr. Walpole), and a Chinese lantern with scraped oyster-shells.

You



C. Edwards delin.

J. Newton sculp.

ENTRANCE of STRAWBERRY HILL.





Perry del.

View of the Prior's Garden
AT STRAWBERRYHILL.

J. G. Sc.







J. Morris sc

CHIMNEY IN THE GREAT PARLOUR.

You first enter a small gloomy hall paved with hexagon tiles, and lighted by two narrow windows of painted glass, representing St. John and St. Francis. This hall is united with the staircase, and both are hung with gothic paper, painted by one Tudor, from the screen of prince Arthur's tomb in the cathedral of Worcester. The balustrade was designed by Mr. Bentley; at every corner is an antelope (one of lord Orford's supporters) holding a shield. In the well of the staircase, by a cord of black and yellow, hangs a gothic lanthorn of tin japanned, designed by Mr. Bentley, and filled with painted glass; the door of it has an old pane with the arms of Vere earl of Oxford.

Turning to the left, through a small passage, over the entrance of which is an ancient carving in wood of the arms of queen Elizabeth, 1567, and in it a window of painted glass, you enter

THE REFECTORY, OR GREAT PARLOUR.

IT is thirty feet long, twenty wide, and twelve high; hung with paper in imitation of stucco. The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Bentley: upon it stands a fine Etruscan vase, between two bottles of black and gold porcelaine.

Over the chimney, a conversation, by Reynolds, small life: Richard second lord Edgcumbe is drawing at a table in the library at Strawberry-hill; George James Williams is looking over him; George Augustus Selwyn stands on the other side with a book in his hand. Lord Edgcumbe, Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Williams used to be with Mr. Walpole at Christmas and Easter at Strawberry-hill.

On one side of this picture, a head of sir Horace Mann, resident at Florence; painted there by Astley, and highly coloured: he is drest in red velvet.

Opposite to it, his brother Galfridus Mann, in brown; by the same.

Over against the chimney, a bureau of black japan; on it a clock, supported by a bronze figure of a woman reading: beneath, an Etruscan vase, between two white old china beakers.

The chairs are black, of a gothic pattern, designed by Mr. Bentley and Mr. Walpole. The table of Sicilian jasper on a black frame designed by Mr. Bentley: upon it, a large punch-bowl and pail of Seve china; two beakers of old grey porcelaine, veined; two ice-pails of Chelsea china. Under it, two Etruscan vases, and a jar of Roman fayence. Over the table hangs a hunting-horn, finely enamelled on one side in colours, on the other in chiaro scuro, with the history of saint Hubert. By the table an old white china bottle, ornamented with or moulu, on a mahogany pedestal, for water, bought at Mr. Bateman's sale, 1775.

On each side of the window, the top of which has some fine painted glaſs, and one ridiculous * Dutch piece representing the triumph of Fame, who is accompanied by Cato, Cicero, and other great men, in square caps and gowns of masters of arts, are card-tables of rose-wood, carved in China; and over each a looking-glaſs in a gothic frame of black and gold, designed by Mr. Walpole. Incloſed in the tops of the frames, with their arms and coronets, are the portraits of George Walpole third earl of Orford, and of George Cholmondeley viſcount Malpas, eldeſt ſon of George earl of Cholmondeley and of Mary ſecond daughter of ſir Robert Walpole. The former is copied by Eckardt, from a miniature by Liotard, in the cabinet above ſtairs: the latter is original by Eckardt. On one ſide of the window,

An old woman letting a boy light his candle, by Schalken; very fine.

Oppoſite, Two boys, a dog and a goat, by Baſſan; from Mr. Jennings's collection.

At the end of the room, over againſt the window, ſir Robert Walpole, knight of the garter, afterwards earl of Orford. On one ſide of him,

Catherine, eldeſt daughter of John Shorter, of Bybrook in Kent, firſt wife of ſir Robert Walpole; in white: a copy from ſir Godfrey Kneller, by Jarvis. On the other ſide,

Maria Skerret (in the dreſs of a ſhepherdeſs), ſecond wife of ſir Robert; by Jarvis.

* There is another Dutch emblematic pane, on which is Charles II. riding uppermoſt on the wheel of Fortune, and Rebellion thrown down. Another pane is painted with a cobbler whiſtling to a bird in a cage, by Pearſon, ſcholar of Price. This window was altered and enlarged in 1774.

On one side of the chimney, Robert Walpole second earl of Orford, auditor of the exchequer, master of the fox-hounds, and knight of the bath, eldest son of sir Robert Walpole by his first wife; in red velvet, with a globe by him: by Richardson.

Margaret, only child of Samuel Rolle of Heynton in Devonshire, first married to Robert second earl of Orford, and mother of George the third earl; and secondly to Sewallis Shirley, a younger son of earl Ferrers; in a white riding-habit with a stick: by Jarvis.

On the other side, sir Edward Walpole, second son of sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, knight of the bath, and clerk of the pells; in the robes of the bath: by Slaughter.

Horace Walpole, third son of sir Robert and Catherine Shorter; in blue velvet: by Richardson.

Over against the chimney, a large piece of the ladies Laura, Maria, and Horatia Waldegrave, daughters of James second earl of Waldegrave and Maria Walpole, afterwards duchess of Gloucester; by sir Joshua Reynolds, 1781.

Lady Anne Osborn*, daughter of the first duke of Leeds; by sir Godfrey Kneller. She was first married to Thomas Coke of Holkam, by whom she was grandmother of Thomas Coke lord Lovel and earl of Leicester; and secondly to Horatio Walpole, second son of sir Edward Walpole, and uncle of sir Robert Walpole. On the other side,

Dorothy, sister of sir Robert, and second wife of Charles lord viscount Townshend, knight of the garter and secretary of state; in a Turkish habit: by Jarvis.

Over one of the doors, Mary lady Malpas, second daughter of sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter; married to George lord Malpas, afterwards earl of Cholmondeley: by Eckardt, after Jarvis. Over the other door,

Lady Maria Walpole, only child of sir Robert Walpole and Maria Sker-

* This is a whole length picture, but is turned in.

ret, and wife of Charles Churchill, only son of general Churchill; in a veil, with a music-book before her: by Eckardt.

A fire-screen of admirable needle-work, representing a vase of flowers, by lady Caroline Campbell, daughter of John duke of Argyll, countess of Ailesbury; married secondly to general Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis first earl of Hertford of that line, knight of the garter, ambassador in France, and lord chamberlain: it is mounted in mahogany, carved, and inlaid with ivory.

A Turkey carpet, and a fire-screen embroidered with knotting.

A two-leafed screen, containing part of a map of Surry and Middlesex. It is a piece of the first tapestry woven in England, and came from Weston in Warwickshire, the seat of the Sheldons, who introduced the manufacture. The complete suite of hangings were purchased by Mr. Walpole, and presented by him to the earl of Harcourt. This specimen had never been hung up.

IN THE WAITING-ROOM.

A HEAD in artificial stone of John Dryden the poet, great uncle of Catherine Shorter lady Walpole: a large altar candlestick of metal, inlaid with gothic inscriptions, very ancient: and a pair of ancient bellows.

Inside of King's college chapel, by Canaletti.

A curious emblematic picture of a man standing, small whole length, with a bust of Charles II. seemingly before his restoration, for a cupid is weighing the broken arms of England (as a commonwealth) against crowns and sceptres, (but the sceptre is a French one, and therefore probably painted abroad) fragments of architecture, and the man holds a plan like St. Paul's; thence it has been supposed a portrait of sir Christopher Wren, but does not resemble him, nor are the arms his.

A print of lady Mary Coke.

Bust of Colley Cibber, poet-laureat, in a cap, when old, coloured from the life, and extremely like. He gave it to Mrs. Clive, the celebrated actress; and her brother Mr. Raftor gave it, after her death, to Mr. Walpole.

Tradescant





CHIMNEY IN THE CHINA ROOM.

Tradescant junior, with a skull covered with moss for the powder of sympathy.

A small whole length of Dryden, in oil, by Maubert.

THE CHINA-ROOM.

PAINTED glass in the windows, and crests of Shorter and Gestinhorpe: the ceiling painted with convolvuluses on poles, by Müntz, from a ceiling in the little Borgheze villa at Frascati: the sides, white Dutch tiles, with borders of blue and white.

In the floor some very ancient tiles with arms, from the cathedral at Gloucester. The upper part of the chimney-piece is taken from a window of an ancient farm-house, formerly Bradfield-hall, belonging to lord Grimston in Essex; the lower part from a chimney at Hurst Monceaux in Sussex: it is adorned with the arms of Talbot, Bridges, Sackville, and Walpole, the principal persons who have inhabited Strawberry-hill.

In a niche supported by two columns of oriental alabaster, over the chimney, is a fine ewer of fayence, designed by Julio Romano; and two green glass tumblers, with golden edges; and two round saltcellars of old blue and gold Venetian glass, with flowers.

Over the niche, four chocolate cups of fayence, by Pietro Cortona; and a bronze medallion of Pandolfo Malatesta.

On the sides, George II. and Frederic prince of Wales, in Battersea enamel.

In the chimney, a large jar of old blue and white china; and two tiles from Bytham-abbey.

On the shelves and floor is a collection of porcelaine, earthenware, glass, and enamel on copper, of various ages and countries, as follow:

Two dozen plates of Venetian glass; each plate has a different view of Venice, drawn in red.

A japanned tray with a vase for cream, and eight chocolate-cups and saucers with landscapes in brown, of the same ware.

Two bowls of Worcester porcelaine, the pattern from old china.

Two mustard-pots and plates, of Seve china; given by lord Hertford.

Five trays, in shapes of fans, of old Japan china.

An old blue and white plate with a rib in the middle.

A coloured handle cup, saucer and square plate, à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two old blue and white plates, artichoke pattern.

Thirteen ditto, with peacock feathers.

Sixteen coloured old Japan plates.

Four ditto, blue and white, with figures.

Three ditto, with figures.

Twelve ditto, of coloured Japan china.

Four ditto, with birds.

Four water-plates with figures, of new china.

Twelve plates of Chelsea china, with small coloured birds.

Three dishes scolloped and ribbed, with coloured flowers.

Two large coloured dishes of the fine old thick Japan china.

A large deep dish of Roman earth, with stories from Ovid's Metamorphosis.

An earthen-ware dish, with the heads of Charles II. and queen Catherine in blue and white; a present from Mr. Ibbot.

An old blue and white dish, with landscapes.

Ditto, larger, with figures.

Two dishes of very old French earthen-ware, with the arms of France.

Two small dishes of fayence, with grotesques, and the arms of a bishop Contarini.

An

An octagon coloured plate of Saxon china, old pattern.

An octagon square plate, with a cock and hen.

A dish and twelve plates enamelled on copper.

Two round plates of Japan.

Thirteen old white chocolate cups and tea-cups, with embossed flowers.

A tea-pot, milk-pot, five coffee-cups, five tea-cups, and ten faucers, of white quilted china of St. Cloud.

A tea-pot and milk-pot, six cups and faucers, of modern china, with grey landscapes.

Five white cups and faucers with gold borders.

Two coloured caudle-cups.

An earthen-ware tea-pot, with the head of lord Chatham.

A small tea-canister of Seve china, blue and gold, with figures on white.

A pot pourri of Saxon china, with coloured flowers embossed.

An old white china cup, with cupids painted in Europe.

A cup with a bullfinch, of modern china.

Thirteen small baskets of Saxon china for sugar-plums, different patterns.

An urn and stand of kennel coal, a present from sir William Meredith.

Six coloured water-cups and plates of Chelsea china.

A blue and white caudle-cup.

Two ditto, coloured.

An old blue and white honeycomb tea-pot.

Two Roman lacrymatories of glass, two of earth, and two water-glasses. M.

An ewer enamelled with bacchanals on copper.

Two

Two coffee-cups and saucers of white and gold Bohemian glass.

A cup of Mr. Place's china. *Vide Walpole's Catalogue of English Engravers.*

A blue and white faucer, with a landscape, of fine Nankin china.

A jar, with red and white landscapes and blue and gold borders, of Chelsea china.

Two coloured Saxon trays, with squirrels.

A scoloped faucer of Saxon china, the second sort, very rare: in it lies a medal of Louis quinze in Seve china.

A hand-candlestick of coloured Seve china.

A blue and gold sugar-dish of old Venetian glass, cover and plate, with a silver gilt spoon.

An old blue and white faucer in the shape of a star.

Two trays, ditto.

An ivory drinking-horn, with the arms of the earls of Exeter; ancient.

An old earthen mug of Arabian ware.

Two vases with handles, of red Portuguese earth.

Two plates like shaving-basons, of the same.

An earthen bottle; painted on it, *Sack*, 1647: it was thus sold by apothecaries. From the collection of Mrs. Kennon, the virtuosa midwife.

A blue and white eggshell cup.

Michael Angelo's Bacchus, made in the china of the comte de Lauragais; from the collection of the comte de Caylus.

Two Roman glasses, like water-glasses; two lacrymatories, ditto; and two of earth. M.

Bust of Voltaire, in biscuit of Nancy.

Two

Two blue and gold cups for eggs, of Seve china.

Seven old coloured octagon cups and faucers.

A tea-pot and bafon, fix handle cups and faucers, with battles in black, of Vienna china; a present to Catherine lady Walpole from count Dehn, envoy from the duke of Wolfenbuttle.

A square brown china cup to meafure tea.

An old white china tea-pot with birds and flowers finely painted in Europe.

A bagpiping boy and a dancing girl, of Seve biscuit.

Six fine old cups, white within; without, japanned black and mother of pearl: very rare.

An ewer enamelled on copper, with naked horfemen fighting.

A blue and gold coffee-cup and faucer, with birds on white cartouches, of Seve china.

A cup and faucer, all blue and gold, of ditto.

An old glafs tankard, with a battle of Turks and Christians in black, finely drawn.

Ditto of old Venetian glafs striped with white, mounted in filver gilt: on the lid, arms of Parrtenamelled.

Six handle cups and faucers with green landscapes on white, of Chelsea china.

An urn and cover of red Portuguese earth.

Two large coloured faucers with figures.

Two small ditto bafons with flowers.

Two large coloured bafons.

Two white saltcellars with crawfish in relief, of Chelsea china.

A fine square plate, à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two old blue and white trays.

Two Saxon coloured faucers, cinquefoil.

Two green and gold salts, with flowers on white, of Seve china.

Two white Chelsea salts on feet.

Two small blue and white basons.

A boy supporting a shell, finely modelled in red earth; the first sort of Saxon china before it was glazed or painted, and which was only given as presents by the elector: extremely rare.

Three pieces of rocks, made of rice; given by Mr. Raftor, Mrs. Clive's brother.

Two Chinese basons enamelled with coloured flowers on copper.

A red cup and faucer, glazed; the second sort of Saxon china: rare.

Two blue and gold handle cups and faucers, with birds on white cartouches, of Seve china.

One ditto, green.

One ditto, blue and gold in zigzags, and garlands on white; very beautiful.

Two white barrels with vines and grapes, of Chelsea china.

Two small basons with coloured flowers, of the best modern china.

A very fine standing cup and cover, enamelled on copper with the story of Sampson, from the designs of Parmegiano.

A small dejeuné of blue and gold Seve china; very pretty.

A handle cup, faucer, and square plate, of blue and gold Seve china, with sea-pieces admirably copied from Vernet's pictures.

Ditto of blue, green, and gold, with flowers on white.

Two porringers of Portuguese earth.

An octagon saltcellar enamelled on copper, droll figures on the sides with
old

old French verses; at top, a head, *Je suis Paris*; at bottom, another, *La belle Helene*.

A copper tray, scolloped and enamelled with saint John and flowers; a present from Mr. G. Montagu.

A very large glass urn, damaged, found near London; a present from Dr. Ch. Lyttelton bishop of Carlisle.

Six coloured handle cups and saucers, a tea-pot and sugar-dish, in shapes of leaves, of Chantilli china.

Four small blue and white eggshell cups.

The present queen of France, a large medallion of Seve biscuit; a present from the duchess dowager d'Aiguillon in 1771.

Two handle cups and saucers, different patterns à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two butter-pots and plates of blue and white Delft ware; presents from lady Ailesbury.

A red cup and saucer, clouded.

A small square brown tea-pot.

A jug of old clouded glass, and a bottle of the same.

Two Saxon tankards, one with Chinese figures, the other with European. These tankards are extremely remarkable. Sir Robert Walpole drank ale; the duchess of Kendal, mistress of king George the first, gave him the former. A dozen or more years afterwards, the countess of Yarmouth, mistress of king George the second, without having seen the other, gave him the second; and they match exactly in form and size.

Two dessert-dishes of coloured Japan china.

A scolloped sugar-dish of old china, white without, striped with colours within: rare.

A basin and plate of scolloped Saxon china.

A plate with small flowers, ditto.

G g g 2

A monteith

- A monteith of coloured Seve china: beautiful.
- Two old white china candlesticks, mounted in silver.
- A large scolloped and coloured bowl of Japan china.
- A pale green and white flat bason; very old.
- Two green jars.
- A mug of earthen ware, with Arabic characters.
- A sugar-dish, cover and plate, of Japan china.
- A green ewer with a purple handle.
- An Etruscan cup with two handles, and an owl on it.
- Two very small brown tea-pots.
- Medallion of Henry quatre, in Seve biscuit.
- Four blue and white chocolate cups, and four faucers.
- A triangular saltcellar of fayence, with fine figures on terms.
- An old Venetian glass cup and faucer, with gold flowers.
- A cup of Matlock spar, on a foot.
- An urn, ditto.
- Four dessert-plates of fayence, with figures and boys round the borders; by Pietro Cortona: very fine. A fifth ditto, with goats; a present from lady Diana Beauclerc.
- Two light purple handle cups and faucers with landscapes, of Seve china.
- A larger cup and faucer, à la Grecque, ditto.
- A scolloped japan tray.
- A fine glass urn with golden boys; Roman: described in doctor Middleton's Antiquities.
- A tall blue and white tea-pot with flat sides.

- A round brown tea-pot, quite flat.
- A fine old blue and white box and cover, a present from lady Ailesbury.
- A vase with two handles, of Portuguese earth.
- A cup, ditto, with fantastic forms within it: given by lady Mary Churchill.
- A green and white mug and faucer, with figures on white, of Seve china.
- Ditto with rustic implements; very genteel.
- A white old triangular piece of china and cover, for eggs.
- An old white beaker.
- Two large blue and white tea-pots.
- Twelve old blue and white dessert-plates with figures.
- A small dish of Chelsea china in a dessert-pattern.
- A blue and white beaker with a Chinese procession.
- Two blue and white soup-dishes with figures.
- Ten dishes of old Japan ware.
- An ancient tall drinking-glass, with arms and devices; a present from Sir John Hawkins.
- Two large blue and white beakers.
- Two ditto, of different patterns: a companion to one of them is in the great bedchamber.
- A blue and white dish of Chelsea china.
- A Turkish earthen bottle, with leaves cast in relief on it.
- Two blue and white jars.
- Two green, blue, and white beakers.
- Two blue and white beakers.

A large

A large fayence dish.

A fine Turkish jar and cover, with cast leaves : curious.

A large blue and white dish.

A blue and white basket of Chantilli china.

A white Seve saucepan that bears the fire : 1771.

Two blue and white beakers.

Two small coloured ditto.

Two square blue and white bottles.

An odd green and white tea-pot.

A tile from the kitchen of William the Conqueror at Caen in Normandy.

Two basons of most ancient Gombroon china ; a present from lord Vere, out of the collection of lady Elizabeth Germaine.

A beautiful green bason,

Ten coloured pattypanes of different sizes,

An old white dish,

A dish and four dessert-plates, brown, blue, and white.

A large blue and white dish, and a small ditto.

Four green leaves of Staffordshire-ware for a dessert.

A tea-kettle of brown china.

A white jar.

Two white handle cups and saucers, finely painted with natural flowers, of Seve porcelaine.

A Mercury, ditto.

A group

A group of the graces supporting a basket, of Seve biscuit.

A large old white china tea-pot, that was the duke of Monmouth's; a present from Simon second earl of Harcourt.

A fauce-boat of Roman fayence, with Cupid riding on a dolphin.

Twelve plates of Wedgwood's ware, with cameos of blue and white, and blue festoons; from a design of lady Diana Beauclerc.

A bason and ewer of Roman fayence, painted with landscapes; a present from the earl of Exeter.

A large round vase and cover, and a dish to it, of Roman fayence.

Two dishes of the same.

A cup and faucer, white, with green festoons, of Bristol porcelaine.

A round picture of white flowers in alto relievo, of the same manufacture.

A square compotier with blue and gold flowers, of Salopian porcelaine.

A blue, gold, and coloured sugar-dish and plate, of Worcester porcelaine.

Two white glass cups, with gold festoons and rams' heads, of English manufacture.

Two dessert-plates of old china, in form of herons.

A group of two figures and five single cupids, of Hesse and Brunswick porcelaine; presents from lord Beauchamp.

Sir William Hamilton, envoy at Naples, and Catherine lady Walpole; medallions of Wedgwood's ware.

Louis quinze, and Dr. Franklin, medallions in biscuit.

Two tall chocolate cups and faucers, beautifully painted with holyoaks, of Seve china; presents from lady Ailesbury.

A white and gold mug and faucer, with Chinese pheasants, of ditto.

A cup and faucer of ditto, all over strawberries, a present from madame du Deffand.

A cup

A cup and saucer of ditto, lilac and gold, with the story of Pan and Syrinx in crimson.

A cup and saucer of Wedgwood's ware, finely painted with English views.

A white and gold handle cup and saucer with Chinese figures, of the porcelaine of Clignancour, a new manufacture established by the comte de Provence, called porcelaine de Monsieur.

A cup to hold an egg, imitating lapis lazuli; porcelaine de Seve.

A very small cup and saucer, white and gold, with imitations of rubies; ditto.

A large caudle cup, striped with gold, and flowers; porcelaine of Berlin.

Four ditto, with sprigs of flowers on white ground; ditto.

A tea-pot and plate, bason, sugar-dish, milk-pot, two chocolate-cups, two pomatum-pots, and a cann,; of the Staffordshire bamboo ware, 1782.

A Turkish earthen-ware plate, brown and gold, a present from Mrs. Griffith the authorefs.

A white glass sugar-dish, painted with natural flowers.

A red Portuguese bowl with a grate at the bottom, for cooling water.

Three black and red earthen vases, with handles, highly polished.

Two more copper enamelled plates, given by lady Ailesbury.

A tumbler, of crackled china within; japanned without; very rare: a present from Mrs. French.

A bason of Turkish earthen-ware, gilt within; a present from Mr. Fitzwilliam.

A glass saucer, gilt and silvered; given by lord Offory.

Portrait of George Simon earl of Harcourt, in Wedgwood's ware; the only one executed in that manner.

A Tuscan vase of Wedgwood's ware.

A white

A white cup and saucer with coloured flowers, made for the comte d'Artois, and called porcelaine d'Angouleme ; a present from the viscountess Mount-Edgcumbe.

Two custard cups of old crackled china, with flowers of plated silver.

A small jar, white within and japanned without ; a present from Mr. Barrett of Lee.

A Delft beaker, and two blue and white bottles, ditto.

A large flattish drinking glass, one of the first manufacture at Venice, with the initials of an English lady's name for whom it was made, and the date 1580 ; a present from lady Georgina Smythe.

Three pieces of Moorish mosaic ; on one a shield, with the name or title of a Moorish king ; bought at the auction of Mr. Carter, who published an account of Spain.

Two vases of white porcelaine, striped with blue and gold, and ornamented with red festoons ; from the manufacture of marquis Ginori at Florence : sent by sir Horace Mann.

CHINA IN THE WAITING-ROOM.

Two ice-pails with vines, of Saxon china.

A white butter-pot and plate of Chantilli, and two blue and white salt-cellars, ditto.

Two monteiths of Tolle, a new French metal japanned.

Four oblong dessert-dishes, four leaves, and twelve plates, with coloured fruits and flowers, of Chelsea china.

Twelve blue and white coffee-cups and saucers of Chantilli.

Twelve black and white tea-cups and saucers of Bow china.

Two red and white handle cups and saucers with boys, of Seve.

A fine coloured ice-pail and cover, ditto.

A blue and white Delft butter-pot and plate.

Two white and gold salts of Seve.

Twenty-four white plates with knurled borders and gold edges, four deep leaves, two square plates, and a cream bowl, of Seve.

A large white plate, and a white glass beaker.

A blue and white basket, two round cheese-pots and plate, and a sceau for liquors, of Chantilli.

Twelve fine plates coloured, with rich blue edges, of Seve.

Two ditto, larger.

Six ditto, blue and white.

Two green Staffordshire flower-pots with masks, and two plates.

THE LITTLE PARLOUR.

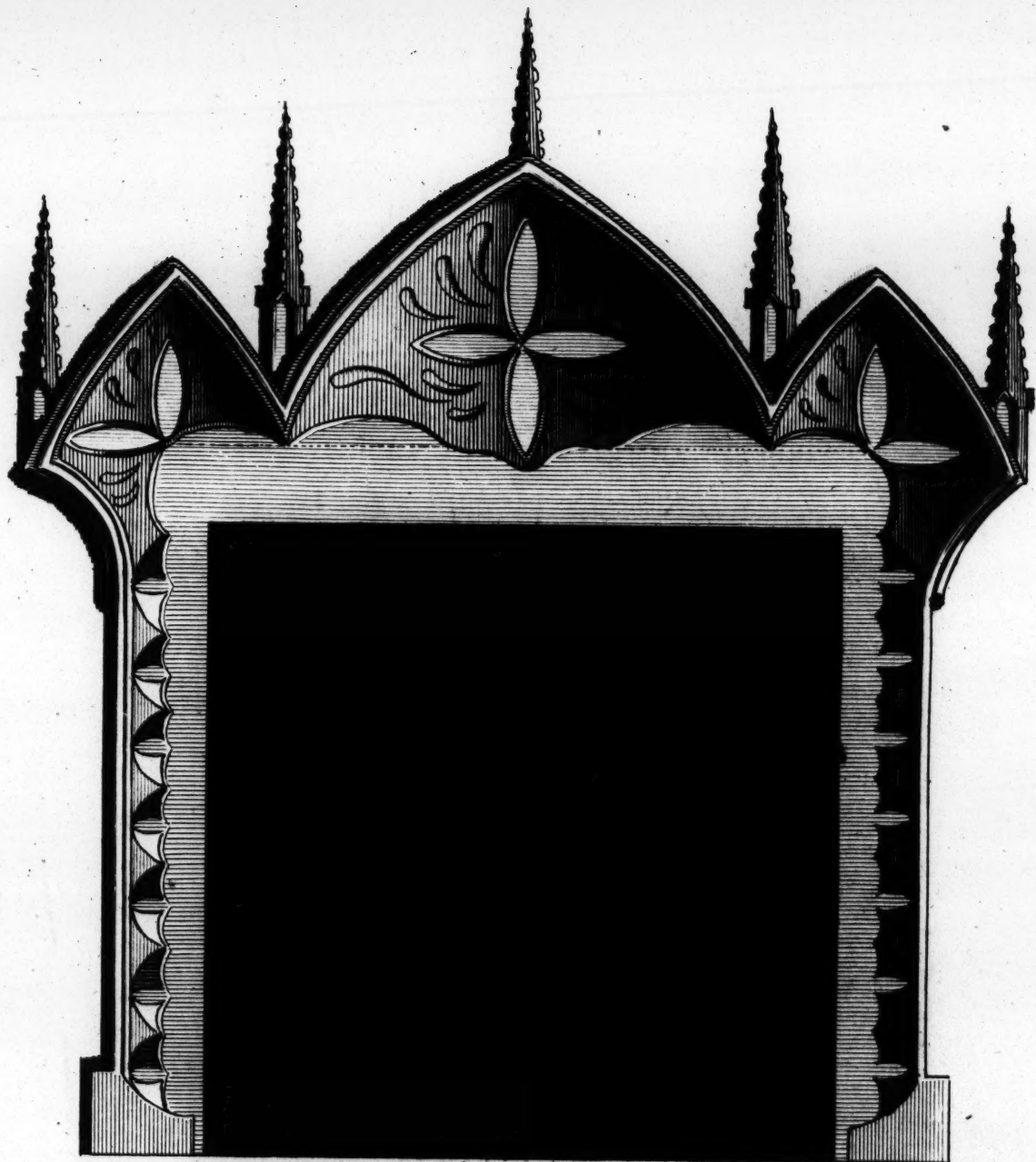
OVER the door is a shield of Mr. Walpole's arms and quarterings on painted glass, by Price. The room is lighted by a bow window, in which, among other pieces of painted glass, are the arms of Ayliffe, impaling Clifford of Frampton: given by Mr. George Selwyn.

The chimney is taken from the tomb of Thomas Ruthall bishop of Durham, in Westminster-abbey. The room is hung with gothic paper of stone colour in mosaic, on which are wooden prints by Jackson of Venice; and furnished with a table and eight chairs of ebony, bought at the lady Conyers's at Great Stoughton in Huntingdonshire, as were others in other chambers. On the table is an ice-pail of Wedgwood's ware.

Two sleeping dogs, the original model in terra-cotta, by the honourable Mrs. Damer, which she afterwards executed in marble for the duke of Richmond.

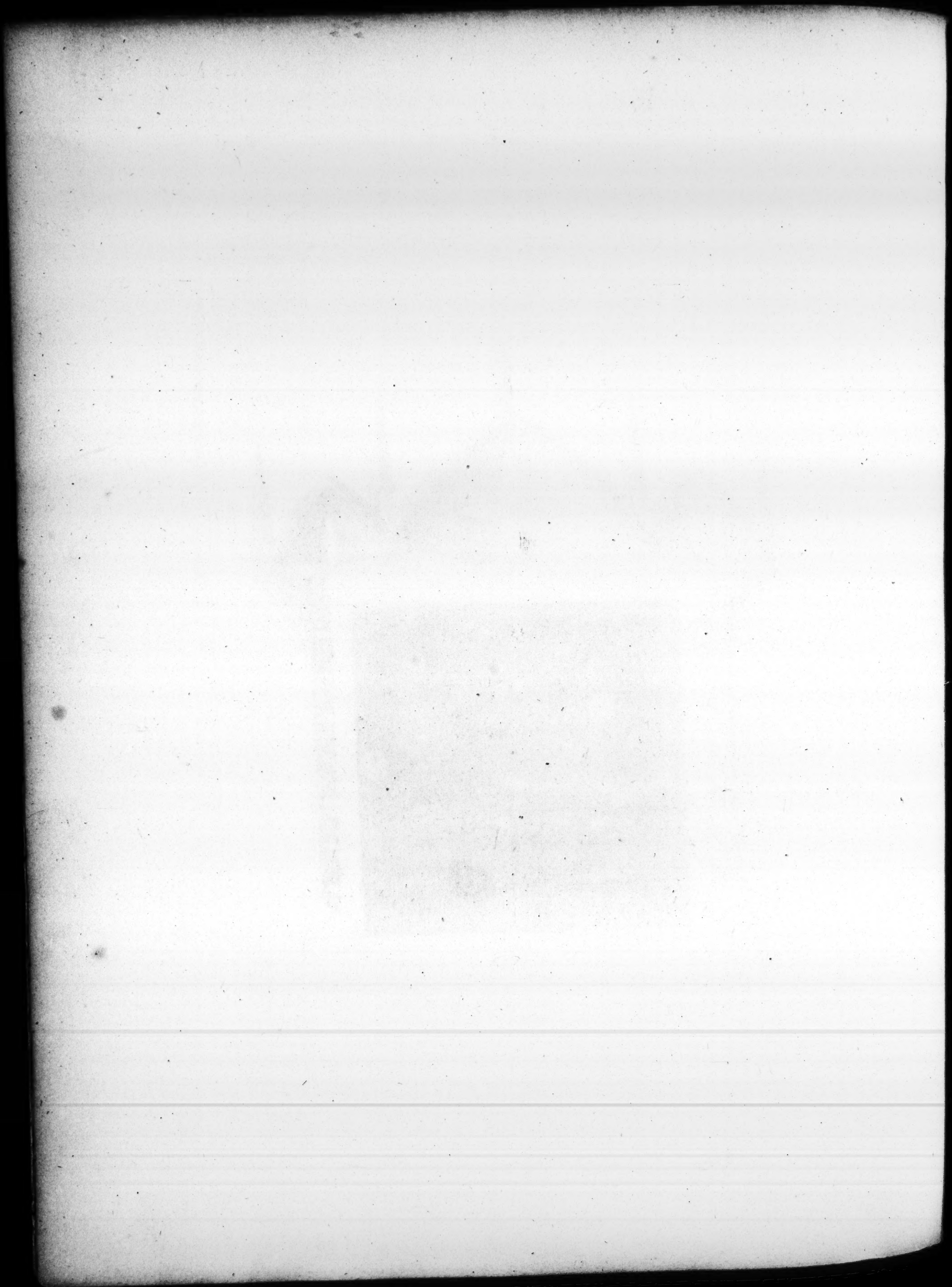
IN THE YELLOW BEDCHAMBER, OR BEAUTY-ROOM.

THE chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Bentley. The room is hung with grey spotted paper, the bed and chairs of yellow silk and stuff damask. On the ebony table, two large old blue and white china candlesticks,



J. Morris sc.

CHIMNEY IN THE YELLOW BED CHAMBER.



sticks, and a writing-box of sandal-wood inlaid with ivory. On the commode with a slab of white marble, bought at Mr. Bateman's sale, a bronze cast of the Hermaphrodite. A fire-screen worked by lady Ossory, 1781.

Over the chimney, Charles II, James duke of York and Mary princess of Orange, when children, copied from Vandyck by Charles Beale.

A fine portrait of sir Peter Lely, after himself, by ditto.

Elizabeth Wriothesly countess of Southampton, and afterwards first wife of Ralph the first duke of Montagu, by ditto, after ditto. These three are in water-colours.

Nineteen small heads, in oil, of the court of Charles II. (except Sacharissa) copied by Jarvis for himself, and bought with his house at Hampton by Mr. Lovibonde, at whose sale these and the three foregoing were purchased.

Charles the second.

Queen Catherine.

King William, when prince of Orange.

Queen Mary, when princess.

Catharine Sidley, countess of Dorchester, mistress of James II.

Frances Stuart (of Grammont's Memoires) duchess of Richmond.

Louise de Querouaille, duchess of Portsmouth.

Lady Dorothy Sidney, countess of Sunderland, Waller's Sacharissa.

Barbara Villiers, duchess of Cleveland.

Arabella Churchill, wife of Mr. Godfrey, mistress of James II.

Mrs. Philadelphia Saunders.

Mrs. Trevor, maid of honour: having seen the duke of Monmouth in bed with another lady, and divulged it, the duke engaged Mr. Thynne to debauch her. Mr. Thynne being killed before he bedded lady Ogle, this epigram was made on him:

*Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat-hall,
Who never would have miscarried,
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married.*

Lady Anne Cavendish, daughter of William earl of Devonshire, and wife of John earl of Exeter.

Lady Gertrude Pierpoint, daughter of William earl of Kingston, and wife of George Saville marquis of Halifax.

Lady Mary Rich, daughter of Robert earl of Warwick, wife of Henry viscount St. John, and mother of the famous lord Bolingbroke.

Henry earl of Ogle, only son of Henry Cavendish duke of Newcastle.

Lady Elizabeth Percy, only daughter and heiress of Joceline last earl of Northumberland, married first to Henry lord Ogle, secondly to Thomas Thynne, esq. and lastly to Charles Seymour duke of Somerset.

Two other ladies, unknown.

Over the door, Mary queen of Scots, by Vertue.

Lady Anne Hamilton, daughter of W. duke of Hamilton, and wife of Robert Carnegie earl of Southesk.

Lady Elizabeth Butler, daughter of James duke of Ormond, and wife of Philip Stanhope earl of Chesterfield. These two heads are copied in chalks by Mr. Farrington, from the originals by sir Peter Lely, at Mr. Fountaine's at Narford. *See an account of the two ladies in the Memoires de Grammont.*

Bust of the lady viscountess Melbourne; a cast from the original by Mrs. Damer.

Prince Arthur and Catharine of Arragon, on board, in the original frame; a present from colonel Myddelton of Denbighshire, in which county it had remained from the death of the prince at Ludlow.

ON THE STAIR-CASE.

View of Richmond-hill, the original drawing by Mr. Henry Bunbury; a present from himself.

THE

THE BREAKFAST-ROOM, ONE PAIR OF STAIRS.

FURNISHED with blue paper, and blue and white linen. Black and yellow painted glass set in plain blue glass in the bow window. On the writing-table, an inlaid writing-box made by Langlois. The chimney-piece and windows are not truly gothic, but were designed by Mr. W. Robinson of the Board of Works, before there was any design of farther improvements to the house.

Over the chimney, a glass in an ebony frame, a present from the reverend Mr. Hemmings of Twickenham; two blue and white flower-pots of Seve china; and two candlesticks with Chinese figures, by Martin, and china flowers. On one side of the glass,

Mary Lepelle lady Hervey; a print.

A moonlight; by Bernard Lens.

A frame with nine miniatures, viz.

A young bride, by Isaac Oliver.

A lady; behind her a red curtain. Both of the family of Digby, but not known.

Venetia Stanley lady Digby, aged nineteen, very beautiful; by Peter Oliver.

Sir Kenelm Digby and lady Digby, after Vandyck; by ditto: set in the form of a book with covers of gold enamelled.

The same lady Digby, as she was found dead in her bed; by ditto, after ditto; set in gold enamelled black; on which behind is a sphere: it seems to mean, that the world was in mourning for her. Sir Kenelm was passionately fond of this lady, who, lord Clarendon says, was of *extraordinary beauty and as extraordinary fame*. At Windsor is a whole length of her, by Vandyck, treading on serpents, to imply that the stories told of her were the produce of malice. At Goathurst, where they lived, are two busts of her in bronze; on the pedestal of one are inscribed these tender words, *Uxorem vivam amare voluntas, defunctam religio*.

Sir

Sir Kenelm Digby, when young ; by Peter Oliver : very fine.

Lady Digby, again, most beautiful ; by ditto.

Lady Lucy Percy, daughter and coheirefs of Thomas earl of Northumberland who was beheaded, wife of sir Edward Stanley, younger son of the earl of Derby, mother of Venetia lady Digby ; by Isaac Oliver. She is still more beautiful than her daughter, though drest very unbecomingly in a great black hat and large ruff ; only set off by a lilac ground. This is perhaps the finest and most perfect miniature in the world. All the seven last are wonderfully preserved, though found in a garret in an old house in Wales, belonging to a Mr. Watkin Williams, probably descended from sir Kenelm, one of whose sons left only two daughters, that were married into Welch families. This set of pictures, with a few more less fine, cost Mr. Walpole 300 guineas.

On the other side of the glass, another frame, with fifteen miniatures, viz. Robert earl of Essex, favourite of queen Elizabeth ; set in a case enamelled with flowers.

Henry Carey lord Hunsdon, knight of the garter 1585 ; by Hilliard : set in black enamel. These two from the collection of lady Elizabeth Germaine.

A lady of the family of Digby ; belonging to the set above-named ; in a white enamelled case.

The duc de Vendome, with a red knot ; by Petitot.

Madame la princesse Palatine ; by ditto.

Madame la duchesse de Montpensier, grandmother of Mademoiselle ; by ditto. These three from the collection of the comte de Caylus.

La duchesse de Montzabon, called La Belle des Belles ; by ditto.

Holbein, in a round, original by himself.

An exceedingly fine watch, given to general Fairfax by the parliament after the battle of Naseby ; by P. Bordier, brother-in-law of Petitot. On one side is Fairfax on horseback, after Vandyck's king Charles ; on the other,

other, the house of commons ; behind, the battle. It was bought at the sale of Thoresby's museum, who has described it in his *Ducatus Leodienfis*.

Two boys, sons of sir Kenelm Digby. Note, these and some after-mentioned pictures of the Digbys were the other division of that collection, and were purchased by Mr. W. of the lady who shared them with the other heir.

John duke of Lauderdale, copied by lady Lucan from the original by Cooper, in the possession of lady Greenwich.

William Henry duke of Gloucester, by lady Lucan after Meyer.

Charlotte de la Tremouille countess of Derby ; in a frame of silver filigrane.

A lady's head, supposed to be the countess of Pembroke, wife of earl William, by Hoskins ; finely preserved : a present from the duchess dowager of Portland.

Fontenelle, a drawing ; bequeathed to Mr. Walpole by lady Hervey.

A landscape, a drawing in water-colours, by Vanderneer.

Inside of Walpole church in Lincolnshire ; by Vertue.

View of Mad. du Deffand's room and cats, a print ; with verses by the president Henault.

A print of count Antoine Hamilton.

A most curious picture of Rose the royal gardener, presenting the first pine-apple raised in England to Charles II. who is standing in a garden : the house seems to be Dawny-court near Windsor, the villa of the duchess of Cleveland. The whole piece is well painted, probably by Danckers. It was a present to Mr. W. from the rev. Mr. Pennicott of Ditton, to whom it was bequeathed by Mr. London, grandson of him who was partner with Wife.

Two prints of Rubens's own house.

Two beautiful bas-reliefs of boys in wax, by lady Diana Beauclerc ; set in frames with her arms, and cameos by Wedgwood and Tassie.

Van-

Vandervaat the painter, by himself, in water-colours, finely done; in an old ebony frame set with lapis lazuli and agates: a present from Richard Bull, esq.

Cowley, by sir Peter Lely; the fine original of Zincke's Cowley in enamel in the cabinet; bought at the sale of Mr. Lovibonde in 1776*.

Two views of Paris, by Raguenet; given by Henry Fox lord Holland.

Four washed views of the chateau de Grignan in Provence: a present from George Hardinge, esq.

Miss Temple, maid of honour to Anne Hyde duchess of York, and second wife of sir Charles Lyttelton; by Spenfer, after the unfinished picture by Cooper, in the possession of lord Lyttelton.

Head of the comte de Grammont; copied from the original at the convent of the Grands Augustins at Paris.

A secretaire of inlaid woods.

Cupid, in Seve china.

Two blue and white square tubs, of ditto.

* Description of a young shepherd, from Britain's Ida, that almost exactly delineates this portrait.

Amongst the rest, that all the rest excell'd,
A daintie boy there wonn'd, whose harmless yeares
Now in their freshest budding gentlie swell'd;
His nymph-like face ne'er felt the nimble sheeres;
Youth's downie blossome thro' his cheek appears;
His lovelie limbs, but love he quite discarded,
Were made for play, but he no play regarded,
And fitt love to reward, and be by love rewarded.

High was his forehead, arch'd with silver mould,
Where never anger churlish wrinkle dighted;
His auburn locks hung like dark threads of gold,
That wanton airs (with their fair length incited)
To play among their wanton curls delighted.
His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd—
Ah! how should truth in those thief eyes be stor'd,
Which thousand Loves had stol'n, and never once restor'd!

Vide Wharten's Observations on the Fairy Queen, vol. i. p. 123.

Anne Liddel countess of Offory ; in crayons, by Hamilton.

An urn of granite, brought from one of the Greek islands, and given to sir Robert Walpole by sir Charles Wager.

Ditto of oriental alabaster, given to sir Robert Walpole by general Charles Churchill.

Margaret Smith, wife of sir Charles Bingham lord Lucan ; by Hamilton. This lady arrived in five months, by copying in water-colours the enamels and miniatures in this collection, at great perfection, and in that short time copied forty pieces, imitating most exactly the manners of the several masters. Mr. W. wrote the following lines on that subject :

*Without a rival, long on painting's throne
Urbino's modest artist sat alone.
At last a British fair's unerring eyes
In five short moons contest the glorious prize.
Raphael by genius, nurs'd by labour, gain'd it—
Bingham but saw perfection, and attain'd it.*

Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, wife of lord Craven ; by Romney.

Richard III. and his queen ; a drawing from painted glass, by Vertue.

A sea-piece ; by Backhuysen : very good.

Madame la marquise du Deffand, and the duchesse de Choiseul giving her a doll, which the former, who was blind, holds out her hands to receive ; alluding to her calling the duchesse *Grand Maman*. Every part of the room is exactly represented, and madame du Deffand most exactly like, which the duchesse is not ; by M. Carmontel, a gentleman belonging to the duke of Orleans, who has done in the same manner most of the court of France : a washed drawing.

A print by Bartolozzi of Georgina Spencer duchess of Devonshire, from the drawing of lady Diana Beauclerc ; in a frame with Wedgwood's cameos, and two flies engraved and painted by Hill.

A view of the church of Stokepogeys in Buckinghamshire ; the moon shining on Mr. Gray's tomb in the church-yard ; by Baron : a present from sir Edward Walpole.

Virgin and child, a highly finished illumination : it belonged to Gaston duke of Orleans.

Francis I. receiving the homage of the clergy, law and army; an illumination; cardinal du Prat as chancellor is at the head of the law. Two of the officers on the fore ground are engraved in Montfaucon's Antiquities of France.

An allegoric washed drawing of Christina of Pisa writing her *Cité des Dames*, from an illumination in the library of the king of France.

View of the hotel de Carnavalet, where madame de Sevigné lived, in la rue Couture St. Catherine, at Paris; built by Du Cerceau; painted by Raguenet.

A woman reading; small whole figure; great nature, by Le Duc.

A flower, in paper mosaic, executed by Mrs. Delany, the inventress, who between the seventieth and eightieth years of her age executed 500 plants in this manner. She was daughter of Mr. Granville by the daughter of sir John Stanley, and was first married to Mr. Pendarvis, and then to Dr. Delany.

Its companion, by Mrs. Delany's scholar, miss Jennings of Shiplake.

Lady D. Beauclerc's two daughters, engraved from her drawing by Bartolozzi; in a blue and gold frame painted in mosaic with lions and flower-de-luces, in allusion to the arms of Beauclerc.

Sir Kenelm Digby, his wife and two sons, by Peter Oliver, after Vandyck; a large miniature in the highest preservation; in an ebony case set with Wedgwood's cameos. On the insides of the doors, two other ladies of the same set.

Two other ebony cases, ditto. In one, a lady of the Digby family, half-length, after Vandyck, with a beautiful landscape, by Peter Oliver.

In the other case, lady Digby enamelled, in a frame of the same, with her arms, and Latin mottoes, supported by two goddesses; by G. Toulin, 1637.

Lady Catherine Howard, daughter of H. Fred. earl of Arundel, and first wife of John Digby son of sir Kenelm.

On the reverse, in the same enamelled frame, another lady of the family, exquisitely painted by Peter Oliver; probably the second wife of John Digby.

Lady Frances Howard, countess of Essex and then of Somerset; copied by lady Bingham, now lady Lucan, from the original at Woburn.

Catherine duchess of Buckingham, daughter of James II. in enamel by Zincke: a present from her niece madame de Bouzols.

A holy

STRAWBERRY-HILL.

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A holy family in wax, from Carlo Maratti, by Mrs. Mary Slaughter, sister of Stephen Slaughter, painter : a present from miss Anne Clement.

The virgin and child, and two angels holding tapers ; an ancient carving in ivory : a present from Mr. Watson the surgeon.

A lady's head, by Hilliard, unfinished ; bought at Mr. Lovibonde's.

A girl's head, in oil ; very lively : by A. Cuyp.

George Hamilton, brother of count Antony Hamilton ; small copy in oil by E. Edwards, from the original in the possession of lord Kingsland.

Print of Mr. W. Mason, the poet.

A man's head in a black bonnet, æt. 30, 1539, by Holbein, unfinished ; bought at Mr. Lovibonde's.

A masquerade at Vauxhall, in bistre ; by lady Diana Beauclerc. There is wonderful expression in the faces, and attitudes, though some of the figures are quite masked, and others have half masks.

A washed drawing of Les Rochers, the country-house of Mad. de Sevigné in Bretagne, done on the spot by Mr. Hinchliffe, son of the bishop of Peterborough, in 1786.

Miss Hannah More, the poetess ; in water-colours, by Roberts, after Opie.

Miss Farren, the comedian ; in water-colours.

Two washed drawings, by miss Agnes Berry.

View of Lee, the seat of T. Barrett, esq. in Kent, by Pether ; in an ebony frame.

A young Paris, cast in terra-cotta, from a marble bust by Mrs. Damer of the son of mademoiselle Rossi, a dancer.

Two old blue and white china jars ; a candlestick of Seve china ; tea-things of old china ; a small tripod of or moulu to burn incense ; and a red velvet purse embroidered with gold and old French arms, to hold counters.

THE GREEN CLOSET.

IN the windows are some very curious pieces of painted glass. One round pane (one of the best in the house) represents the story of the law-giver,

Iii 2

who

who having enacted a law for punishing adultery with blindness, and his own son being convicted of it, he gave up one of his own eyes to save one of his son's. The drawing is fine, and the figures of the legislator and of the young foldier who contemplates him, are evidently taken from some picture or design which gave the hint to Vandyck for his Belisarius, now at Chiswick. There are other curious panes: one with a rose impaling a pomegranate, the device of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon; others with a crown in a thorn-bush between the letters H and E, the device of Henry VII. which he assumed after the battle of Bosworth, where Richard's crown was found in that manner. Over the door,

A view of Mr. Pope's house at Twickenham, painted since the alterations made by sir William Stanhope; by Scott in his very best manner. On the same side of the room are the following pictures, most of them small:

A portrait of Sarah Malcolm, who was hanged for murdering her mistress and two other women in the Temple. She is sitting at a table in Newgate with popish beads before her. This was drawn by Hogarth the day before her execution, and she had put on red to look the better.

Four landscapes in water-colours, by Baudin.

A landscape in needle-work, by lady Ailesbury, after Van Uden.

Eight views of ruins at Rome and other places, by Lucatelli.

A landscape in Indian ink, with Italian, Chinese and Gothic buildings; by Mr. Bentley, in his best style.

The head of old Dahl the painter, in water-colours, by himself; oval.

Cibber the statuary, with a pair of compasses in his hand, in water-colours; by Christian Richter.

George Granville, lord Lansdown, in red; ditto; by Vertue, after Kneller.

Two small pictures in oil, the stories of Susanna and the elders, and of David and Bathsheba: Italian.

A beggar-boy with a bird's-nest, water-colours on ivory; by Mr. Horace Walpole, from Murillo.

Queen Henrietta Maria; by Dixon.

Mary princess of Orange, mother of king William; by Holkins.

Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine lady Walpole; heads carved in ivory.

An

An old head, in a laced night-cap and ruff; by Cornelius Jansen, or Porbus.

Lady Arabella Stuart, when a child; by Isaac Oliver.

Zachary Kneller, brother of sir Godfrey; by Vertue, after Kneller.

St. Catherine reading; after Correggio, by Catherine lady Walpole.

At the end fronting the window:

A pot of carnations, drawn at Chelsea from the life by Van Huysum, who lived there two years with sir Robert Walpole: he was brother to the famous flower-painter: in oil.

Robert Walpole, father of sir Robert Walpole; a head in crayons.

Mary Burwell, his wife; ditto.

An herb-market and a fish-market; after Teniers, in oil, by Angelis.

Sir Jeffery Burwell, grandfather of sir Robert Walpole; he is an old man fitting; a death's head by him: in crayons.

Mary, his wife, daughter and coheirefs of Thomas Derehaugh of Colton-hall, Suffolk: in crayons.

A stable-yard, with a cart, and a woman paring turnips; by J. H. Muntz; in oil.

Six curious pictures in water-colours of Mary de Medici and Louis XIII. and five great duchesses of Tuscany; copied from a chamber at Poggio Imperiale near Florence, where the originals are dressed in the very clothes they wore, pasted on the hangings, with the faces painted on fatten.

Six more drawings of ruins, by Lucatelli.

Anna Chamber countess Temple; by Hamilton.

Henry Carey earl of Monmouth, knight of the bath, translator of many works*; by Theodore Ruffel.

* See his article in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

Pope Benedict XIII. in wax; behind it is his elogium, written by Mr. Walpole and printed in his Fugitive Pieces.

Lady Newburgh, lord Lansdown's Myra, in widow's weeds; copied by young Lens from the original of sir Godfrey Kneller, in the collection of the earl of Cardigan; in water-colours.

The countess of Buckingham, mother of duke George Villiers, in mourning; by ditto: from the same collection.

Anna Maria Brudenel countess of Shrewsbury, famous for her amours with the second George Villiers duke of Buckingham; by ditto, from ditto.

James Stuart duke of Richmond and earl of Litchfield, husband of the beautiful Mrs. Stuart whom Charles II. was in love with; in armour; by Cooper.

Susan Airmine lady Bellasis, mistress of James II.; by Cooper, unfinished.

Lady Anne Watson, daughter of Thomas earl of Strafford; by ditto.

Spencer Compton earl of Northampton, killed in the civil war.

A lady's head, temp. James I.

Two ladies of the court of queen Elizabeth; by Hilliard. These five belonged to Spencer Compton earl of Wilmington.

An infant's head, sleeping, by Vischer; very natural: in black lead.

A boy's head, in red and black chalks; by Peter Oliver: very lively.

Mrs. Catherine Clive, the excellent comedian, in the character of the Fine Lady in *Lethé*; in water-colours by Worlidge.

A lady's head; in a black hood; by Cooper.

Boncourt, a French comedian; given by the comte du Chatelet.

A gentleman's head, in oil; oval, in a metal case.

Thomas earl of Arundel; small head, in oil.

Charles II. in robes of the garter; in water-colours, after Lely; done by Richard second lord Edgumbe at the age of sixteen.

Two pieces of fruit and flowers, in water-colours ; by old Lens.

Mrs. Scott, the painter's wife ; by Deacon. A gentleman of great genius for drawing, who having misfortunes took to painting portraits in miniature, and hired the house late Zincke's in Covent-Garden, where Mr. Meyer the enameller now lives ; but Mr. Deacon died in a year by the jail-distemper which was brought to the Old Bailey, where he happened to attend.

Mr. Pope, by young Lens, in water-colours ; round.

Pomona ; by Clinksted.

Mr. Thomas Gray ; etched from his shade ; by Mr. W. Mason.

A landscape on copper ; by Roland Savery.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury ; a print coloured by Wale, from the original of Isaac Oliver, in the collection of lord Powis.

William lord Mansfield ; in oil, by Wootton.

Zeeman junior, painter, in blue, by his father.

Profile of an angel, after Guido ; done in hair by Mary Lane, 1778.

Impression of Oliver Cromwell's privy seal.

The two sons of the old Pretender ; painted at Rome in 1740.

The viscount Stafford, beheaded in the reign of Charles II. ; in water-colours ; a present from Mr. E. Jerningham the poet, nearly related to the Staffords.

On the window-side fronting the door, beginning on the left-hand.

A view of the Thames from Mrs. Clive's house at Twickenham ; in blue and white, by Muntz.

A sprig of orange-flowers, and another of apple-blossoms ; by Catherine lady Walpole, in water-colours.

A bunch of white roses ; by ditto.

Inside of a church, by Steenwick.

Four more views of ruins ; by Lucatelli.

A Chinese building, designed and drawn by Mr. Bentley for the corner of the wood at Strawberry-hill, where the chapel now stands ; in Indian ink.

The Farnese Hercules, in wax ; by Goffet.

Cleopatra, in water-colours ; Italian.

Mrs. Beale, and her son Charles ; heads in water-colours by her.

Profile head of a Magdalen, a coloured print by Le Blon.

A red and white rose, executed in feathers, by Werman Cany.

Bishop Burnet in robes of prelate of the garter ; by Mrs. Rose.

Prince Charles of Lorrain, in a frame of tortoise-shell.

Then pass to the right hand.

Over the window, B. Hoadley bishop of Winchester, in wax ; by Goffet ; and

Charles Townshend chancellor of the exchequer : ditto.

Boors reading : Flemish. It was in sir Robert Walpole's collection.

A landscape : by Teniers.

Two more views of ruins : by Lucatelli.

The arms of sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, cut in paper on looking-glass, by Bermingham.

A conversation, after Watteau, in water-colours ; by Mr. Horace Walpole.

Design for the arms of the two clubs at White's ; drawn by the second lord Edgecumbe, and invented by him, Mr. G. A. Selwyn, Mr. Geo. J. Williams, and Mr. Hor. Walpole, at Strawberry-hill. The arms are as follow : Vert (for the card-table) on a chevron fable (for the hazard table) two rouleaus of guineas in saltire between two dice proper, the chevron between 3 parolis at Pharaoh, proper ; on a canton fable, a white balloting-ball

ball. Crest, an arm and hand holding a dice-box, issuant from an earl's coronet. Supporters, an old and a young knave of clubs (for the two clubs). Motto, *cog-it amor nummi*. The arms surrounded by a bottle-ticket inscribed, *claret*, in the manner of an order.

A king-fisher and ducks, of the Battersea enamel: it was a manufacture stamped with a copper-plate, supported by alderman Janfen, but failed.

Charles II. young, in armour, with the garter; oval miniature.

Mary duchess of Beaufort: oval miniature.

Mr. Congreve, in armour: oil.

A lady, with Italian mottoes; in a round.

A friar and lady at her toilette; by Clinksted.

A woman hiding her lover from her blind husband; by ditto.

A woman fainting in a man's arms; after some great master: D. Rawdon fe. 1703.

Mr. Deacon's son, by him: unfinished.

Drawing by Müntz, in water-colours, from an illumination to a book of earl Rivers in the library at Lambeth, and from which the frontispiece was taken to Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

At the end of the closet towards the Thames.

Over the window, impresson of the great seal of queen Henrietta Maria: and

Frederic prince of Wales, in wax; by Goffet.

Two prints of old Stocks-market, and Essex-court in the Temple, coloured by Baudin.

Head of James first earl of Stanhope, in crayons.

Ditto of Mrs. Sclater, in a black gauze hood.

Four more views, by Lucatelli. There are 24 in all.

Sir John Shorter, grandfather of Catherine lady Walpole; in crayons.

VOL. II.

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He

He was lord-mayor in 1688, when receiving the pope's nuntio in the city, James II. gave him an additional quarter to his arms: two years before he had been one of the most distinguished aldermen on the Whig side. He died in his mayoralty.

Isabella Birkhead, his widow, in weeds. They are buried in the church of St. Saviour, Southwark. Vide Maitland's History of London.

Mary Bruce duchess of Richmond; by Hamilton.

Anne Conway, daughter of general Conway and lady Ailesbury, and wife of John Damer, eldest son of Joseph lord Milton; by Hamilton.

Octagon of Thomas earl of Southampton, in his robes; but quære whether it is not the last duke of Ormond but one?

Henry Howard earl of Northampton; copied in water-colours by Hardinge; from the original at the earl's college at Greenwich.

A small half-length of a young man, octagon on copper, by Fr. Hals; from Mr. Jennings's collection.

Two landscapes in foot-water; by Mr. Bentley.

A writing-box, richly carved in ivory.

Two blue and white jars.

A red velvet coffer ornamented with silver, and containing six dram-bottles of the old Venetian glass flowered with gold and enamelled tops; from Mrs. Kennon's collection.

A temple of old japan.

Two cups and saucers of Seve china.

A small table of ditto.

Three ebony chairs.

Small bronze bust of Caracalla*.

Profile of lady Ailesbury, in wax; by her daughter Mrs. Damer.

* In the cupboards in this closet are many MSS. particularly all those of Vertue, which Mr. Walpole bought of his widow.



J. Morris sc.

CHIMNEY IN THE BLUE BED CHAMBER.

Thomas Seymour lord Sudley, brother of the protector Somers, copied by lady Lucan from the original in the possession of the marquis of Buckingham.

Mary Churchill, second wife of Charles lord Cadogan; small life in oil, by W. Staveland.

A washed drawing of the walnut-tree covered with ivy on the terrace at Strawberry-hill, in winter; by lady Diana Beauclerc.

Two kittens in marble, by Mrs. Damer.

THE BLUE BED-CHAMBER.

HUNG with plain blue paper; a linen bed; eight chintz chairs; a toilette worked by Mrs. Clive; a looking-glass in a tortoiseshell frame, ornamented with silver; two blue and white square candlesticks of old Delft ware: an ancient lock to the door, richly wrought of brass and steel; and a cabinet japanned by lady Walpole: on it, an ewer and basin of blue and white Sevres china; under it a blue and gold china bottle.

The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Bentley. Over it,

In a frame of black and gold carved by Gibbons, six Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter; small whole lengths; by Eckardt, after Zincke: the hounds and view of Houghton by Wootton. Sir Robert is sitting; by him, on a table, is the purse of chancellor of the exchequer, leaning against busts of George I. and II. to denote his being first minister to those kings: by lady Walpole are flowers, shells, a pallet and pencils, to mark her love of the arts. On the chimney,

A boy and girl in Sevres biscuit.

Three small flower-pots, ditto.

Two cups and saucers, ditto.

Four blue and white cream-cups.

In the bow window, some very beautiful painted glass.

K k k z

General

General Henry Seymour Conway, and Caroline countess dowager of Ailesbury, his wife; their daughter Anne sitting on the ground playing with a dog. The attitudes and dresses taken from Watteau. This, and all the other pictures in this room, were painted by Eckardt.

Charles Churchill, and lady Maria Walpole, his wife, with their eldest son Charles; taken from the picture at Blenheim, of Rubens, his wife and child.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, knight of the bath.

Mr. Thomas Gray*; taken from the portrait of a musician by Vandyck, at the duke of Grafton's.

Mr. Richard Bentley; from Vandyck. He holds in one hand his own design of the figure of Melancholy drawn by him for the edition of Mr. Gray's Odes.

Mr. Horace Walpole; from Vandyck, leaning on the *Ædes Walpolianæ*: behind him, a view of Strawberry-hill. The frames are of black and gold, carved after those to Lombard's prints from Vandyck, but with emblems peculiar to each person.

THE RED BEDCHAMBER.

HUNG with crimson paper; by the bed, a crucifix of ivory; an ewer and basin of Chantilli porcelaine; a red and white flower-pot, cup, saucer and sugar-dish, of Seve porcelaine; crimson Norwich damask chairs, and an arm-chair of patch-work.

Pictures on the chimney side:

Gypfies telling a country-maiden her fortune at the entrance of a beech-wood; a most beautiful drawing in water-colours, designed and executed by lady Diana Beauclerc in 1781; the chef-d'œuvre of her works.

A drawing in Indian-ink of a forest, by Mary Danby, first married to Mr. Lockhart, and afterwards to general Harcourt, only brother of George Simon second earl of Harcourt.

* With this motto, alluding to an Ode on *Nile* was his first published, *Nec fecit populis parvum* *te, Nile, videre.*

An old beggar ; by Teniers.

Heads of goats, a fine sketch by Berghem ; from the collection of Wootton the painter.

View of Elizabeth-castle in Jersey, by Müntz ; in oil.

A coloured drawing, by the reverend Mr. Gilpin.

Maria Walpole countess of Waldegrave and duchess of Gloucester, with her eldest daughter lady Elizabeth Laura ; a mezzotinto.

A moonlight on copper, by Bonus, jun.

Side opposite the window.

A landscape, by Mullins.

Falconet the painter's wife, by him ; highly finished.

Mary Kirk, wife of sir Richard Vernon, known by the name of War-mestre in the Memoires de Grammont.

Two views of Richmond-hill, and Twickenham, from Strawberry-hill, by Müntz ; in oil.

Le comte de Grignan ; a print.

Madame de Caylus, niece of madame de Maintenon ; a print.

Two old men ; an Italian sketch.

The original drawing of Titus Oates, in black lead, by Robert White ; a present from Richard Bull, esq.

A head of the duke d'Epernon, favourite of Henry III. painted on oriental alabaster ; a present from colonel St. Paul, chargé d'affaires at Paris.

A print of the princess Sophia, eldest daughter of their royal highnesses William Henry and Maria, duke and duchess of Gloucester.

The father of Pope as he lay dead ; drawn by his father-in-law Samuel Cooper : bought by Richardson, junior, at the sale of Mrs. Martha Blount, to whom Pope had bequeathed this and the three following.

Mrs.

Mrs. Editha Cooper, mother of Pope ; by John Richardson, senior.

Mr. Pope himself ; ditto.

Henry St. John viscount Bolingbroke ; ditto.

Sketch by Kent, for a niche in Mr. Fairfax's house in Saville-row.

On the sides of the window :

Madame de Prie, mistress of the duc de Bourbon, prime minister in the minority of Louis XV. in crayons ; she died of vexation at the disgrace of the duke : a present from madame du Deffand, who was intimate with her.

The four seasons, heads of boys in rounds ; Italian : a present from the duc de Nivernois.

Macbeth in the witches' cave ; a print.

Four drawings of humour, washed, by Elias Martin.

An ancient illuminated drawing.

A landscape, view in Jersey, by Mr. Bentley ; in oil *.

A young lady reading the Castle of Otranto to her companion ; a graceful and expressive drawing, done for a present to Mr. W. by Lavinia Bingham, eldest daughter of lady Lucan the celebrated copyist, and since married to lord Althorp.

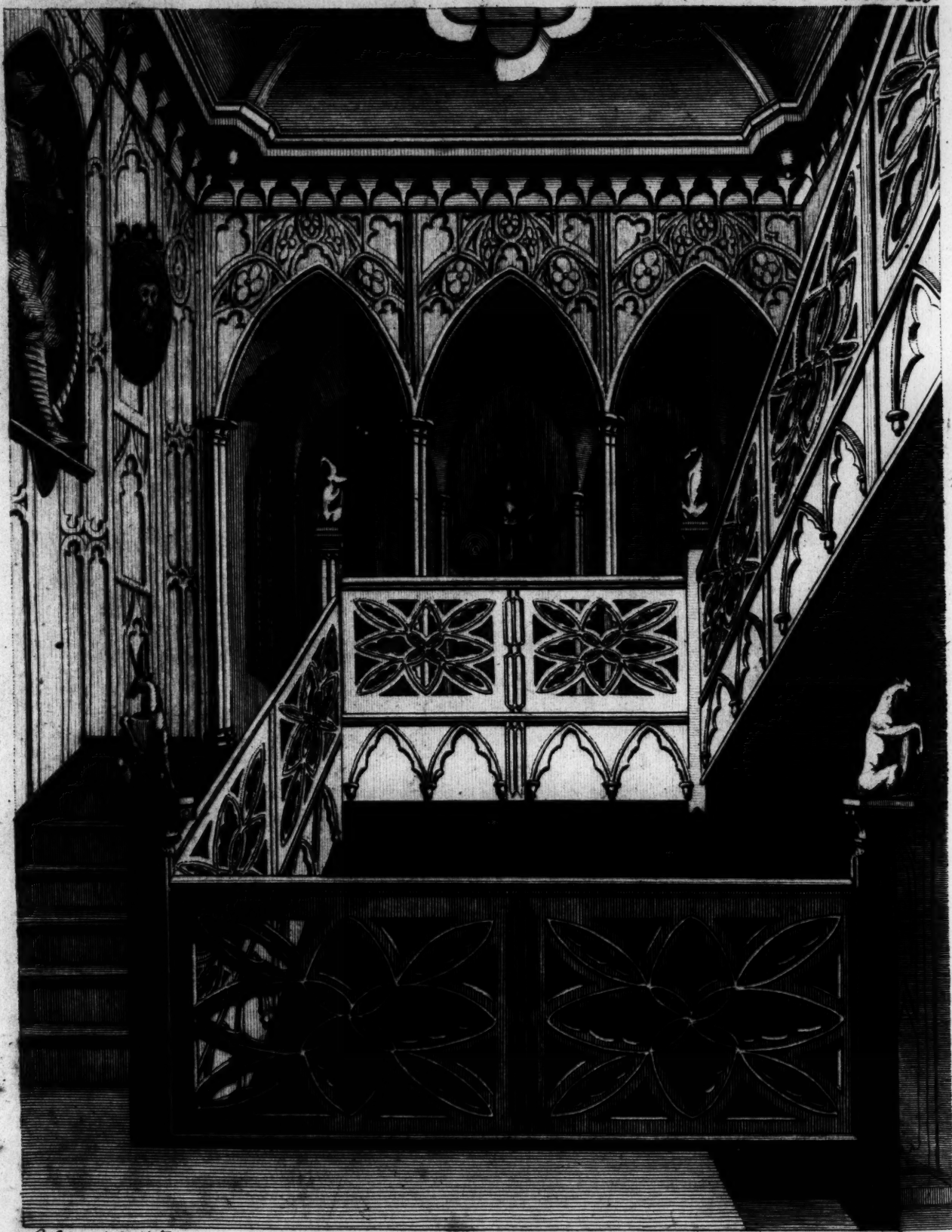
A fine drawing in water-colours, by the reverend Mr. Gilpin.

Sophia Dorothea, wife of George the first ; copied by Hardinge from the original which princess Amelie bequeathed to her nephew the landgrave of Hesse, and which George the second hung up in Leicester-house as soon as he heard of his father's death.

A small head of Oldham, the poet, in oil ; as clear and fine as Vandyck. It had been in the collection of Mr. Dinely.

A view of lady Di. Beauclerc's villa at Twickenham, by Sam. Lysons, esq.

* In this piece Mr. Bentley has represented himself and his second wife on the sea shore.



E. Edwards delin.

J. Newton sculp.

STAIRCASE AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

ON THE STAIRCASE.

IN a niche, the armour of Francis I. king of France, of steel gilt, and covered with bas-reliefs in a fine taste: his lance is of ebony inlaid with silver; his sword steel; beautifully inlaid with gold, probably the work of Benvenuto Cellini: there is also the armour for the horse's head. This very valuable suit of armour was purchased from the Crozat collection in 1772, on the death of the baron de Thiers, when the czarina bought the fine collection of pictures and bronzes. Over against it,

Henry V. and his family; bought in 1773, at the sale of James West, president of the Royal Society. See a description and print of this picture in the first volume of the Anecdotes of Painting in England. This picture came out of Stafford-house, or Tart-hall, Westminster: and I imagine that this, and the two others of Henry VI. and VII. were done by order of Henry VII. in honour of the house of Lancaster. I have heard that that of Henry VI. came out of the palace of Shene.

Henry VIII. aged 29, and Charles V. aged 20, in one picture, from Mr. West's collection. Behind Charles V. are two figures, probably designed for his grandfather and father, the emperor Maximilian, and Philip.

Two shields of leather, for tournaments, painted by Polidore; one has the head of Medusa, the other of Perseus: on the insides are battles in gold. They came out of the collection of commendatore Vittoria at Naples, and were sent to Mr. W. by sir W. Hamilton, with a third of iron, representing the story of Curtius, but certainly not antique, as there is a cannon and an embattled tower at a distance.

Over the middle arcade is a curious ancient head of Henry III. carved in alto-relievo on oak, from the church of Barnwell near Oundle in Northamptonshire, which he endowed. This head is very like to the effigies on his tomb, and to that in painted glass in the chapel here at Strawberry-hill.

Monamy the painter shewing a sea-piece to Mr. Thomas Walker, a collector of pictures; small life; the figures by Hogarth, the sea-piece by Monamy. A present from Richard Bull, esq.

A Persian

A Persian shield, over the door into the blue room.

An ancient dish of fayence, over the door of the red room.

Top of a warming-pan that belonged to Charles II. with his arms and this motto, *Serve God and live for ever*. As the date on it is 1660, with C. R. it probably was used for his majesty and the duchess of Cleveland.

Wootton the painter, his wife and children; small life, painted by Gav. Hamilton.

THE ARMOURY

IS an open vestibule of three gothic arches, lighted by a window entirely of painted glass, and ornamented over the doors and niches with quarterings of the family of Walpole, painted by Grant.

Two suits of armour, on one of which is the mark of a bullet; two helmets; a gauntlet; a round leathern quiver; and two pair of stirrups; from Coombe, near Kingston in Surry, which seat formerly belonged to the great Richard Neville earl of Warwick. These arms therefore probably were part of those which served his troops when he marched to Westminster to awe the parliament in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

A beautiful Persian shield, made of a rhinoceros's hide tanned, enamelled, and almost transparent.

An Indian scimitar, the handles and ornaments of silver, in a green velvet case; and a dagger of the same; given by a nabob to George Morton Pitt, governor of Fort St. George, and by his widow to Mr. Walpole.

An Indian sword, the blade waving and damasked, the scabbard of wood twisted with cane, the hilt an owl carved in wood.

Two Indian quivers, full of arrows.

An Indian lance, the head of wood double-barbed and delicately wrought, that it might break into splinters in a wound.

Several other lances, spears, and Indian bows.

An Indian bow, painted.

An Indian scimitar in a Japan scabbard.

Four broad swords.

A collar set with spikes, for a wild beast.

Five pieces of a coat of mail.

An Indian pouch made of beads and hair; a girdle, ditto; a collar, ditto; and two leather shoes, ornamented ditto.

An eastern powder-horn of steel and bronze, richly graven, and hung to a chain with a tablet of bronze, characters in the middle on a red ground.

An Indian mace, inlaid with brass.

A hatchet, ditto. These three from the collection of mons. Julienne at Paris.

Two halberds, from the old house at Houghton.

An American calumet; a warrior's wreath; and a neck ornament: presents from governor Pownall.

An ancient musket, richly carved; a present from Moses Franks, esq.

Another ancient musket and pistol inlaid with ivory; from the collection of Mr. Scott.

A tall ossuarium with bas-reliefs, a sacrifice and tripods.

Another, curious for being a double one; the inscriptions,

VIBIA. P. L.

P. VIBIVS.

ASLATICE.

P. D. L.

VIXIT.

MODESTVS.

ANN. XXII.

Head of Isis, small model in terra-cotta by Mrs. Damer, which she executed in large in stone for the bridge at Henley.

An ancient battle-axe and a bandelier.

A curious royal lock, made as early as in the reign of Henry VII. from one of the palaces; a present from Thomas Astle, esq.

THE LIBRARY.

THE books are ranged within Gothic arches of pierced work, taken from a side-door case to the choir in Dugdale's St. Paul's. The doors themselves were designed by Mr. Chute. The chimney-piece is imitated from the tomb of John of Eltham, earl of Cornwall, in Westminster-abbey: the stone-work from that of Thomas duke of Clarence, at Canterbury. An ancient curfeu, or couvre-feu; from Mr. Gostling's collection. The ceiling was painted by Clermont, from Mr. Walpole's design drawn out by Mr. Bentley. In the middle is the shield of Walpole surrounded with the quarters borne by the family. At each end in a round is a knight on horseback, in the manner of ancient seals; that next to the window bears the arms of Fitz Osbert, the other of Robsart. At the four corners are shields, helmets, and mantles: on one shield is a large H, on another a W, semée of cross crosslets, in imitation of an ancient bearing of the Howards in Blomfield's Norfolk. On another shield is the Saracen's head, the crest of the family, but here the Catherine-wheel is above the cap, not on it; having been so borne by the Robsarts, as appears from the tomb of Lodowic Robsart lord Bouchier, in Westminster-abbey. On the fourth shield is an antelope, one of lord Orford's supporters, with the arms about his neck, resting under a tree, as in old devices. On either side is the motto of the family, *Eari quæ sentiat*; and at the ends, M.DCC.LIV. the year in which this room was finished, expressed in Gothic letters; the whole on a mosaic ground.

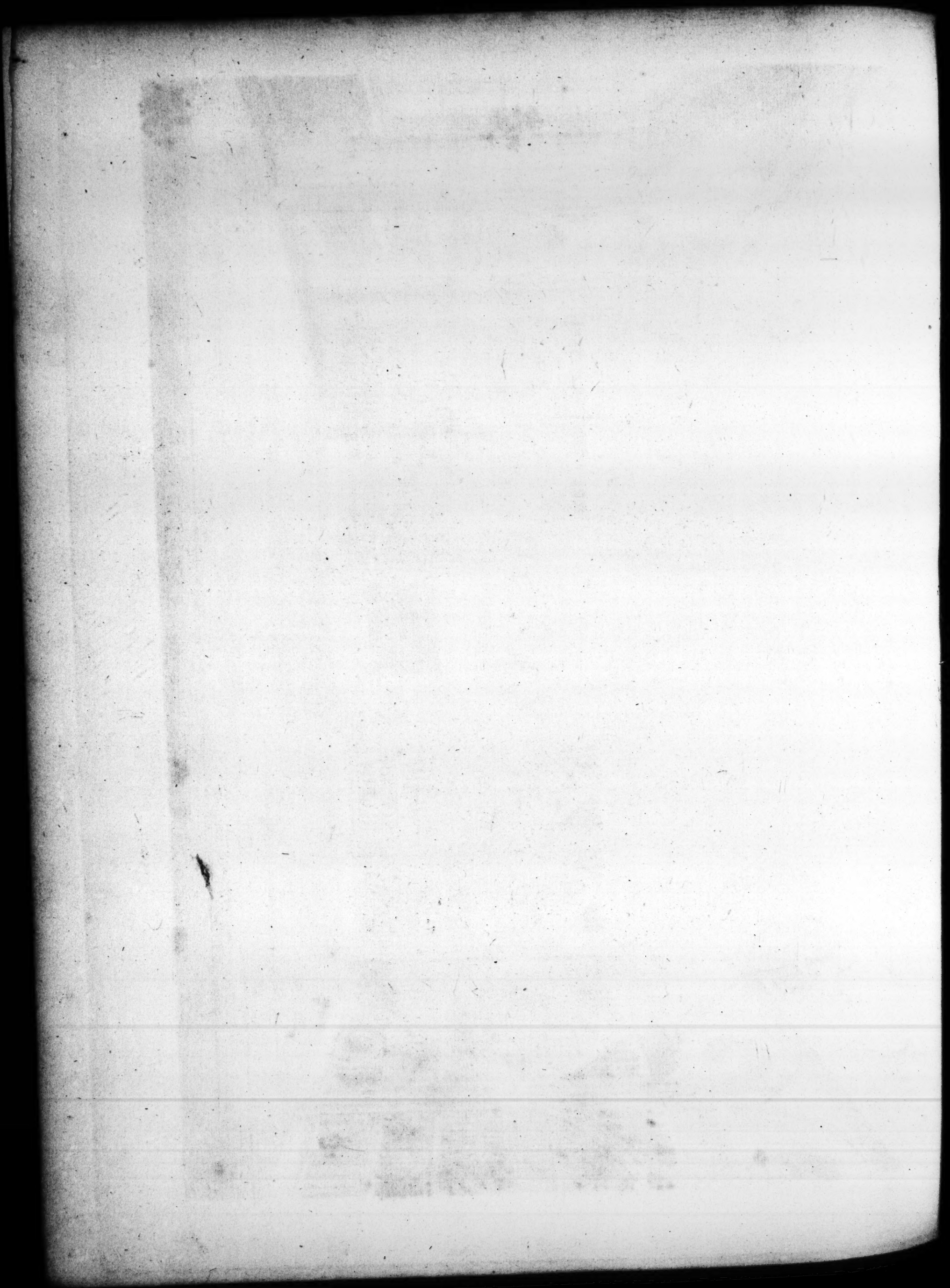
The large window and the two rose windows have a great deal of fine painted glass, particularly, Faith, Hope, and Charity, whole figures in colours; a large shield with the arms of England, and heads of Charles I. and Charles II.

On one side of the window, a landscape by Pötemberg. Opposite to it, Christina queen of Sweden, in her usual dress, partly male, partly female; a curious drawing with a pen by Steph. de la Bella.

Over the chimney, an ancient and valuable piece, representing the marriage



Library
at Strawberry Hill.



riage of Henry VI. of which see a description in *The Anecdotes of Painting*. Above it are that king's arms, the red rose crowned, and queen Margaret's arms in a lozenge. On each side, two bronze medallions of the Malatestas, sovereigns of Rimini.

A girl and cat, in water-colours, copied by Mr. Walpole from Rosalba.

A boy with a flute, by ditto, from a picture of Cavalier Lutj, at Houghton.

Sir Robert Walpole, when a boy, in crayons.

Sir Edward Walpole, knight of the bath, grandfather of sir Robert; in oil.

Henry duke of Richmond, natural son of Henry VIII. in his shirt and night-cap, which is embroidered with black: a miniature.

Mary, sole daughter and heiress of Thomas lord Fairfax, wife of George Villiers second duke of Buckingham: ditto, by Cooper.

The queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I. ditto, by Isaac Oliver.

Sir Francis Drake: ditto, by Hilliard.

Charles Howard, earl of Nottingham, the great admiral, æt. 37; by Isaac Oliver.

Lady Penelope Compton, daughter of Spencer earl of Northampton, and wife of sir Edward Nicholas, secretary of state; by Cooper.

Count Gondomar, a fine head in oil; small.

A print of king Stanislaus in his old age, coloured and dressed with silks after the clothes he wore: a present from Mrs. Damer.

A Roman simpulum in bronze.

Two bronze antique lamps and chains.

One ditto, modern, with a triton.

A cow, ditto.

An ancient brass padlock in the shape of a hand.

A greyhound in bronze, to keep down papers.

A silver standish that was fir Robert Walpole's, with his arms.

Pictures over the book-cases:

Lady Fairborne, daughter of fir — Rookesby, and wife of fir Stafford Fairborne; in red; niece of

Catherine, daughter of Edward Darcy, esq. and wife of fir Erasmus Phillips, of Picton-castle in Pembroke-shire, grandmother of Catherine lady Walpole, whom she educated.

Sir John Shorter, lord mayor of London in 1688; in black.

Isabella Birkhead, his wife.

Francis Seymour Conway earl of Hertford, and knight of the garter; by Astley, after Liotard.

Lady Isabella Fitzroy, youngest daughter of Charles second duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis earl of Hertford; by Eckardt, after Vanloo.

Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of lord Hertford; in armour, by Eckardt.

Charlotte, second daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook in Kent, and third wife of Francis lord Conway; in yellow.

Thomas Shorter, second son of fir John Shorter; in brown.

John Shorter, esq. of Bybrook in Kent, eldest son of fir John Shorter; in red.

John Shorter, in armour, eldest son of the foregoing, and brother of

Catherine Shorter, eldest daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook, and first wife of fir Robert Walpole afterwards earl of Orford: a copy after old Dahl.

A clock of silver gilt, richly chased, engraved and ornamented with fleurs de lys, little heads, &c. on the top sits a lion holding the arms of England, which are also on the sides. This was a present from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn; and since, from lady Elizabeth Germaine to Mr. Walpole. On the

the weights are the initial letters of Henry and Anne, within true lovers knots ; at top, *Dieu et mon Droit*.

A semicircular ossuarium, an uncommon form : in the pediment, a tripod supported by grifons : at each corner, a horned head of a man and a bird, a festoon hangs from the horns of the men, on which are two more birds : the inscription,

P. LENILIO
MARTIALI
POSVIT FORTVNATVS
PATRONO SVO B. M.

A square ossuarium ; heads of rams, a festoon and birds ; the inscription,

D. Q. I. C. L. M.
FECIT MCEEI
CAEIIAPRI
MIGENIAPD.

These two urns were in the collection of doctor Meade.

An ossuarium adorned on the front and sides with ivy and birds drinking out of a vase ; the inscription,

D. TL. CL. M. SVCCESSE. FILIO. PIENTISSIMO. QVI.
ANN. VIX. XIIX. PARENTES FEC.

Three more, square ; and one round, with a bird on the cover.

The fishing eagle, modelled in terra-cotta, the size of life. This bird was taken in lord Melbourn's park at Broomhall, and in taking it one of the wings was almost cut off, and Mrs. Damer saw it in that momentary rage, which she remembered, and has executed exactly. She has written her own name in Greek on the base, and Mr. W. added this line,

Non me Praxiteles finxit, at Anna Damer, 1787.

Rare books of prints and drawings in the library:

Thuanus, the large edition in 14 volumes, enriched with beautiful prints
of

of the best impressions, containing portraits of the principal personages. This set was collected by sir Clement Cotterel Dormer.

Edes Walpolianæ; the original drawings, with every print that has been engraved from the pictures, and with other prints and drawings of houses and buildings that belonged to sir Robert Walpole and the family of Walpole.

A collection of initial letters from the beginning of printing, with some drawings of heads of the first printers; collected by Mr. Ames, author of the *Typographical Antiquities*.

Sir Julius Cæsar's travelling library, containing 44 small volumes in Latin, inclosed in a case the size of a folio.

Faithorne's works, most beautiful impressions; folio.

Hogarth's ditto; the most complete set of his works that is known, with some of his original drawings.

Mr. Henry Bunbury's ditto, in two volumes.

Vertue's ditto, in two large folios.

Teniers's ditto.

Twenty-one large volumes of prints after different great masters.

A volume of drawings by Mr. Sam. Scott and Mr. Müntz.

Three volumes of Hollar's prints.

Drawings of the Florentine gallery.

Prints from pictures, antiquities and curiosities; at Strawberry-hill.

Drawings by Italian masters, bound in red moreocco, 3 vols.

Drawings and prints of heads of English painters and artists, in 2 volumes folio: very curious.

Twelve large folios of English heads, bound in vellum, and ranged according to the reign of each king.

Five larger of the reign of George III. and an additional volume of heads of different reigns collected since.

A volume of heads, antiquities, monuments, views, &c. by Vertue and others.

Designs by Mr. Richard Bentley, bound in marble and gilt.

Ditto by Rembrandt, Van Huyfum, &c.

Procession of knights of the garter, temp. queen Elizabeth, copied by Vertue from the originals by Mark Garrard.

Sevigniana, or a collection of portraits of several persons mentioned in the letters of madame de Sevigné.

A book of French portraits in the time of Francis I. It belonged to Brantome, who has inscribed the names of several of the persons. From the collection of monsieur Mariette at Paris.

A large volume bound in red morocco and gold, containing etchings by various persons of quality.

A large book of miscellaneous drawings by various masters, ancient and modern.

Curious books in the glass closet in the library :

Mr. Bentley's original designs for Mr. Gray's poems, bound in red morocco and gilt.

Six views after nature in Indian-ink, by Bernard Lens.

A book of patterns for old point lace ; exceedingly rare.

Baker on Learning, with MS. notes.

Holbein's prints for the bible, with French verses by Nicholas Borbonius.

Drawings of all the Spintrian medals ; from sir Clem. Cotterel's library.

Apologie de Jehan Chastel : very rare.

Milton's

Milton's Paradise Lost, given by the duke of Wharton to lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who has written verses in the first leaf.

A missal, engraved on copper-plates at Venice.

D'Eon's Letters, with prints of the principal persons: quarto.

Callot's pocket-book, with a great number of exquisite original drawings by himself: a present to Mr. Walpole from his brother Robert earl of Orford: very valuable.

Bizant di varie figure di Giovan Batista Bracelli, pittore Fiorentino al Ill^{mo}. S. Don Pietro Medici: 1624. This most rare and singular book contains prints of human figures formed by the strangest materials, as diamonds, hoops, bladders, pieces of carpentry, battledoors, kitchen-stuff, &c. &c. It seems to be the composition of a madman, but the drawings are masterly, and the attitudes most noble.

Le tombeau de Marguerite de Valois, with verses by three daughters of the protector duke of Somerset: very scarce.

The pocket-book, with his expences, of Robert Walpole, father of fir Robert Walpole.

Accounts of Blenheim, Stowe, Wilton, and other places, with MS. notes by Mr. Horace Walpole: tied in one parcel.

A German book with prints coloured of Charles V. and the German princes of his time.

The arms of the knights of the garter made by Richard III. in their proper colours, and bound in red velvet: a present from Walter Robertson, mayor of Lynn.

Description of Wilton, with drawings and notes by Vertue.

A book of heads and sketches, by Vertue.

A complete set of the books printed at Strawberry-hill.

A book of drawings of vases, bas-reliefs, and other antiquities.

Catalogue of the Harleian collection with the prices, and drawings of some of the curiosities by Vertue.

Dr. Percy's book of the earl of Northumberland's household.

Two books of swan-marks, on vellum: extremely rare.

A book of designs of buildings, by John Chute, esq. of the Vine.

Drawings of churches, monuments, &c. by sir Charles Frederick and Smart Lethullier, esq. in 3 vols. folio.

A thin folio, containing 35 prints after grotesque paintings.

The Iliad and Odyfsey, the very books from which Pope made his translations: in one of the volumes is a view of Twickenham, drawn by Pope.

Three illuminated missals.

Whifton's Life, with MS. index of the principal passages.

Sir T. More's Life, with marginal writing by Philip earl of Pembroke.

The Charter of Forests, one of the original copies finely preserved, with the great seal of Edward I. appendant; found at Hackney 1743, among writings of the ancient family of Shordich, by Robert Bygrave; presented by him to sir Edward Walpole, and by him to his brother Horace.

Bathoe's catalogues of the collections of Charles I. James II. and the duke of Buckingham; with their portraits, and large additions and notes by Mr. Walpole.

Catalogue of the pictures belonging to the crown, temp. Annæ, MS. A present from Mr. Topham Beauclerc.

Two large volumes of catalogues of all the exhibitions from the first, to the end of the year 1780, with MS. notes.

Catalogue of the 25 most precious coins and medals in the rose-wood case.

1. An unique crown of king Edward VI. bought at lord Oxford's sale in 1742.

VOL. II.

M m m

2. Medal

2. Medal of pope Julius III. in silver, struck on the restoration of the Roman catholic religion in England by queen Mary.

3. A satirical silver medal struck in Holland. On the obverse, the head of Oliver Cromwell laureated in armour. On the reverse he is kneeling in the lap of Britannia, with his breeches down; the French and Spanish ambassadors are contending which shall kiss first; the former says to the latter, *Retire toy, l'honneur appartient au roi mon maitre Louis le Grand.* Very scarce; from lord Oxford's collection.

4. A silver medal; on one side the head of queen Mary of England, on the other, of Philip II. both in alto-relievo, and of the most exquisite workmanship. It was a trial-piece, and is certainly the finest modern medal known. It was bought by Mr. Walpole in Italy.

5. A large gold medal of Henry VIII. On the reverse, his titles in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. It is the first medal of the English series. From lord Oxford's collection.

6. A silver medal on the destruction of the Spanish armada. See an account of this medal, and the preceding, in Evelyn. From the same collection.

7. Coin of young king Henry, son of Henry II. From ditto.

8. Fine gilt coin of pope Paul III. Reverse, a Ganymede, admirably drawn: this beautiful coin was the work of Michael Angelo Buonaroti. From the collection of baron Stofsch.

9. Silver medal of lord treasurer Southampton; by Abraham Simon.

10. Gold fragment of queen Elizabeth's last broad piece, described in the Royal and Noble Authors. Unique: from the Oxford collection.

11. Gold medal of Nero Claudius Drusus: reverse, trophies, *De Germanis.*

12. Gold medal of Trajan: reverse, his forum. These two are very rare.

13. Gold medal of Marc Antony: reverse, the head of Octavia, the only one of her known, which makes this medal of the highest value.

14. Gold

14. Gold medal of Otho: very scarce, and finely preserved.
15. Ditto of Pertinax: not only very rare, but in the most exquisite preservation.
16. Copper coin of king Ferdinand of Naples; a pun on the reverse; his arms, a *horse*; the motto, *Equitas regni*.
17. Silver coin of Eustace, son of king Stephen; very rare: from lord Oxford's collection.
18. A silver half crown of pope Clement XI. Reverse, the pantheon.
19. Copper medal of pope Gregory XIII. on the correction of the calendar: the reverse, which is in beautiful taste, was designed by Parmegiano.
20. Silver medal of the same pope, on the massacre of St. Barthelemi: on the reverse, the destroying angel murdering the protestants; the legend, *Hugonotorum Strages*. This scandalous medal was called in, and the die broken; which has made it very uncommon.
21. A silver coin struck by the republic of Florence when they declared Jesus Christ their king, to keep off the pope: from baron Stosch's collection: extremely rare.
22. Copper medal of Lorenzo of Medici, who stabbed duke Alexander: the reverse copied from Brutus's medal, with the cap of liberty between two daggers; the legend, *VIII Id. Jan.* Very rare.
23. Copper medal of Clement VII. Reverse, Joseph and his brethren: designed by Raphael.
24. Coin of Theodore king of Corsica: rare.
25. Brass satirical medal on queen Anne: reverse, the queen and lady Masham embracing; motto, *All for Love*.

MR. WALPOLE'S BEDCHAMBER, TWO PAIR OF STAIRS.

THE chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Chute, and has great grace. In the window, composed of seven lights, are several curious pieces of painted glass; as, the arms of Anne Boleyn with the quarterings which the king allowed her to bear of the families from which she was descended, though with no right of quartering; a large lion coloured; four large angels in black and white; cypher and portcullis of king Edward; arms of Clinton and Ratcliffe; fine heads in black and white of Charlemagne, prince William, and prince Maurice of Orange, &c.

Over the chimney, View of the Vine in Hampshire, the seat of John Chute, esq. by Müntz.

A small print of Mr. Andrews's Gothic house near Donnington-castle and Spine-hill, Berkshire; designed by John Chute, esq.

Fifteen small drawings of English and French comedians; by Fesch.

View of the gate of St. Edmund at Bury.

A fable, in cut paper on looking-glass; by Bermingham.

Over the door, Head of John Chute, esq. by Müntz, after Pompeo Battoni.

La signora Elisabetta Capponi Grifoni, a Florentine beauty; by Ferd. Richter, 1741.

Patapan, a Roman dog, belonging to Mr. Walpole; by Wootton.

Doctor Conyers Middleton; by Eckardt.

Doctor Thomas Ashton, fellow of Eton-college; by ditto. He died in 1775.

A man and woman in water-colours, after Watteau; by Mr. Walpole.

A rural ball, after Watteau; by ditto.

Catherine Walpole, eldest daughter of sir Robert Walpole; small head in oil.

Horace Walpole, when a child, in a white frock; in crayons.

A sprig of orange, in water-colours; by lady Walpole.

A bunch of flowers, ditto; by lady Anne Conway, eldest daughter of lord Hertford, and wife of the earl of Drogheda.

Drawing of Rembrandt's mother, from the picture at Windsor, called the countess of Desmond; by Müntz.

Prints, of the house of commons and warrant for beheading Charles I. inscribed with a pen, *Major charta*; of Ethelreda lady Townshend; of lord Chatham; lord Holland; lord and lady Strafford; Mr. H. Walpole; and le comte de Guerchy.

A cat, in an ebony frame.

A landscape by Mr. Taverner, exactly in the manner of Gaspar Pouffin.

In the PLAID BEDCHAMBER, in the South Tower, is the portrait of Henry Walpole the jesuit, who was executed for attempting to poison queen Elizabeth. He is crowned with glory and holds a palm-branch, the emblem of martyrdom; the arms of the family in one corner. This picture came from Mr. Walpole's of Lincolnshire, the last of the Roman catholic branch of the family, who died about the year 1748.

THE STAR CHAMBER

IS a small anti-room, painted green, with golden stars in mosaic. It has a large window entirely of painted glass; two triangular chairs taken from a piece of glass in Mr. Walpole's bed-chamber; two small Welch armed chairs, painted blue and white, with cushions of point-lace, and on one the arms of Mr. Richard Bateman, at whose sale they were purchased; a japan tea-table with white porcelaine; and a card-table of the same.

A mahogany cabinet, containing a collection of English and foreign coins.

and

and medals. On it, a bust of Henry VII. in stone, a model in great taste for his tomb, by Torreggiano*. Under it a vase of false porphyry; from the collection of the comte de Caylus.

Another like cabinet, with gold, silver, and brass Greek and Roman coins, and a complete set of Roman weights from Dr. Middleton's collection. On it, a bust of Gibbs the architect in marble, by Rybrack. Beneath, a vase, companion to the former.

A porringer, cover and plate, white, with different gilds, of Saxe china; a present from Mrs. Damer.

Catherine Hastings, first countess of Chesterfield.

Hence you go into a trunk-ceiled passage, lighted by a window of painted glass, in which are many quarterings of Latton, a family formerly seated at Esther in Surry: in the window, a candlestick enamelled on copper. This passage leads to

THE HOLBEIN CHAMBER.

THE ceiling is taken from the queen's dressing-room at Windsor. The chimney-piece, designed by Mr. Bentley, is chiefly taken from the tomb of archbishop Warham at Canterbury. Over it, a glass in a black and gold frame; and a piece of Roman fayence in the shape of a boat, Bacchus and Ceres in relief in the middle.

A fire-screen embroidered by Miss Hotham, to whom Mr. W. addressed the fable of The Magpie and her young.

Two blue china beakers.

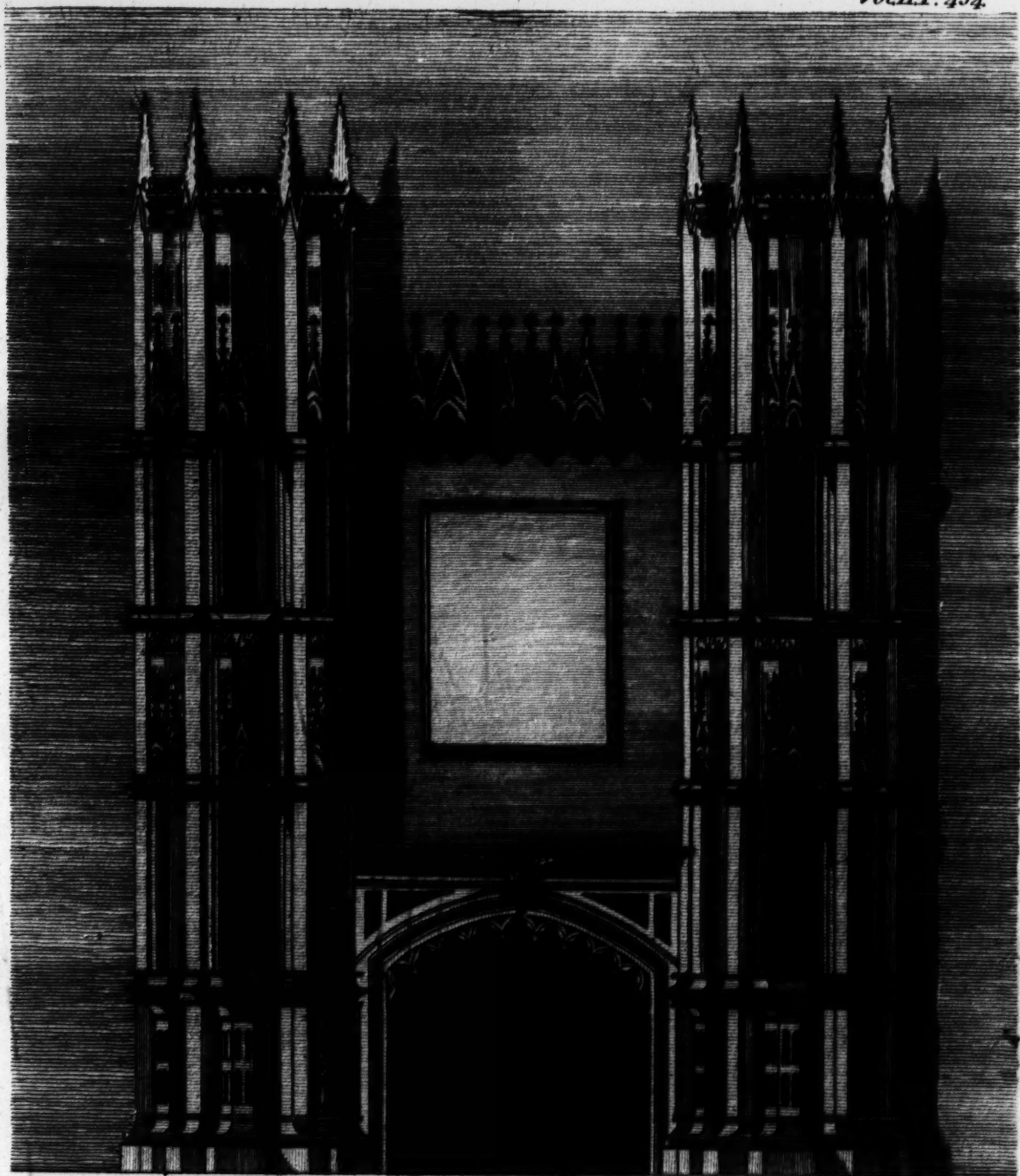
The pierced arches of the screen from the gates of the choir of Rouen; the rest of the screen was designed by Mr. Bentley.

In the bow windows some fine painted glass, and the arms of England, and those of George prince of Denmark; the ground is a beautiful mosaic of crimson, blue, and pearls, designed and painted by Price of Hatton-garden.

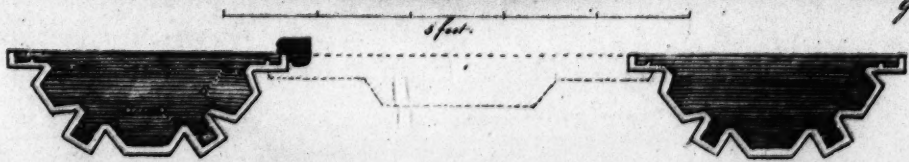
A table and six chairs of ebony. On the table a tray with four ancient

* Vide Anecdotes of Painting.

combs;



Godfrey Kneller

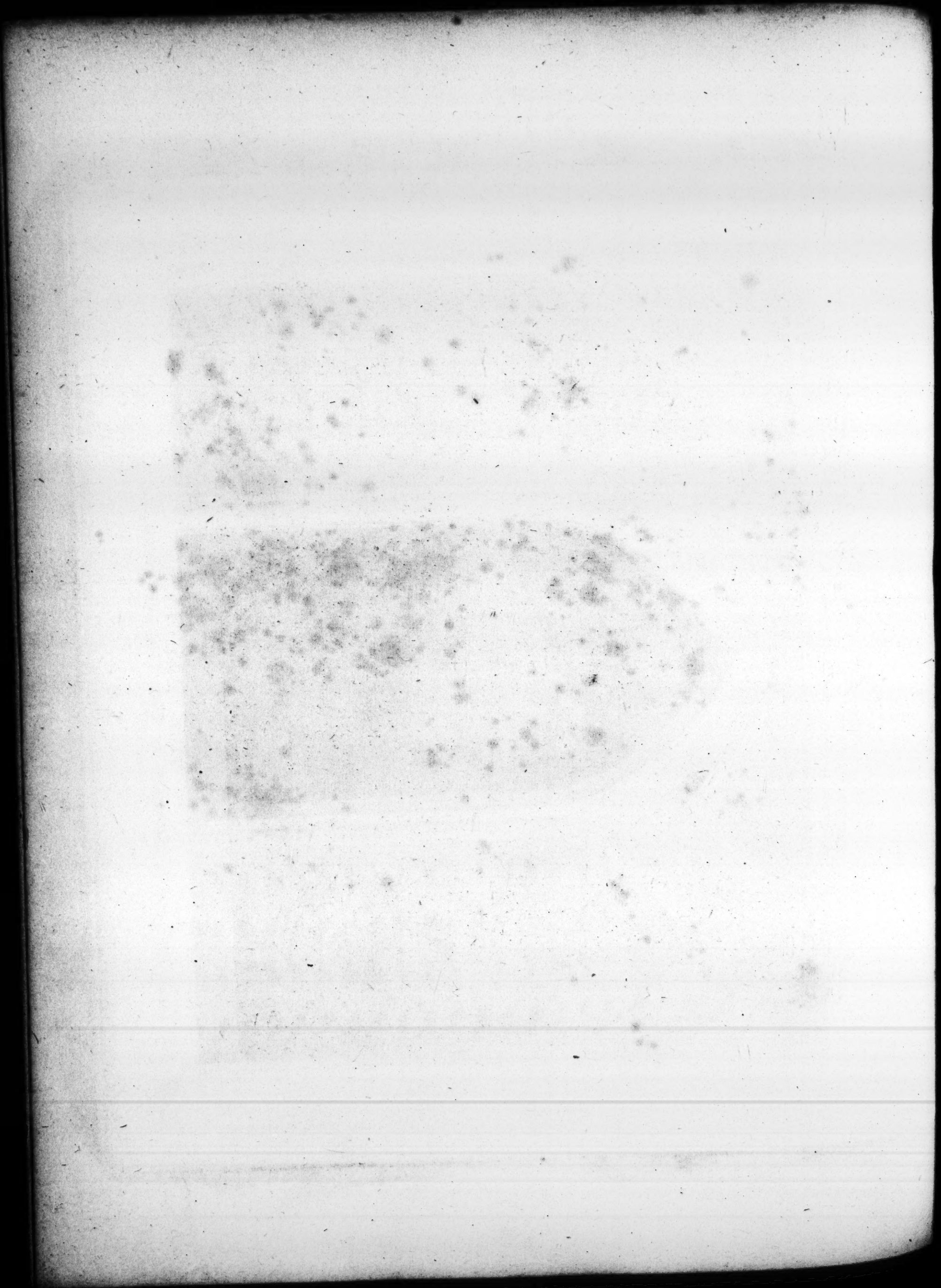


Chimney Piece
of
The Holbein Chamber.



Choir.

SCREEN OF THE HOLBEINCHAMBER.



combs : one of ivory is extremely ancient, carved with figures ; on one side representing persons bathing and going to bed ; on the other, two men and a woman with musical instruments : another comb, said to have belonged to the queen of Scots, is of tortoiseshell studded with silver hearts and roses ; the two others of tortoiseshell likewise, of which the one with very long teeth belonged to the father of the first lord Edgumbe, and was used when the large flowing wigs were in fashion : two bottles of Roman fayence, and a bason and ewer of purple and white Seve china.

A very ancient chair of oak, which came out of Glastonbury-abbey ; on it are carved these sentences, *Joannes Arthurus Monachus Glastonie, salvet eum Deus : Da pacem, Domine : Sit Laus Deo.* Lord Bathurst had several chairs copied from this.

Another chair covered with purple cloth, made from one in a pane of painted glass in the breakfast-room.

The bed is of purple cloth lined with white satin, a plume of white and purple feathers on the centre of the tester ; the room is hung with purple paper. By the bed,

The red hat of cardinal Wolfey, found in the great wardrobe by bishop Burnet when clerk of the closet. From his son the judge it came to the countess dowager of Albemarle, who gave it to Mr. Walpole.

Christ crowned with thorns, by Mabeuse ; bought at monsieur Hareng's sale, 1764.

Over the chimney, an ancient painting of the emperor Maximilian and his son Philip the Fair : from the collection of Mr. Bryan Fairfax.

Lady Arabella Stuart, in white, whole length in water-colours ; copied by Vertue from the original at Welbeck.

A man's head with a book ; by Quintin Matsis : it was in sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Anne Stanhope duchess of Somerset, second wife of the protector, whose portrait she holds in one hand : a present to Mr. Walpole from Mr. Bateman.

Catherine

Catherine of Arragon †, first wife of Henry VIII. by Holbein: it was in the collection of sir Robert Walpole, and has been engraved among the Illustrious Heads.

* Sir Thomas More. This and all the following heads marked with an asterisk, were taken off on oil-paper by Vertue from the original drawings of Holbein in queen Caroline's closet at Kensington, now removed to Buckingham-house.

Lord Vaux. This is done in the same manner by Müntz, from the same collection.

A man's head, in old enamel.

Margaret queen of Navarre, who wrote the Tales: ditto.

Between the bow-windows:

Queen Elizabeth, when a girl.

* Lady Henningham.

* William Parr, marquis of Northampton, brother of queen Catherine Parr.

* A lady unknown.

* Ditto.

* Sir Nicholas Poines.

* Catherine Willoughby, fourth wife of Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk.

Queen Mary, when a child: from Mr. Fairfax's collection.

* Henry Howard earl of Surrey, the poet.

* Nicholas Cratzer, astronomer to Henry VIII.

† Vertue thought it to be Catherine duchess of Bar, sister of Henry IV. of France, and so it probably is.

* Edward

* Edward Clinton earl of Lincoln, lord high admiral of England.

* Dr. Colet, dean of St. Paul's.

* Sir Thomas Elyot, the author.

* Henry Howard earl of Surrey ; younger than the preceding.

Edmund Montacute, a judge ; by Holbein : from sir R. Walpole's collection.

* A gentleman, unknown.

* William Fitzwilliam earl of Southampton.

* Edward Stanley earl of Derby.

* Borbonius, a French poet.

* Fisher bishop of Rochester. Richardson the painter had another of these, which was engraved among the Illustrious Heads.

* Thomas Boleyn earl of Ormond, father of queen Anne Boleyn.

On the side opposite to the chimney :

A fine and very valuable picture by Lucas de Heere, representing Frances duchess of Suffolk, mother of the lady Jane Grey, and Adrian Stoke her second husband. This picture was in the collection of the earl of Oxford, and was engraved by Vertue. *Vide Anecdotes of Painting.*

Philip and Mary, copied in water-colours by Vertue, from the original by Antonio More, at the duke of Bedford's at Wooburn-abbey.

A single combat before the emperor Maximilian, in terra cotta, by Albert Durer.

Anthony king of Navarre, father of Henry IV. by Janet.

The marechal de Montluc, who wrote the Commentaries : by ditto.

A very small head of a man, in a round ; by Holbein.

* Lord Wentworth.

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N n n

* Lord

- * Lord chancellor Rich.
- * Lady Rich, his wife.
- * Sir Thomas Wyat, the poet.
- * George Brook lord Cobham.
- * Edward VI. when a child ; very like Henry VIII.
- * Jane Seymour.

Frobenius, the printer, in a round.

Melancthon, ditto ; by Holbein ; very fine.

} Bought at fir W. Hamilton's sale, 1761.

A man's head with a black beard ; ditto.

Margaret queen of Scots, daughter of Henry VII. copied by Vertue from the picture at Hampton-court.

Jane Gray ; by ditto, from the original that was the duke of Somerset's.

Head of Henry VIII. with a watch at his neck, carved in box by Holbein.

* John Ruffel, first earl of Bedford.

* Anne Savage lady Berkeley. She held up the train of Anne Boleyn at her coronation : *Vide Stowe's Chron.* p. 543.

* Sir W. Sherrington, master of the mint, whence he furnished admiral Seymour with money.

* Sir John Gage.

* Sir Richard Southwell, one of the accusers of the earl of Surrey.

* Queen Mary, when princess.

* Thomas duke of Norfolk ; beheaded in the reign of Elizabeth : young.

Holbein ; in a round.

Anne Boleyn ; ditto.

} Copies by Eckardt.

Charlotte, daughter of Francis I. died at five years of age ; by Janet : fine. From fir Luke Schaub's collection.

Lord

Lord Darnley, by Vertue, from the original at Hampton-court.

A young man's head ; by Holbein.

Leonora, queen of Portugal, sister of Charles V. and afterwards second wife of Francis I. ; by Vertue.

Henry VIII. fine whole figure in terra cotta, by Holbein ; from lady Elizabeth Germaine's collection.

Pictures in the alcove :

The triumph of Riches ; by Frederic Zuccherò, from the original of Holbein that was in the Steel-yard. Henry VIII. in the character of Croesus, and one of his queens, I believe Anne Boleyn, follow the car. *Vide a description of this and the next in The Anecdotes of Painting.*

The triumph of Poverty ; ditto. These drawings, invaluable by the originals being lost, were purchased from Buckingham-house when sir Charles Sheffield sold it to the king.

Arthur prince of Wales ; a washed drawing, by E. Edwards, from the only original of that prince when grown up, which belonged to Mr. Sheldon of Weston in Warwickshire, and was purchased by Mr. Child of Osterley-park, Middlesex, 1781.

A man's head with a red beard, in the manner of Holbein.

Richard III. by Vertue.

James V. and Mary of Lorraine his queen ; in water-colours ; by Wale ; from an ancient original in the possession of the duke of Devonshire at Hardwicke.

Claude de Clermont fleur de Dampier ; by Janet.

Henry V. by Vertue.

Lord keeper Bacon ; by Vertue.

John Howard, first duke of Norfolk, and his first wife Catherine, daughter of William lord Molins ; two heads in rounds in one frame ; copied by

E. Edwards in 1783 from the ancient originals, in oil on board, of the same size, in the possession of the dowager lady Jerningham, to whom they came by descent, having been in the Arundelian collection. There is no other portrait of the duke, who was slain at Bosworth.

Mrs. Margaret Roper, daughter of sir Thomas More; copied out of the great picture of the family, by Vertue.

Thomas lord Cromwell, in a round, after Holbein.

Head of sir Thomas Wyat the younger, beheaded in the reign of queen Mary, in a round on board; copied by Milbourn, from the original in the possession of lord Romney, who was related to the Wyats, and to whom the last bequeathed their portraits.

A man in black, by Holbein, in a rich gold frame; from the collection of H. Constantine Jennings, esq. of Shiplake.

Over the door, Mary queen of Scots, a head; on her ruff, the arms of France and England.

A large drawing of a magnificent chimney-piece; a design by Holbein for one of the palaces of Henry VIII.

A man in black, holding a ring; small half-length, by Holbein. On the back is written *H. II. data excel. Pnps Vallistari avunculi munere.*

A young lady, its companion; seems to be painted by Lionardo da Vinci. On the back, *Costanza Fregosa, moglie del Co. Manfredi Lando, madre d'Agostino Landi Prine. di Val di Taro. Tableau du palais di Monaco. Pnps Vallistari munus.* These two pictures were presents to Mr. W. from his great nephew George earl of Cholmondeley.

Between the door and the screen :

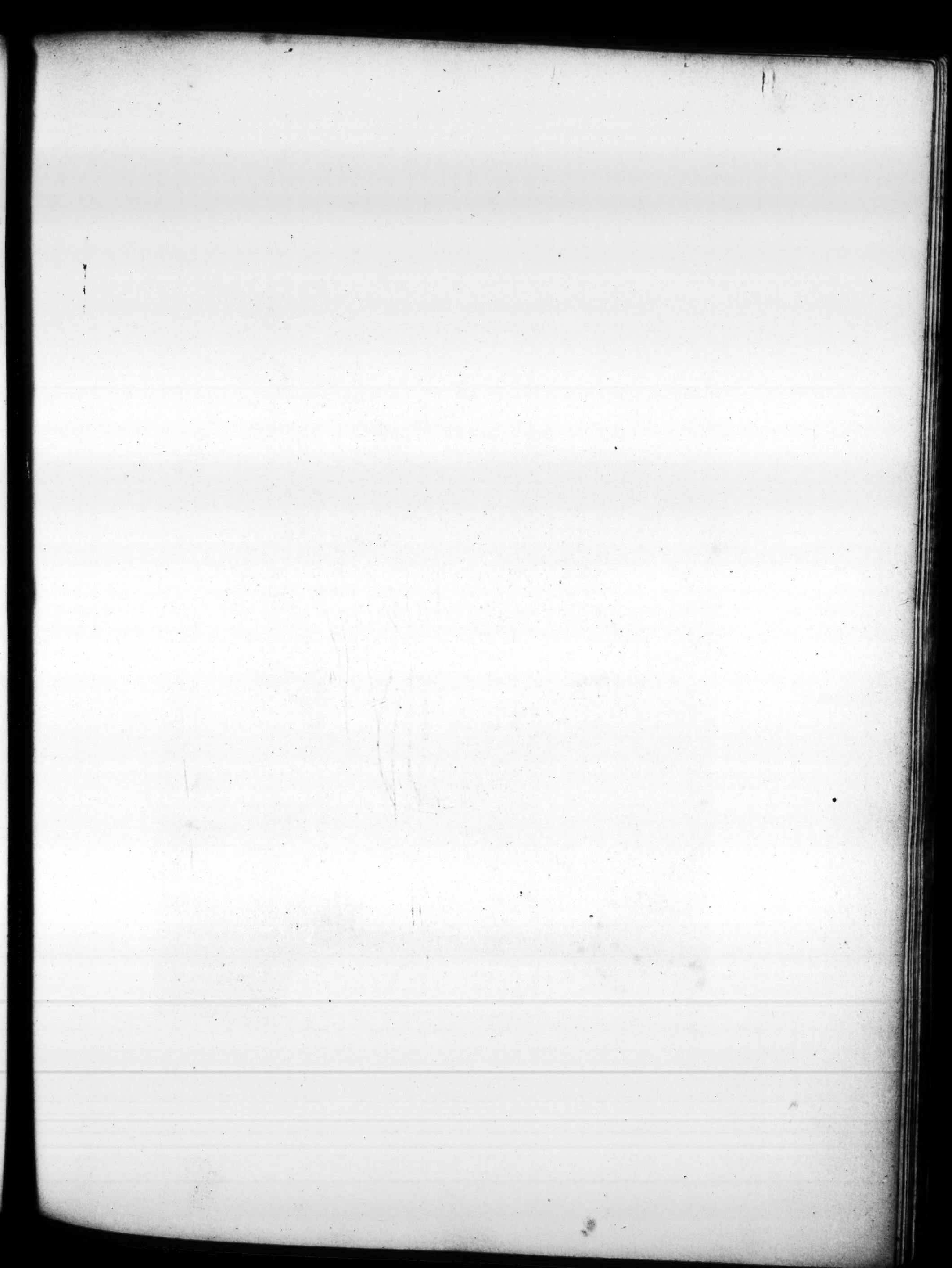
Henry VIII. three quarters; a present from the reverend Mr. Pennicott.

Henry duc de Longueville; in crayons.

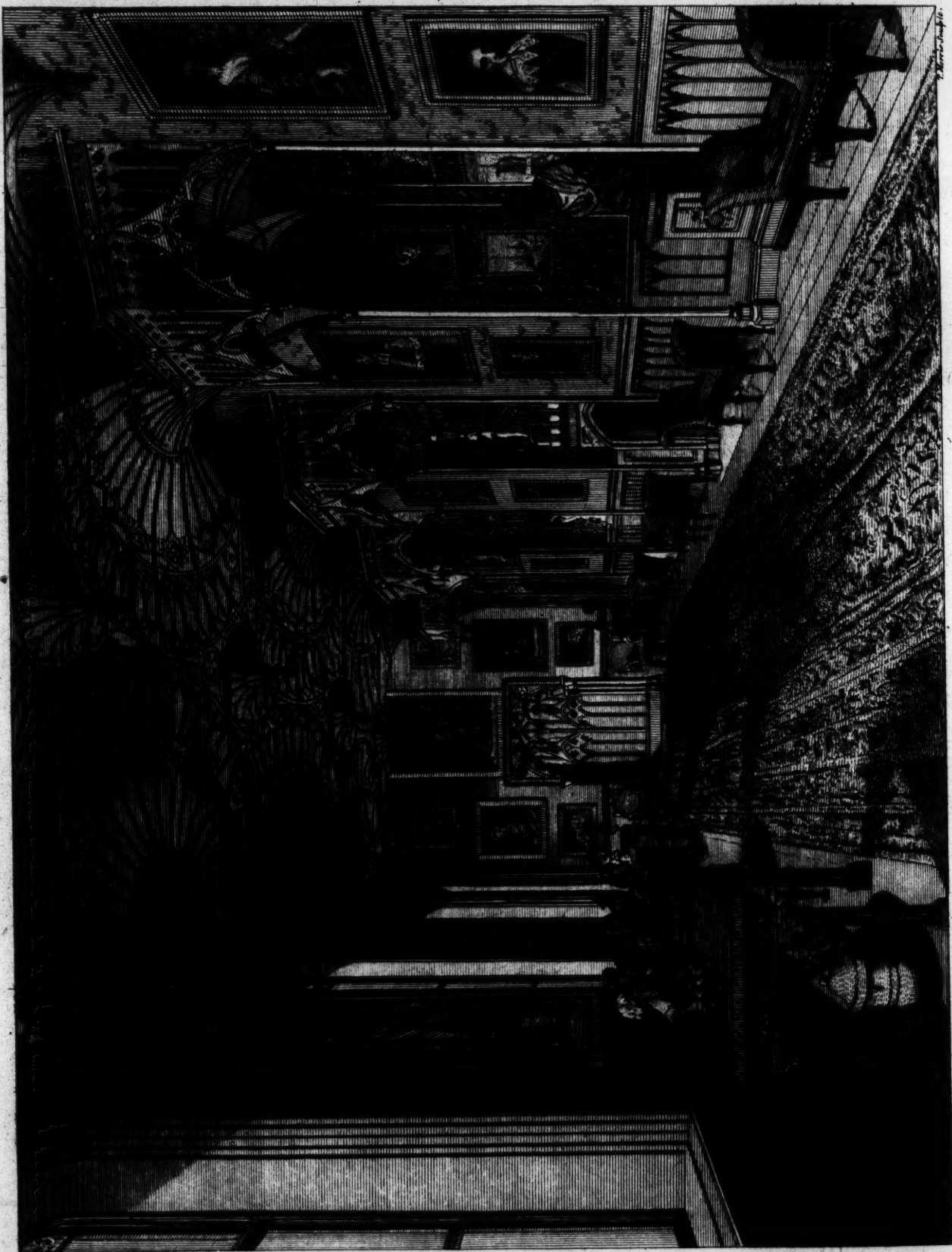
Sir John Godsalve, knight of the carpet; after Holbein.

A drawing of architecture; by ditto.

Sir



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THE GALLERY

Sir Thomas Wyat; by Vertue.

A man's head; an original drawing, by Holbein.

A man in a masquerade habit; ditto.

Louis XI. an original: his prayer-book opens in the shape of a heart.

A drawing of a clock, by Holbein; designed for sir Antony Denny as a new year's gift to Henry VIII. Bought at the sale of Monf. Mariette.

A drawing of a Romish episcopal saint; whole length, by Holbein.

A carpet worked by Mrs. Catherine Clive, the celebrated comedian.

THE GALLERY.

FIFTY-SIX feet long, seventeen high, and thirteen wide without the five recesses. The ceiling is taken from one of the side aisles of Henry VIIIth's chapel. In the windows, by Peckitt, are all the quarterings of the family. The great door is copied from the north door of saint Alban's, and the two smaller are parts of the same design. The side with recesses, which are finished with a gold net-work over looking-glass, is taken from the tomb of archbishop Bouchier at Canterbury. The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. John Chute, and Mr. Thomas Pitt of Boconnoch. The room is hung with crimson Norwich damask: the chairs, settees, and long stools are of the same, mounted on black and gold frames. The carpet made at Moorfields.

East end:

Laura and Charlotte Walpole, eldest and youngest daughters of sir Edward Walpole, and wives of Frederic Keppel bishop of Exeter, and of Lionel Talmach earl of Dysart; Mrs. Keppel in white, lady Dysart in pink: by Ramsay.

Marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York; by Mabeuse. *Vide Anecdotes of Painting.*

Sir Francis Walsingham, with a view of his house at Scadbury in Kent; by Frederic Zuccherò: from sir Robert Walpole's collection. This picture has been engraved by Houbraken amongst the Illustrious Heads.

Sir George Villiers, leaning his hand on the head of a greyhound. He was father of George duke of Buckingham, and lord Clarendon relates a story of his ghost. This is a very fine picture: by Cornelius Janfen.

George duke of Buckingham, his son: a very fine head, by Rubens: the garter is put on the wrong way.

Admiral Montagu earl of Sandwich; by sir Peter Lely: very good head. Lord Sandwich gave this to Mr. Blackwood, from whom Mr. Walpole bought it.

Holy family, with boy angels, in a landscape; by Van Artois, scholar of Rubens: from sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Inside of an ancient Flemish house; by old Frank.

A chest * of old japan inlaid with mother of pearl.

Two coins of old japan with marble slabs. On one,

A bronze of the Hercules Farnese.

A light blue pot pourri of Seve, mounted in or moulu:

Two octagon basons, Saxon, old china pattern.

On the other, a bust of Tiberius; bought at Mr. Jennings's sale: another pot pourri; and two Saxon basons.

Chimney-side, left hand:

On the hearth, two tubs of old blue and white porcelaine; a present from Mrs. Gostling.

Virgin and child, after the picture of Dominichino, at Houghton; by John Davis, esq. of Watlington.

* In this chest are three slashed doublets, a of Orford, and had been preserved in the old cloak ditto, and a pair of black embroidered house at Houghton: given by George lord brecches, which belonged to Robert Walpole, Orford. great grandfather of sir Robert Walpole first earl

Mr.

Mr. Leneve, master of the company of merchant taylors : a most bright and pure picture, by Cornelius Jansen.

Marguerite de Valois, duchesse de Savoie, sister of Henry II. of France ; he was killed at the tournament for her wedding : by sir Antonio More. This picture belonged to king Charles I. In one niche,

Maria, second daughter of sir Edward Walpole, widow of James earl of Waldegrave, and wife of William Henry duke of Gloucester, brother of king George III. by sir Joshua Reynolds.

John Law, inventor of the Mississippi-scheme, and prime minister to the regent Philip duke of Orleans : one of the best of Rosalba's works.

Francis Seymour Conway earl of Hertford ; by ditto.

Death of Admiral Sandwich ; by Scott.

Views, of Kirkstall-abbey, and of a church near Boulogne in France ; by ditto.

The eagle found in the gardens of Boccapadugli within the precinct of Caracalla's baths at Rome, in the year 1742. One of the finest pieces of Greek sculpture in the world, and reckoned superior to the eagle in the villa Mattei. There are extremely few fine statues of animals ; the chief are these two eagles, the Tuscan boar, the Barberini goat, and the dog belonging to Mr. Jennings of Shiplake*. The boldness, and yet great finishing of this statue, are incomparable ; the eyes inimitable. Mr. Gray has drawn the *flagging wing* †. It stands on a handsome antique sepulchral altar, adorned with eagles too.

Frances Bridges, daughter of the lord Chandos, and second wife of Thomas Cecil earl of Exeter, on whose left hand she refused to lie on his tomb in Westminster-abbey. This picture, which is an excellent one of Vandyck, belonged to Richardson the painter, who has written a dissertation of eight pages on it in one of his books ‡. It was purchased of Hudson the painter, son-in-law of Richardson.

* Since bought by Mr. Duncombe.

† Ode on the Power of Poetry.

‡ This lady was most falsely accused of many crimes, of which she was entirely innocent, and

acquitted ; of which see an account in Granger's Biographical History of English Portraits, vol. i. p. 548.

A young man ; by sir Godfrey Kneller : quære, if not his own portrait ?
From the collection of Sclater Bacon of Cambridgeshire.

Over a door, Catherine Sidley countess of Dorchester, mistress of James II.
and mother of the duchess of Buckingham ; by Dahl.

Madame de Sevigné ; a head : a present from lady Hervey.

A girl scouring pots ; a curious picture, being painted by Watteau in
the style of Rembrandt. It was in the collection of Mr. Cooke member for
Middlesex.

A landscape by Müntz, painted in encaustic, which he improved from
count Caylus's rules.

Thomas earl of Arundel, and his grandson cardinal Howard ; in water-
colours, by Vertue, after Vandyck.

Right hand of the chimney :

— Leneve, alderman of Norwich ; son of the foregoing Leneve. The
best picture sir Peter Lely ever painted, and as fine as Vandyck's countess of
Exeter, before mentioned.

His wife, in blue ; ditto.

John lord Sheffield, husband of lady Douglas Sheffield, on whose account
it was surmised that he was poisoned by R. earl of Leicester ; by Ant. More :
from Buckingham-house.

Henry Jermyn earl of saint Albans, favourite, and, as sir John Reresby
says, second husband of queen Henrietta Maria : probably by Old Stone.

James II. earl of Waldegrave ; by Reynolds.

Bacha Bonneval ; by Liotard : bought at the sale of Everard Falkner,
knt. embassador to the Porte.

Henry Fox lord Holland ; by ditto.

Sea-piece ; views, of Bristol-cross, and of a Gothic farm near Marble-
hill,

hill, belonging to the countess of Suffolk, and designed by Richard Bentley :
all by Sam. Scott.

Vespasian, in basalt; a noble bust, bought out of the collection of cardinal Ottoboni. It stands on a Roman sepulchral altar, on which, in bas-relief, is a man sacrificing, with this inscription,

TI. CLAVDIVS AVG. L.

DOCILIS

AEDITVS AEDIS

FORTVNAE TVLLIANAE.

Over a door, Anne Hyde duchess of York; by Mrs. Beale, after sir Peter Lely.

Lady Sophia Farmor, eldest daughter of Thomas earl of Pomfret, and second wife of John earl Granville, prime minister to George II. : by Rosalba. She is drawn as Juno.

Two men cheating another at cards; by John Miel: very good.

A landscape in encaustic; by Müntz.

West end:

A large piece of Catherine de' Medici and her children; Charles IX. Henry III. the duke d'Alençon, and Margaret queen of Navarre; whole lengths, by Janet: bought from Mr. Byde's in Hertfordshire.

Griffiere, the painter; by Zouft: the satin on the arm remarkably well painted.

A young man's head, æt. 18; admirable nature: by Giorgione. This was in the collection of Charles I. *Vide Topham's Catalogue.*

A pot of flowers, highly finished, yet very free; by old Baptist. From sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Sevonyans the painter, by himself; a very fine head.

Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk, and Mary queen of France. This picture was lord Granville's. Kent designed the frame. The picture had before been at the earl of Westmorland's at Apthorpe.

Tobit burying the dead. *And when Tobit found any dead, he buried them without the walls of Jerusalem:* by Benedetto Castiglione.

A coin of old Japan; on it, busts of Julia Domna, Julia Titi, and Cicero; the latter a present from lady Hervey; a flat vase of white, blue and gold Seve china, with cover and handles.

Another coin, ditto; statue of Harpocrates and Telephorus; Antinous, Greek work; and Zenocrates, a present from general Conway; a flat vase, like the former.

Window side:

Thomas lord Howard of Bindon, father of Frances duchess of Richmond and Lenox; whole length, in robes of the garter.

Lodowic Stuart duke of Richmond and Lenox; ditto: these two last came out of Luton-house in Bedfordshire, where the latter lived.

Frances duchess of Richmond and Lenox. *See a curious account of this great lady in Wilson's Reign of king James the first.* This picture came from Easton-Neston, the seat of Thomas earl of Pomfret. By Mark Garrard.

Henry Carey lord Falkland, deputy of Ireland, and father of the famous Lucius lord Falkland; in white*, by Vansomer.

Mrs. Catharine Philips, the poetess; a head: it belonged to Charles earl of Halifax.

Philip Villiers de Lisle Adam, the last grand-master of Rhodes, which he defended two years against Solymán the Magnificent and a prodigious army: a head.

A view of mount Orgueil in Jersey; by Richard Bentley, esq.

Heads in the upper line, begin from the left:

Vandyck. Richard Rigby, paymaster of the forces and master of the rolls in Ireland, by Eckardt. Prior, the poet. Cooke, the painter; by himself. General Edward Cornwallis, governor of Gibraltar and groom of the bedchamber to George II. by Eckardt. Pearce, senior, statuary. Waller,

* The idea of the picture walking out of its frame in *The Castle of Otranto*, was suggested by this portrait.

the

the poet. Horatio lord Walpole, younger brother of sir Robert Walpole; by Vanloo. Mr. Chiffinch, privy-purse to Charles II. by Riley. Dobson, the painter. George Keppel, third earl of Albemarle; by Eckardt. Sir Nicholas Dorigny, the engraver. Van Wyck, the younger, painter. George Montagu, esq. by Eckardt, after Vanloo. Dahl, the painter.

Anne Clifford*, countess of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery. There is a medal of her taken exactly from this picture.

Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, beheaded for the cause of the queen of Scots. In this picture he is young, and it was probably painted in the reign of Edward VI. before he was restored in blood; for there are his arms without a coronet, and yet on his handkerchief are an N and a †, to mark his title and his religion: by Antonio More.

A sea-piece, by Scott.

A fine small landscape with sheep, by Gaspar Pouffin; a legacy from sir Horace Mann, envoy to Florence.

Bronzes in the windows; an † Ibis: a Ceres with silver eyes, and a cow in her lap: the Laocoon: Antinous † on a tripod: an ostrich, very spirited.

Two tables of solid granite, from the Farnese gardens at Rome; the frames black and gold, from a tomb in Westminster-abbey.

On the first table, busts of Marcus Aurelius: Domitilla, wife of Vespasian, exceedingly rare: a Camillus or sacrificing priest. Beneath, a bronze from John of Boulogne's Rape of the Sabines: two antique urns of marble; that with a cover heavily designed by Kent belonged to Brian Fairfax.

On the other table, busts of Julia Moesa: Faustina senior: and Antonia Claudii Mater: very rare. Beneath, the listening slave in bronze: and two antique urns of marble: on one this inscription, PAILIOVI RITIO FILIO SVO QVI BISIT ANNIS XX FECIT SIBI.

Two commodes of old Japan with marble flabs; on one, a triangular cistern of Roman fayence, finely painted with figures, probably from designs

* See an account of her in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

† From Dr. Middleton's collection.

of Julio Romano; two large vases, ditto, finely painted, and inscribed, FATTE IN BOTEGA DE ORATIO FONTANA, and mounted in or moulu.

On the other commode, another cistern * like the former; and two bottles of blue and white and gold Seve china, most beautifully designed and ornamented.

A mother of pearl box, with filhes and counters of the same; a present from Mrs. Clive.

In a CLOSET, with glass doors, between the gallery and round chamber, is a large collection of ancient porcelaine of China, which belonged to Catherine lady Walpole. Under the window, a small altar, part of the shrine in the chapel, and on it a silver ladle with an ivory handle carved and gilt, used by Indian ladies for incense; a present from Charles duke of Richmond.

Three blue baskets made like rushes, of old blue china; bought at the sale of the duchess dowager of Portland.

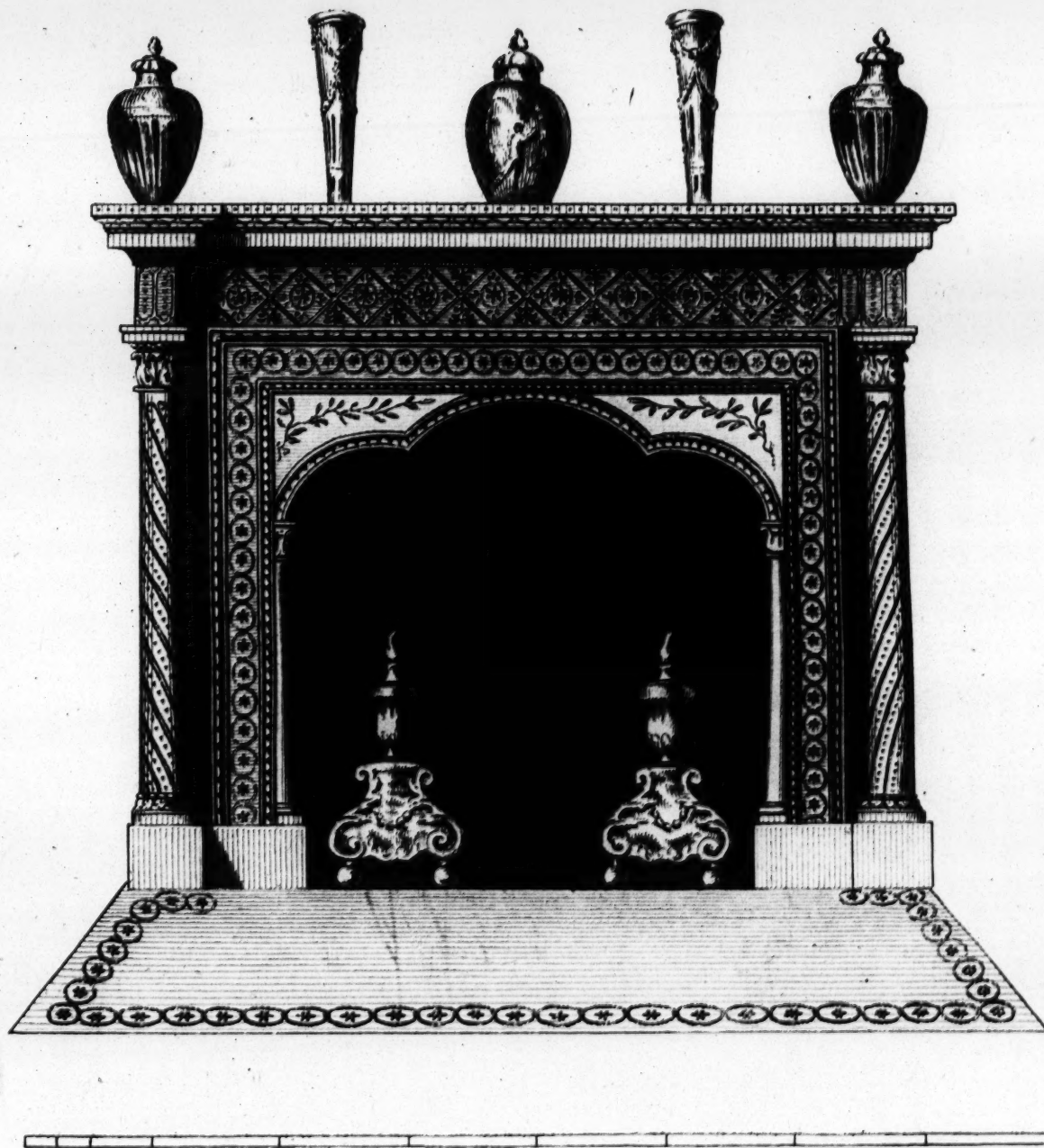
THE ROUND DRAWING-ROOM.

HUNG with crimson Norwick damask; the chairs of Aubusson tapestry, flowers on a white ground, the frames green and gold; and a carpet of the manufacture of Moorfields; the design taken from the Seve china-table in the Green Closet.

The design of the chimney-piece is taken from the tomb of Edward the Confessor, improved by Mr. Adam, and beautifully executed in white marble inlaid with scagliuola, by Richter. The dogs are silver: on the chimney are three large jars and two beakers, of silver also, bought at the auction of lady Eliz. Germaine; on the middle one is the Rape of the Sabines embossed. Two silver sconces, with histories, on the sides.

A screen worked in chenille, to suit with the chimney, by the countess of Ailesbury.

* Presents from the earl of Exeter; and had belonged to Jervas the painter, who had a fine collection of that fayence.



CHIMNEY IN THE ROUND ROOM

The ceiling is taken from a round window in old Saint Paul's; the frieze was designed by Mr. Adam.

In the great bow window is a large shield of the arms of Robert Dudley earl of Leicester, given by Mr. H. Reade; under it a thornbush with H R, the device of Henry VII.; the arms of queen Elizabeth, on the left hand, from Essex-house in the Strand; roses; other arms of nobility; and six fine pieces, by a scholar of Price, from Raphael's bible. The surbase of the window is taken from the tomb of queen Eleanor in Westminster-abbey.

Over the chimney, lady Dorothy Percy countess of Leicester, in red, and her sister lady Lucy, the famous countess of Carlisle; a very capital picture of Vandyck, sold out of Penhurst by lady Yonge, when she inherited half of that ancient seat by the will of lady Brownlow. Mr. Hoare of Stourhead offered the last earl of Leicester of the Sidney family an hundred pounds for this picture.

Over the door, Mrs. Lemon, mistress of Vandyck, with a sword, as Judith; by Vandyck; bought out of Buckingham-house: very boldly and freely painted.

Bianca Capello; by Vafari; bought out of the Vitelli palace at Florence by sir Horace Mann, and sent to Mr. Walpole: the hands never finished. Her story is thus written in a cartouche on the frame: *Bianca Capello, a Venetian lady, who having disoblged her family by marrying a Florentine banker, was reduced to maintain him by washing linen; Francis the great-duke saw, fell in love with, and made her his mistress, and her husband his minister: but the latter, after numberless tyrannies, for which she obtained his pardon, and after repeated ill usage of her, for which she pardoned him, having murdered a man, and being again protected by her, the great-duke told her, that, though he would remit her husband's punishment, he would pardon whoever should kill him. The relations of the deceased murdered the assassin, and Francis married his widow Bianca, who was poisoned with him at a banquet by cardinal Ferdinand, afterwards called the Great, brother and successor of duke Francis*.*

* Montaigne, in his Travels, vol. i. p. 251, gives a description of Bianca, which corresponds much with this portrait. "Cette duchesse est belle à l'opinion Italienne, un visage agreable et imperieux, le corsage gros, et de tetins à leur souhait." The small portrait of her in the cabinet of enamels here, p. 475, is younger and much handsomer.

Jacob travelling from Laban ; very fine ; by Salvator Rosa. A present from sir Horace Mann.

The education of Jupiter ; by Nicolo Poussin. This picture cost sir Robert Walpole an hundred and fourteen pounds.

A most beautiful landscape by Paul Brill.

A piece of rocks, with the temple of Tivoli ; by Gobbo Caracci.

A trunk of tortoiseshell and bronze ; by Boul, on a frame of the same. A small jar of Seve china under it.

A japan cabinet. On it, two double branched silver candlesticks with figures of women, bought at lady Vere's sale in 1783 ; and a bronze figure of Moses, after Michael Angelo. Under it, a large vase of Florentine fayence, with the arms of the great-duke.

Two old japan coffers on gilt frames. Under them, two large bottles of Florentine fayence, with the arms of duke Ferdinand of Medici and his wife Christina of Lorraine.

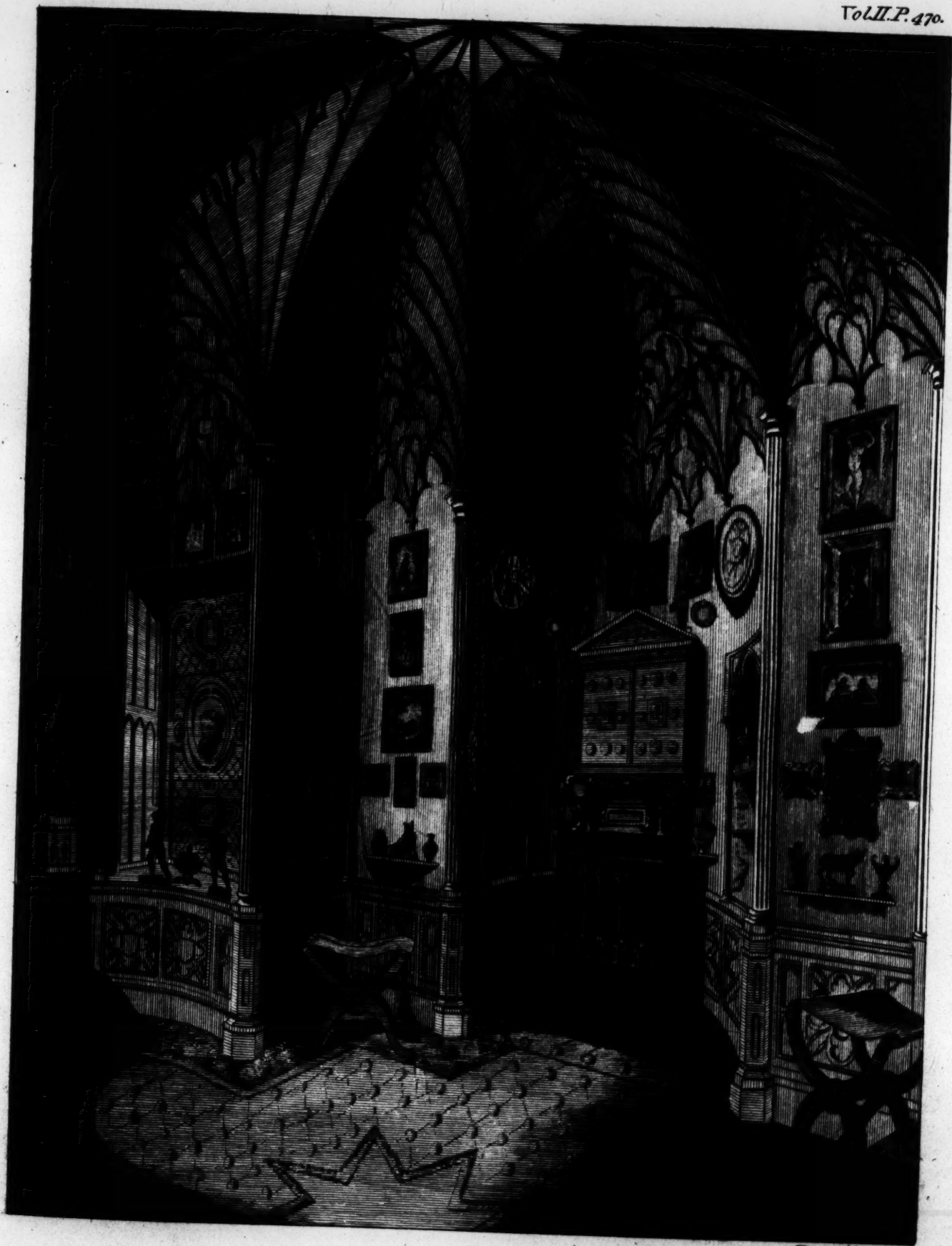
In the window, a green and gold table and two high stands, with the cyphers of sir Robert Walpole and Catharine Shorter his first wife. On the table, two vases, boat-shaped, of deep blue Seve china, mounted in or moulu, with snake handles. Beneath a large round vase and cover, and a dish to it, of Roman fayence.

THE TRIBUNE.

IT is a square with a semicircular recess in the middle of each side, painted stone-colour with gilt ornaments, and with windows and niches, the latter taken from those on the sides of the north door of the great church at Saint Alban's : the roof, which is taken from the chapter-house at York, is terminated by a star of yellow glass that throws a golden gloom all over the room, and with the painted windows gives it the solemn air of a rich chapel. The windows contain a head of Christ and two apostles, one in the middle of each, set round with four histories, all old, but finely re-coloured by Price, and surrounded with most beautiful mosaics of the purest taste. In five of the niches, on pedestals, are,

1. A cast in plaister bronzed of Catherine lady Walpole, the model of her

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T. Morris sc.

THE CABINET

her statue in Westminster-abbey, executed at Rome by Valory, and taken from the Livia or Pudicitia in the villa Mattei. 2. The Venus * of Medici. 3. Antinous. 4. The Apollo Belvedere. 5. The Farnese Flora in bronze. In the windows, six smaller bronzes from ancient statues ; a Chinese incense-box of bronze ; and two pots-pourris of red japan set in or moulu and surmounted with Indian figures by Martin. The carpet is taken from the mosaic of the windows, and in the middle has the reflection from the star in the ceiling. The grated door was designed by Mr. Thomas Pitt.

On the right hand stands an altar of black and gold, with a marble slab of the same colours, taken from the tomb of two children of Edward III. in Westminster-abbey. On the altar, a Florentine box inlaid with hard stones, a present from sir Horace Mann : two most beautiful vases in paste, imitating root of amethyst and ornamented with vines and heads of goats, by Germaine of Paris : a silver dish of basket-work, and two candlesticks of German agate, presents from General H. S. Conway. On the sides, two silver sconces with the arms of Frances Pelham † viscountess Castlecomer ; and two vases of ivory from the antique, carved by Verfkovis. Over the altar,

A cabinet of rose-wood, designed by Mr. Walpole ; on the pediment, statues in ivory of Fiamingo, Inigo Jones and Palladio, by Verfkovis, after the models of Rysbrack. In the pediment, Mr. Walpole's arms, a Cupid and lion, by the same : on the doors, bas-reliefs in ivory, Herodias with the head of the Baptist, by Gibbons ; a lady, half-length, by the same ; Perseus and Andromeda ; the Hercules Farnese ; the Flora ; Diomedes with the Palladium ; the Medusa of Strozzi ; the Perseus of ditto ; Caracalla and Alexander, by Pozzo ; and eight other heads. On the drawer, the Barberini lion, by Pozzo ; and heads of eagles, by Verfkovis.

Within the cabinet of enamels and miniatures :

The virgin and child, in miniature, round ; by Old Lens, from the original by Annibal Caracci, at Kensington.

Head of Christ ; by Carlo Dolce ; in a rich frame of silver gilt ; and silver cherubim.

* The Venus and Antinous were lord Waldegrave's.

† Sister of Thomas duke of Newcastle ; she died and is buried at Twickenham.

Venus,

Venus, Cupid, and other figures in enamel; by Boit, from the original by Luca Giordano, at Devonshire-house.

Ethelreda Harrison, wife of Charles viscount Townshend; a capital piece of enamel, by Zincke, after Vanloo; set in a frame of enamel flowers in relief; on the back, her arms supported by Cupids, enamelled by Groth.

A fine old enamelled watch-case, after Raphael and Dominichino.

Emperor Joseph I. small.

Colonel Horatio Walpole, uncle of sir Robert Walpole; small.

The duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth; very small.

Sir Edward Walpole, father of Maria duchess of Gloucester, in enamel; by Zincke.

Galfridus Walpole, youngest brother of sir Robert Walpole; in water-colours.

Byzas, imaginary founder of Byzantium; large intaglia on onyx. M.*

A valuable jewel of lord Burleigh's head on onyx, by Valerio Vicentino, cut on the reverse of an antique of Caracalla; appendent is the head of queen Elizabeth, cut likewise on sardonix, by the same Vicentino; the whole set with 53 brilliants, given to Mr. Walpole by his father, who bought it of sir Andrew Fountaine, who had it set on purpose, with allusion to queen Caroline and sir Robert Walpole.

Sir Robert Walpole earl of Orford; very like; painted in enamel by Zincke, two years before sir Robert's death: set in a frame of enamelled oak-leaves.

Catherine Shorter, first wife of sir Robert Walpole; ditto, after sir Godfrey Kneller: set with enamel flowers. The two heads are in Zincke's best manner, and were engraved for the *Ædes Walpolianæ*.

Mary Walpole, second daughter of sir Robert Walpole and Catherine

* All the curiosities marked M. belonged to in the doctor's *Germana quædam Antiquitatis*
Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose whole collection *Monumenta*.
Mr. Walpole bought. See an account of them

Shorter, and wife of George Cholmondeley viscount Malpas, afterwards earl of Cholmondeley; in water-colours; by Groth, after Jervas.

Lady Maria Walpole, only child of sir Robert Walpole and Maria Skerret his second wife, married to Charles Churchill, esq. in enamel; by Zincke.

Horace Walpole, [who made the collection] youngest son of sir R. Walpole and Catherine Shorter; ditto.

Horatio Walpole lord Walpole, brother of sir Robert; in enamel; by Groth, after Vanloo.

Two lockets in shape of hearts, with hair of sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, set with diamonds.

An Egyptian duck; antique cameo, on agate. M.

A sleeping hermaphrodite with two satyrs; ditto: very fine. M.

Sir Anthony Shirley, embassador from the sophy of Persia to king James the first; dress, half English half Persian: by Isaac Oliver.

The queen of Bohemia; by Isaac Oliver: bought out of the collection of lady Isabella Scott, daughter of the duchess of Monmouth.

Serjeant Maynard; by Hoskins: given to sir R. Walpole by sir Everard Falkener.

Sir Kenelm Digby; by Peter Oliver: it was in doctor Meade's collection.

James I. by Isaac Oliver.

Charles I. by Petitot: fine. A present from T. Walker, esq. to Maria lady Walpole.

Charles II. ditto; in a case enamelled blue; done abroad: bought of an old gentlewoman to whom he gave it when he stood godfather to her in Holland.

James II. when duke of York; fine, by Petitot: bought at the sale of Mrs. Dunch, daughter of his mistress, Mrs. Godfrey.

Robert Cecil earl of Salisbury; by Isaac Oliver.

A lady's head, in enamel ; by Petitot.

Nicholas Burwell, brother of sir Jeffery Burwell, grandfather of sir Robert Walpole ; by Hoskins : set in a case with small diamonds, and enamelled with The judgment of Paris in relief : very neat.

Mrs. Godfrey, mistress of king James, in enamel ; by Petitot : was Mrs. Dunch's, her daughter.

Robert Devereux earl of Essex ; by Isaac Oliver : it belonged to Frances lady Worfeley, who was descended from him. It was engraved for the Illustrious Heads.

Frances his wife, daughter of sir Francis Walsingham, widow of sir Philip Sidney, and lastly wife of the earl of Clanrickard and Saint Albans.

Robert Walpole, second earl of Orford ; painted in water-colours by Rosalba with all the force of oil.

An elderly lady's head, by Cooper ; fine.

Robert Carr earl of Somerset, in his latter time, favourite of king James ; by Hoskins : bought at the sale of the curious collection of T. Barrett, of Lees in Kent, 1758.

Richard Cromwell, protector, in armour ; by Cooper : from the same collection.

Marivaux, author of Marianne ; by Liotard ; in water-colours.

George Walpole, third earl of Orford ; ditto.

John Chute, esq. of the Vine in Hampshire ; finely painted in water-colours, by Pompeo Battoni, at Rome.

A watch enamelled with histories, after Pietro Cortona.

Another enamelled watch.

Admiral Churchill, brother of John duke of Marlborough ; very finely enamelled by Boit : it belonged to his niece, Mrs. Dunch.

A curious

A curious antique miniature in gold, of a Roman lady and her son; the boy has a bulla at his neck. M.

Lady Arabella Stuart; by Hilliard: it was lord Wilmington's.

Queen Elizabeth; ditto; ditto.

George II. by Mr. Deacon.

Cowley, the poet, after sir Peter Lely; by Zincke: his master-piece, and perhaps the finest piece of enamel in the world. It was engraved for Mr. Hurd's edition of Cowley.

A lady, said to be Henrietta duchess of Orleans, but probably Martinozzi, princess of Conti: one of the finest works of Petitot. A looking-glass behind it: bought of Zincke.

A beautiful enamel, by Petitot, of Catherine Henriette d'Angennes comtesse d'Olonne, as a Diana, a character very different from that given of her in Buffon's *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*. It is set in a frame of flowers enamelled in relief by Giles Legaré de Chaumont en Bassigni, who was famous for that sort of works: from the collection of Monsieur Mariette.

Bianca Capello, great duchess of Tuscany; a small head in oil, by Bronzino. See her history, p. 469.

Louis XIV: Mary of Austria, his queen: Anne of Austria, his mother, very delicate: madame de Montespan, his mistress, beautiful. These four are small heads in enamel, by Petitot.

Mrs. Middleton, a beauty in the reign of Charles II. ditto; by ditto.

Duchess of Mazarin, in water-colours.

Constant Hayes, wife of Galfridus Walpole, and afterwards of Mr. Kerwood; very small.

A silver gilt heart; within, the arms of sir Robert and Catherine lady Walpole: his first present to her on their marriage.

Anne Boleyn; copied by Wale from a portrait of her by Hoskins, which he did from an ancient picture of her for king Charles I. and which is

mentioned in his catalogue with other royal miniatures in the same frame ; all which are now in the possession of the duke of Richmond.

Catherine Parr, by Holbein ; a most scarce head, and exactly like the picture of her at the earl of Denbigh's at Nuneham Padox, Warwickshire.

A girl with flowers, in water-colours ; by Rosalba.

Oliver Cromwell ; by Boit, after Cooper : given to Mr. Walpole by his brother lord Orford.

John Dodd, of Swallowfield, Bucks ; by Rouquet.

Catherine Clopton, wife of Henry Talbot, and cousin of Catherine lady Walpole ; by Zincke.

Jane Seymour ; by Holbein, in water-colours : was lady Worfeley's.

Peter Oliver, profile in black lead, from a leaf of his own pocket-book, and his wife, full-faced, on the other side ; both fine : it belonged to Vertue the engraver.

Lucius Carey, the famous lord Falkland ; by Hoskins ; fine : it was Dr. Meade's.

Doctor Bragge, a dealer in pictures ; by Mr. J. Deacon.

A calcedonian stone ; antique, used as an ornament to a horse of a triumphal chariot. M.

Another stone ; described in Germana quædam. M.

On the insides of the doors :

Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, beheaded temp. Elizabeth ; by Antonio More : belonged to Richardson the painter, and engraved among the Illustrious Heads.

A lady, painted by Holbein ; engraved by Hollar when in the Arundelian collection, and probably Mary Tudor queen of France, sister of Henry VIII. but amongst the Illustrious Heads called Catherine Howard. This also was Richardson's.

Lucy

Lucy Barlow, alias Waters, mother of the duke of Monmouth; by Cooper.

Catherine of Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII. an admirable original; by Holbein. These two were bought at the auction of lady Isabella Scott.

A young man in black; copied by lady Lucan from a portrait by Titian, in the collection of the duke of Devonshire.

A lady's head, by Rosalba; set in tortoiseshell.

James Brydges, first duke of Chandos; in enamel, by Zincke: a present from G. S. earl of Harcourt.

A golden heart set with jewels, and ornamented with emblematic figures enamelled, and Scottish mottos; made by order of the lady Margaret Douglas, mother of Henry lord Darnley, in memory of her husband Matthew Stuart earl of Lenox and regent of Scotland, murdered by the papists.

Isaac Oliver, by himself; perfectly fine.

Waller, the poet; by Cooper: and a lord Digby; ditto. These three from the collection of Mr. Barrett of Lees.

Liotard the painter, in his Turkish dress, in enamel, by himself; given to Mr. Walpole by his sister lady Mary Churchill.

Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, a most beautiful miniature by Clinksted; given to Mr. Walpole by Mr. Chute: set in a gold frame enamelled blue.

A naked Venus, whole length, and very fine; the attitude copied by Zincke from a picture of Annibal Caracci in the collection at Houghton: set in a frame like the former.

A small head of a foreign general, in buff with a black sash. It is painted with all the force of oil, though in enamel, and in a grander style than Petitot's. From the Portland collection.

Hair of king Edward IV. cut from his corpse when discovered in St. George's chapel at Windsor, 1789; given by sir Joseph Banks. [*End of the cabinet of enamels and miniatures.*]

Other

Other pictures and curiosities in the same room:

Little children presented to Christ; Italian, on copper.

The virgin, child, and saint John; Baroccio, after Correggio.

The virgin and child, by Carlo Cignani; from lord Cholmondeley's collection.

Head of a cardinal; and an old man's head; rounds, on fayence.

A fine dish, enamelled on copper, with the history of Moses. P. R. 1557.

A fayence dish, painted in grotesque.

Rembrandt; by old Lens.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, as a shepherdess; after Jervas; by ditto.

Two vases carved in ivory, by Verfkovis, after the antique.

Queen Anne of Denmark; and a lady of the same time; by Isaac Oliver: in one frame.

Louis XII. of France; and sir John Gage; by Holbein: in another frame. These from the collection of lady Elizabeth Germaine.

Margaret of Austria, daughter of Charles V. in a white religious habit; enamelled on copper, in a round: behind it, Moses receiving the law; enamelled on gold.

Louis XII. in enamel. These two were presents to Mr. Walpole from miss Rachael Lloyd, and belonged to the princess Sophia, mother of king George I.

Lord Loudon, chancellor of Scotland; by Samuel Cooper.

In the glass-case near the window:

A chalice of silver gilt, richly ornamented with figures, jewels and crystal.

Model of the shrine of Thomas Becket, enamelled.

An amber jewel-box.

Great seal of Theodore king of Corfica.

That very curious piece by which he took the benefit of the act of insolvency: he is only styled, Theodore Stephen baron de Newhoff.

His capitulations made with the people of Corfica, on his election, signed by his own hand.

An antique figure of the deity of gardens; fine.

Two phalli, a fibula, two sacrificing instruments, and a small eagle; all of bronze. M.

Gold medal of Maximilian, with a chain enamelled.

A cross of cedar inlaid with mother of pearl.

A small gold watch, given by George II. when prince of Wales to Catherine lady Walpole.

An ancient square German watch, curiously chased in silver gilt.

A coffer enamelled on all sides with battles, and set in silver gilt.

Two caudle-cups, with flowers on gold grounds, of Chelsea porcelaine.

A red snuff-box, with enamelled top and bottom; given to Mr. Walpole by Francis earl of Hertford.

A square snuff-box of lapis-lazuli, set in gold.

A round snuff-box of ditto, set in gold enamelled.

A small bust of Vespasian in cornelian.

An agate cup and faucer.

A small cornelian faucer.

Two antique Roman ear-rings, one with a pearl, the other of gold. M.

A box in compartments of old Japan.

A small

A small bust in bronze of a Caligula, with silver eyes. This exquisite piece is one of the finest things in the collection, and shews the great art of the ancients. It is evidently a portrait, carefully done, and seems to represent that emperor at the beginning of his madness. It was found with some other small busts at the very first discovery of Herculaneum, which happened by digging a well for the prince d'Elbœuf, who resided many years afterwards at Florence, where it was sold on his return to France, and, being purchased by sir Horace Mann, was by him sent to Mr. Walpole.

A broken patera engraved. M.

A sacrificing instrument in the shape of a shell. M.

A Roman bulla of gold, very rare: bought at Rome of Ficaroni, who wrote his book of *La Bolla d'oro* from this.

A lady's head, miniature, set in gold: given to Mr. Walpole by Isabella de Jonghe, countess of Denbigh.

A crystal sceptre, set in gold enamelled, with pearls; from lady E. Germaine's collection, and given to Mr. Walpole by her niece lady Temple.

A cup and saucer of Seve china, blue ground with white heads and festoons.

A dressing-box and tray of the finest old silver japan.

Two caudle cups of Chelsea china, claret colour and gold.

A magnificent missal, with miniatures by Raphael and his scholars, set in gold enamelled, and adorned with rubies and turquoises; the fides are of cornelian, engraved with religious subjects; the clasp, a large garnet. This precious prayer-book belonged to Claude queen of France, wife of Francis I. and seems to have belonged to the father of Thuanus; *vide vol. i. p. 142, of the French edition*. It was purchased by Mr. Walpole from the collection of doctor Meade, 1755.

A silver Turkish ornament, taken by a Russian officer in the last war; brought over by Charles lord Cathcart, and given by him to Margaret lady Brown, and by her to Mr. Walpole.

A round

A round snuff-box, enamelled with the stories of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, Sufannah and the elders, Lot and his daughters, and a landscape.

A gold snuff-box, enamelled: at top, a miniature of James I. and within, of queen Elizabeth; an onyx at bottom.

A small snuff-box set in gold, with a fragment of a fine antique cameo in grotesque foliage on sardonyx; from the Arundelian collection.

A needle-case, with monkeys, of old Japan.

Two boxes in compartments, ditto.

Two small ewers of bronze. M.

A tea-kettle of Chinese silver, richly chased.

An agate oval casket.

Henry VIIIth's dagger, of Turkish work; the blade is of steel damasked with gold, the case and handle of chalcedonyx, set with diamonds and many rubies. From the collection of lady Elizabeth Germaine. The duchess of Portland has such another set with jacinths.

Antique figure of a muse cast in silver; sitting: given to Mr. Walpole by lord Frederic Campbell, from the collection of his father John duke of Argyll.

Four small Japan boxes.

A boy's head modelled in wax on copper, by Abraham Simon.

A ditto with a bulla, in Roman glass.

A large amethyst, set coarsely in gold. It belonged to the second bishop of Landaff, and was given by doctor John Ewer bishop of Landaff, in whose *time it was found, to doctor Frederic Keppel bishop of Exeter, and by him to his wife's uncle Mr. Walpole.

One of the only seven mourning rings given at the burial of Charles I. It has the king's head in miniature; behind, a death's head between the

* Anno 1764.

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letters

letters C. R. The motto, *Prepared be to follow me.* A present to Mr. Walpole from lady Murray Elliot.

An urn, cameo on onyx, mourning ring for Henrietta Hobart countess of Suffolk.

An urn set with diamonds, mourning ring for Arthur Onslow, speaker of the house of commons.

A chimera, antique intaglia, a green stone in the ancient brass setting.

A small antique ring with the head of Cybele, all of one piece of gold.

A gold ring for a child, with a phallus; ditto.

A boy with his head in a scenic mask, on a red stone; antique, set in gold.

An Egyptian pebble representing exactly the portrait of a woman in profile, a rock behind her, sky before; set in gold.

Two pateras of bronze, engraved. M.

Ivory covers of a Roman pocket-book. M.

A fibula, a small votive foot, an agate ornament for a bridle, and some other small bronzes. M.

An Egyptian pebble, with a *lufus naturæ* that represents Voltaire in his night-gown and cap.

A small head in water-colours of Liotard, without his beard, by himself; a legacy from Mrs. Delany.

In the other glass case:

A leaf of a water-plant, gracefully tied up into the shape of a cup, with a faucer, of Chinese bronze.

Two vases of Chelsea porcelaine, claret colour, gold and white, with cartouches of historic figures.

Two long Japan boxes.

Two Roman spears, a votive foot and toe.

A point cravat carved by Gibbons; a present from Mr. Grosvenor Bedford.

An old enamelled watch, given by Mr. Ch. Churchill, junior.

A silver gilt reliquaire and chain; given to Mr. Walpole by George lord Edgcumbe.

An Etruscan Mars; very barbarous.

A small Egyptian figure sitting, of basalt. M.

A naked man. M.

The seal of archbishop Dowdall, last popish primate of Ireland; in silver: from Mr. Bristow's collection.

Two cups and a saucer of Milan stone.

Two candle-cups of Chelsea porcelaine, blue with gold figures.

A Japan pomatum-pot.

A small bloodstone cup set in gold enamelled.

A small cornelian box set in gold.

A triangular cornelian seal, with the heads of the two Faustinas and Lucilla, intaglias; by Christian Reisin.

A silver seal, extremely ancient, of Hugh Oneal, king of Ulster; brought out of Ireland by Mr. William Bristow.

A large ancient gold ring, with a castle on it, and within, *Un bon An*: found in the Thames.

A cornelian seal, with half figure of Omphale; antique intaglia. M.

Seal of Richard Clithero^e, admiral for the west coasts in the reign of Henry V.

Seal for indulgences of pope Eugenius.

Seal of the corporation of Pool.

Seal of the fraternity of saint Mary of Hitchin. These four are of bronze and ancient: from Mr. Bristow's collection.

A * spoon of English pebble, with gold handle of foliage.

A silver bottle for essences, that opens into several divisions.

A small bust of Omphale in bronze.

A round flat box of silver filigraine.

A tooth-pick case of Egyptian pebble, and a smelling-bottle of agate.

A set of beads mounted in silver filigraine, taken in Spain in queen Anne's war by captain Galfridus Walpole, brother of sir Robert.

A seal of the head of sir Robert Walpole on white cornelian, by Natter; a present from Margaret lady Brown.

A silver popish medal mounted in filigraine.

A cup and saucer of Sevres porcelaine, blue with white heads.

A dressing-box and tray of fine old gold Japan.

A tea-canister of straw; on one side Meleager and Atalanta, on the other the arms of sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter.

A Japan dressing-box and tray of irregular shape.

Ditto, octagon, with tray and six round boxes within.

A Pollux, small fine antique bronze. M.

A small Terminus. M.

* There were a dozen of these spoons made by order of Catherine lady Walpole, as a present to queen Caroline, after whose death Mr. W. met with this and the handle of another in a toy-shop. The countess dowager, mother of R. earl of Burlington, was the first who countenanced the polishing of English pebbles, and gave a fine table of them, which is now at Chiswick, to her son.

A round

A round white snuff-box; on the top, miniature of madame de Sevigné; at bottom, the cypher of Rabutin and Sevigné in marcasites. This box, with the letter * in it from madame de Sevigné in the Elysian fields to Mr. Walpole, was sent to him by madame du Deffand.

A toothpick-case of gold, enamelled with cameos; a present from lady Diana Beauclerc.

A gold snuff-box, with the image in wax of mad. du Deffand's dog, Tonton, whom she bequeathed with this snuff-box and her MSS. to Mr. Walpole.

A green and white snuff-box of Dresden porcelaine set in gold; a present from Francis earl of Huntingdon.

A bloodstone seal set in old enamel, given to Mr. Walpole by Mrs. Henrietta Conway, daughter of Francis lord Conway.

A smelling-bottle of purple glass with peacock's feathers in gold.

Ditto of Chinese silver.

A small amber crucifix.

* Letter written by madame Marie de Vichy, marquise du Deffand [the lady to whom Mr. W. afterwards dedicated his edition of the Memoires de Grammont] in the name of madame de Sevigné from the Elysian fields to Mr. Walpole, after his return from Paris in 1766:

"Des champs Elisées.

[Point de succession de tems, point de date.]

"Je connois votre folle passion pour moi; votre enthousiasme pour mes lettres, votre veneration pour les lieux que j'ai habités: J'ai appris le culte que vous m'y * avez rendu: j'en suis si penetrée, que j'ai sollicité & obtenu la permission de mes Souverains de vous venir trouver pour ne vous quitter jamais. J'abandonne sans regret ces lieux fortunés; je vous prefere à tous ses habitants: jouissez du plaisir de me voir; ne vous plaignez point que ce ne soit qu'en peinture; c'est la seule existence que puissent avoir les ombres.

J'ai été maîtresse de choisir l'age où je voulois reparaître; j'ai pris celui de vingt cinq ans pour m'assurer d'être toujours pour Vous un objet agreable: Ne craignez aucun changement; c'est un singulier avantage des ombres; quoique legeres, elles sont immuables. J'ai pris la plus petite figure qu'il m'a été possible, pour n'être jamais separée de Vous. Je veux vous accompagner par tout, sur terre, sur mer, à la ville, aux champs; mais ce que j'exige de vous, c'est de me mener incessamment en France, de me faire revoir ma patrie, la ville de Paris, et de choisir pour votre habitation le fauxbourg St. Germain; c'étoit là qu'habitoient mes meilleures Amies, c'est le séjour des votres; vous me ferez faire connoissance avec elles: je serai bien aise de juger si elles sont dignes de vous, & d'être les Rivaux de

RABUTIN DE SEVIGNE."

* He had dined at Livri.

A small

A small bronze figure of a woman with a rudder and cornucopia.

Model of the Great Duke's diamond.

In the box of antique rings:

Tiberius, cameo on onyx, of the first Greek workmanship.

Cupid driving a car with two butterflies; intaglia on cornelian.

A man's head; alto relievo on onyx.

An Egyptian goddess's head on a green stone. M.

A cock and cornucopia; intaglia on cornelian.

A bacchante and goat; fine cameo on onyx: given to Mr. Walpole by the princess de Craon.

Germanicus; very fine intaglia on cornelian, with the workman's name Epitu, for Epitynchanes; from the collection of the marquis Riccardi at Florence*.

Head of Jupiter; ditto: from ditto.

A scenic mask; cameo on onyx.

Caius, nephew of Augustus; ditto.

A lion; intaglia on sardonxy.

A caprice, on white cornelian; intaglia. M.

Apollo; intaglia on cornelian: a present from sir Horace Mann.

Isis; Egyptian cameo on onyx. M.

A Cicada; fine intaglia on cornelian.

* In baron Stofch's collection of Pierres than Mr. Walpole's, and represents that prince Grâvées which have the names of their artists, younger; but it is imperfect, the lower part there is another Germanicus with the name of being broken off directly from the chin. the same workman Epitynchanes. It is larger

A Syrian

A Syrian king ; ditto. M.

Fauftina fenior ; ditto.

Chriftian infcription ; *Vitas luxuriam, Homo bone* : cameo on onyx.

Matidia ; intaglia in a green pafte : a moft rare head. M.

The Horatii ; intaglia on cornelian : given by fir Robert Walpole to his fon Horatio.

Mercury ; intaglia in amethyft : given to Mr. Walpole by general Conway.

Jupiter Serapis ; altiffimo relievo in bloodftone.

A ram's head ; intaglia on cornelian.

[*End of the rings.*

Old Japan plate of different colours.

Popifh beads, bought at the church of faint Anthony of Padua.

Turkifh beads enamelled with blue and gold ; probably for ornaments in a proceffion : bought at the fale of monsieur Julienne, at Paris.

A fmall wooden crofs, curioufly carved.

A moft beautiful filver bell, made for a pope by Benvenuto Cellini. It is covered all over in the higheft relievo with antique marks, flies, grafhoppers, and other infects ; the virgin and boy-angels at top, a wreath of leaves at bottom. Nothing can exceed the tafte of the whole defign, or the delicate and natural representation of the infects : the wonderful execution makes almoft every thing credible that he fays of himfelf in his Life. It came out of the collection of the marquis of Leonati at Parma, and was bought by the marquis of Rockingham, who exchanged it with Mr. Walpole for fome very fcarce Roman medals of great bronze, amongft which was an unique medaliuncino of Alexander Severus with the amphitheatre, in the higheft prefervation.

Two Cornifh diamonds, one inclofing green, the other yellow mofs.

A bronze altar-pot and a tripod. M.

A large Goa stone.

A silver box, almost in the shape of an egg, engraved.

A small box of the gold and white Japan. In it are two dates found in a jar at Herculaneum; they are burnt to a coal, but the shapes and rivelled skins are entire.

A cornelian spoon that belonged to Cossim Aly Caun.

An amber toothpick-case.

A tortoiseshell snuff-box, the top represents Flemish lace; given to Mr. Walpole by lady Mary Coke.

A round snuff-box, and an egg-shaped ditto.

Pictures and Bronzes in other parts of the Tribune.

Side opposite to the door:

A drawing by Mr. Bentley, representing two lovers in a church looking at the tombs of Abelard and Eloisa, from these lines of Pope,

*If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs, &c.*

Christ and Mary Magdalen in the garden, in water-colours; by Catherine lady Walpole.

Two flower-pieces; by Baptiste Monoyer.

Christ laid in the sepulchre, after the fine picture of Parmegiano at Houghton; by Mr. Horace Walpole.

Two more flower-pieces; by Baptiste Monoyer.

Madonna and child; by Salsa Ferrata, after Guido.

Correggio's Magdalen copied in crayons by Rosalba.

Temptation

Temptation of saint Antony; by Teniers.

Story of Celadon and Aftrea, in water-colours; by W. Baur.

St. George, in altissimo rilievo in silver.

Frances Howard, the famous countess of Essex and Somers; by Isaac Oliver: from Mr. West's collection.

Vandyck's head, by himself; a sketch for the duke of Grafton's picture.

Soldiers at cards, a curious picture, being painted in the manner of Teniers, by Vandyck; from lord Oxford's collection.

The education of Cyrus, in water-colours, by Judith Boissiere, a French woman, in 1725: from Castiglione, in the collection at Houghton.

A wreath of flowers; octagon; by Phil. Laura: in the middle, head of Rosalba's Tirolese girl, by Carlevaros, a female scholar of Rosalba.

Cornelius Polemberg, by himself, oval on copper; exquisitely finished like enamel, yet with great freedom.

His wife, by ditto; inferior in freedom and labour. These two from sir Robert Walpole's collection.

A beautiful bronze vase, taken from the antique by Fiamingo, who has added fine bas-reliefs of boys: from the Harleian collection.

A young gladiator in bronze. M.

A young Hercules, ditto, with the lion's skin on his arm; fine. M.

An antique ewer of bronze; a greyhound reaching to drink from the handle: a present from Charles Churchill, esq.

A very rare figure of Diana of Ephesus, in serpentine stone.

A green Egyptian figure, one of those found in the pyramids.

Pictures and bronzes on the side where the altar is:

A man and woman sitting: by Watteau; from sir Robert Walpole's collection*.

* All the pictures that were not at Houghton were sold after his death.

Thompson, printfeller ; by Riley.

An oval hunting-piece, by Wyck ; from sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Mary queen of Scots, whole length in water-colours ; by Vertue, from the picture at Hatfield.

A merry-making, very neat ; by a Swiss lady.

A rural ball ; ditto.

St. Sebastian ; by Goltzius.

An old woman's head ; by Gerard Dow.

Boys with vines on a monument ; from sir Robert Walpole's collection : by Philippo Laura.

Christ as a pilgrim, and faint Catherine, crowned by an angel : by Taddeo Zuccherro.

A calm sea with ships ; by Samuel Scott.

The engagement between the Lion and Elizabeth in the year 1745 ; the young pretender was on board the latter : by ditto.

The Florentine boar in bronze.

A small bronze vase, with a sacrifice to Priapus.

A larger, ditto. These two from Dr. Meade's collection.

A bronze bull.

An Egyptian hieroglyphic hand : bronze.

A sphinx ; ditto. M.

Pictures and bronzes on the side opposite to the altar :

A dog drinking ; by Castiglione.

Two more flower-pieces ; by Baptiste Monoyer.

Two

Two larger; by young Baptiste.

Charlotte de la Tremouille, grand-daughter of William the great prince of Orange, and wife of James Stanley earl of Derby, who was beheaded in the civil war: she defended Latham-house for several weeks against the republicans.

The virgin and child, with other saints; a capital drawing by Parmegiano.

Ulysses discovering Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes; by Wermer, in water-colours, after Nicolo Pouffin. The architecture is most beautiful, and in the roof Pouffin has judiciously introduced an ancient bas-relief with The judgment of Paris, as connected with the story of Achilles.

Madame Suarez, a Florentine beauty; in crayons, by Rosalba.

Madame de Sevigné, when a young widow.

Madame de Grignan. These two are ovals on copper, by Müntz.

A woman carrying a pig to be sacrificed; bronze. M.

A lamp with a satyr's head; ditto: copied from the antique.

An antique lamp, of bronze, with a face.

Sketch of the head of Roger Palmer earl of Castlemaine, husband of the duchess of Cleveland; by sir Godfrey Kneller.

Christ deposited in the sepulchre: by Mola, after Raphael.

Christ praying in the garden; by Philippo Laura; from the collection of monsieur Julienne.

Margaret Cecil lady Brown, in crayons; by Rosalba.

Madame de la Fayette, on copper; by Müntz.

Lady Mary Coke*, in wax; by Goffet.

Raphael's Jonas, in ivory.

* Lady Mary Campbell, fourth daughter of Leicester. This was the lady to whom Mr. W. John duke of Argyll and Greenwich, widow of dedicated the Castle of Otranto. Edward lord Coke, only son of Thomas earl of

A beautiful lamp, in the shape of a foot, Cupid fallen asleep over the flame ; antique bronze with silver ornaments : it was found in the temple of Cupid, is published by Montfaucon, and was bought at the sale of the Harleian collection.

Another bronze lamp.

Pictures and bronzes on the door-side :

A landscape ; by Müntz.

Two hermits ; after Rubens.

Two flower-pieces ; by young Baptiste.

A Dutch surgeon dressing a boor's leg ; from sir Robert Walpole's collection.

The circumcision ; by Ludovico Caracci, on copper ; a design for an altar-piece which he executed at Bologna.

A farm-yard ; most natural.

Young Hercules with the serpents ; by Annibal Caracci.

St. George ; painted by Gioseppe d'Arpino on lapis lazuli.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, when young ; by himself : great spirit. These four last from sir Robert Walpole's collection.

A Roman emperor in bronze, as an idol, with thunderbolt and caduceus. M.

Two Roman lamps of bronze ; one Christian, of the latter empire.

Sir Peter Lely, in crayons ; by himself.

Rubens, his wife and child, in water-colours, by B. Lens, from the original at Blenheim.

A battle, in black and gold, exquisitely touched by Callot : bought at Mrs. Stanley's sale.

The

The virgin and child in the clouds, the city of Bologna beneath ; by Goupy, after Annibal Caracci.

A drunken boor ; by Brauwer.

Head of an abbé ; by Teniers : from the collection of monsieur Hareng.

Bust of an emperor, in black marble.

A bagpiper ; bronze. M.

A sacrificing priest ; ditto. M.

N. B. *All the bronzes, lamps, &c. stand on brackets under the pictures.*

IN THE PASSAGE,

OVER the entrance of which is an owl in cut paper, by Bermingham,

An Indian bottle and pipe, ornamented with gold and pearls ; brought from Bengal by Henry Churchill, esq. in 1776.

A flower in paper mosaics, by Miss Jennings.

A head in profile of Robert Vere earl of Oxford and duke of Ireland, favourite of Richard II. from Mr. Scott's collection.

Mary duchess of Richmond, daughter of George Villiers, duke of Bucks ; small whole length from Vandyck.

Head of Fiamingo the sculptor, holding an ivory group of boys.

Drawing of a concert, by captain Laroon.

View of the cathedral of Gloucester, by Samuel Lysons, esq. 1785.

View of Windsor-castle, by lady Diana Spencer, duchess of Bedford.

Print of monsieur le duc de Nivernois.

A scene in act 4th of the *Mysterious Mother*, by Westall.

THE SMALL CLOSET.

VENUS and Cupid in ivory, finely drawn and executed, but in the Flemish style; a present from Mr. Watson the surgeon.

An ivory comb, sent by pope Gregory to queen Bertha; from the Portland collection.

A view of the castle of Otranto as it really exists: a washed drawing; given by lady Craven.

A model of the druidical temple that was discovered in Jersey, in 1786, and was presented by the states of the island to their governor general Conway, and is now erected at his seat at Park-place in Berkshire.

A flower in paper mosaic, by Mrs. Delany; a legacy from her.

THE GREAT NORTH BEDCHAMBER

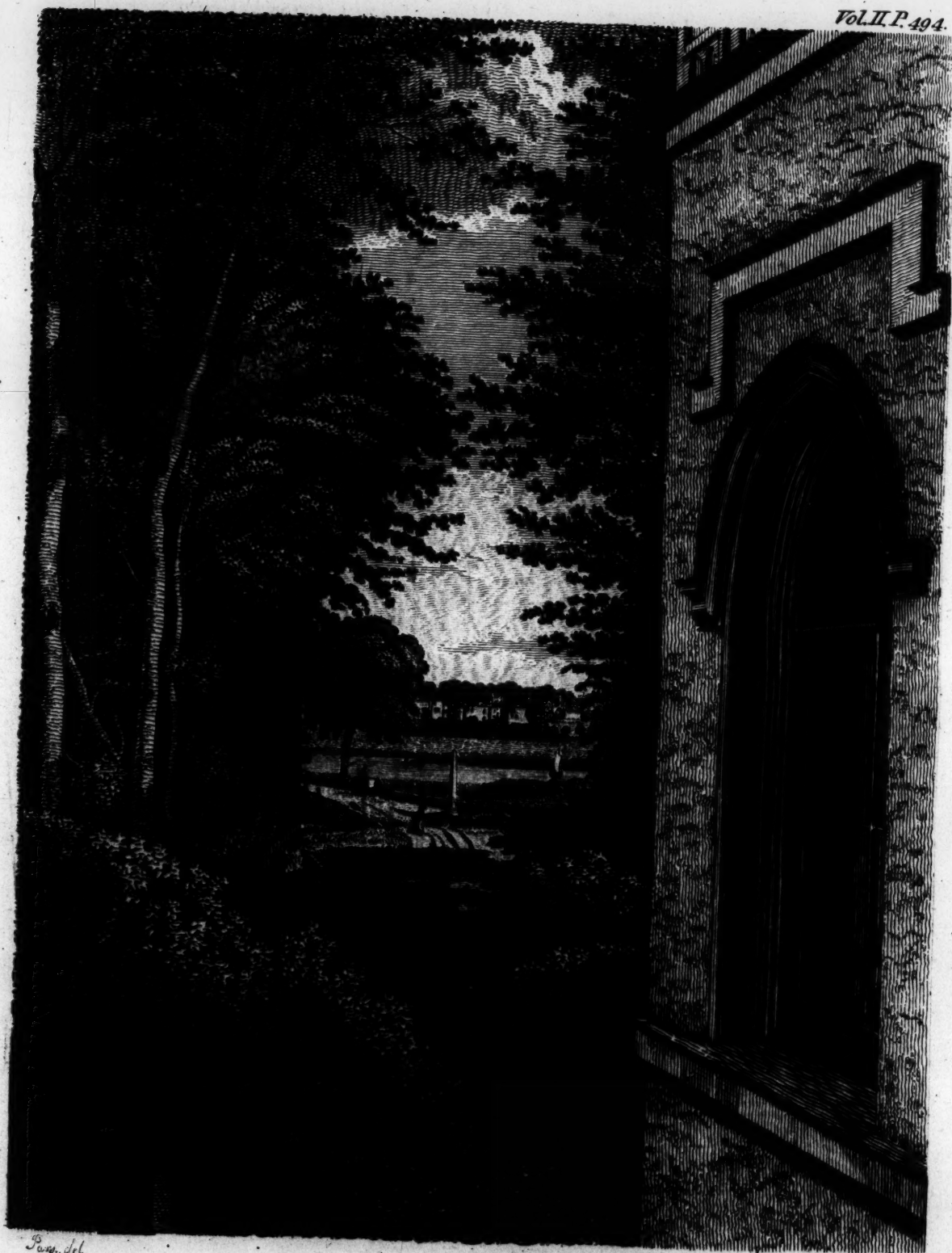
IS hung with crimson Norwich damask. The bed is of tapestry of Aubusson, festoons of flowers on a white ground, lined with crimson silk; plumes of ostrich feathers at the corners. Six elbow chairs of the same tapestry, with white and gold frames; and six ebony chairs. A carpet of the manufacture of Moorfields; a foot-carpet of needle-work; and a fire-screen of the tapestry of the Gobelins.

The chimney was designed by Mr. Walpole from the tomb of W. Dudley bishop of Durham, in Westminster-abbey, and is of Portland stone, gilt; with dogs of or moulu with arms and trophies; the chimney-back is ancient, and bears the arms of Henry VII. On the hearth, two old red china bottles.

Over the chimney, a large picture of Henry VIII. and his children; bought out of the collection of James West, esq. in 1773. *See a description of this curious piece in the Anecdotes of Painting.* On the chimney,

A bust of Francis II. king of France, husband of Mary queen of Scots.

A bronze bas-relief in profile of Anne of Bretagne, queen of Charles VIII.
and



Penn. del.

Engraved by J.

View from the great Bedchamber
AT STRAWBERRYHILL.

and of Louis XII. These two heads from the collection of the count de Caylus.

A nautilus mounted in silver gilt, with fatyrs and the arms of Paston.

A crystal tankard and cover, mounted in silver gilt. These two pieces belonged to the last earl of Yarmouth.

Four old blue and white china bottles.

Two bas-reliefs of boys in wax on glass, designed and modelled by lady Diana Beauclerc, sister of George duke of Marlborough. On the back are written these lines :

*Tho' taste and grace thro' all my limbs you see,
And nature breathes her soft simplicity,
Me nor Praxiteles nor Phidias form'd ;
'Twas Beauclerc's art the sweet creation warm'd,
From Marlbro' sprung.—We in one heav'n-born race
Th' attempter'd rays of the same genius trace ;
As big with meteors from one cloud depart
Majestic thunder and keen lightning's dart.*

H. W.

On one side of the chimney, a fine whole length, by Vandyck, of Margaret Smith, wife of Thomas Carye, groom of the bedchamber to Charles I. From the Wharton collection, afterwards in that of sir Robert Walpole.

On the other side, Philip Herbert earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, (with a view of old Wilton) whole length ; by Mytens.

On one side of the bed, a whole length of Henry Vere earl of Oxford, in his robes. He was made knight of the bath at the creation of Henry prince of Wales, and died in Flanders in 1625.

On the other side, Robert Walpole, second earl of Orford ; whole length, in robes of the bath ; by Vanloo.

On the side opposite to the bed :

Frances, daughter of Richard Jennings, esq. [the mademoiselle Jennings of Grammont.]

Grammont] first married to George Hamilton, and afterwards to Richard Talbot duke of Tyrconnet: copy by Milbourn from the original at lord Spencer's.

Two views of Venice; by Mariecki.

A fine landscape with cattle; by Gaspar Poussin.

The duchesse de la Valiere, mistress of Louis XIV. given by the duchess dowager of Portland.

Mademoiselle Hamilton, comtesse de Grammont; copy after Lely, by Eckardt.

Ninon L'Enclos, the only original picture of her; given by herself to the countess of Sandwich, daughter of Wilmot earl of Rochester, and by her grandson John earl of Sandwich to Mr. Walpole.

Richard I. prisoner to the archduke of Austria; highly finished by Mieris.

The presentation in the temple; its companion: by Rembrandt*.

Over the doors, which were designed by Mr. Chute, and have medallions of Louis XIV. and Charles V. in bronze,

Madame de Maintenon; and Hortense Mancini duchess of Mazarin: the latter a copy from Carlo Maratti, at the duke of St. Alban's.

A small japan cabinet; a dejeuner of Seve china, blue and white with coloured birds; and a blue and white old china jar.

On the window side:

A large looking-glass in a rich ebony frame; and two bronze arms with masks, for candles.

Over the glass, the original portrait of Catherine of Braganza, that was sent from Portugal previous to her marriage with Charles II. and from which Faithorne scraped his print: a present from Richard Bull, esq.

* These two pictures were bought of a very old gentlewoman, for whose grandfather they had been painted, and till then had never been taken out of their old black frames.

A table

A table of Saracen mosaic, sent to Mr. Walpole from Rome by sir William Hamilton, mounted on an ebony frame, with two ebony stands.

An ewer and two beakers, of Roman fayence ; a present to Mr. Walpole from miss Speed, afterwards married to the comte de Virri, minister from Turin.

A small table with a landscape of Seve porcelaine, mounted in old japan ; a legacy to Mr. Walpole from Mary lady Hervey.

In the window, two china porcelaine stools.

Richard Wellborn, master of requests temp. Henry VIII. He was descended from a younger son of Simon de Montford earl of Leicester, on whose death, to secure himself, he changed his name to Wellborn : a present from the earl of Exeter.

Sir Nicholas Carew, knight of the garter and master of the horse to Henry VIII. in whose reign he was beheaded : copied by Milbourn from the original by Holbein, at Beddington in Surrey.

Sir John Perrot, lord deputy of Ireland in the time of queen Elizabeth ; in black and white chalk, by Chambars, from the original at sir Herbert Perrot Packington's.

The original sketch of the Beggar's Opera : Walker, as Macheath ; miss Fenton, afterwards duchess of Bolton, as Polly ; Hippisley, as Peach'em ; Hall, as Lockit : on one side in a box, sir Thomas Robinson, very tall and lean ; sir Robert Fagg, a famous horse-racer, fat, with short grey hair ; by Hogarth. Bought at the sale of John Rich, the well-known harlequin, and master of the theatres in Lincoln's-inn-fields and Covent-garden, for whom the picture was painted.

Van Helmont, the chymist ; copied by Müntz from a fine original by sir Peter Lely, at the earl of Hertford's at Ragley.

Lady Henrietta Berkeley, sister-in-law and mistress of Ford lord Grey in the reign of Charles II. Bought at lady Suffolk's sale.

Mary princess of Orange, daughter of king Charles I. given to Mr. Walpole by the prince of Monaco.

Rehearsal of an opera, with caricatures of the principal performers: Nicolini stands in front, Mrs. Toft is at the harpsichord, Margarita is entering in black *. Bought at the sale of John duke of Argyll, who bought it at that of Charles Stanhope, esq. By Sebastian Ricci: the landscape in it by Marco Ricci.

Henry VII. a most capital portrait on board, and incomparable for the truth of nature, expression and chiaro scuro. The character and thought in the countenance, and its exact conformity with the bust by Torreggiani in the Star-chamber, make it unquestionably a portrait for which the king sat; and yet the knowledge of light and shade, not possessed even by Holbein, makes it probable that this picture was retouched by Rubens, of whose colouring it is worthy and resembles.

A table painted by lady Anne Fitzpatrick, daughter of the earl of Offory.

In the bow windows are ten coats of arms in painted glass, by Peckitt of York, with the principal matches of the family of Walpole.

The ceiling was copied from one at the Vine in Hampshire.

Curiosities in the glass closet in the great bedchamber:

A salver of Raphael fayence, story of The prodigal son.

A large dish, ditto, story of Absalom.

One ditto, smaller, story of Jael and Sisera.

A large plate, ditto, Feast of the gods.

One smaller, Christ walking on the water.

One ditto, cupids in relievo, ribbed border.

Ditto, Apollo and Marfyas, scolloped border.

Two small ditto, with landscapes and buildings.

* The gentleman in blue, with a patch on one eye, sitting by the Margarita, is sir Robert Rich, father of Elizabeth lady Lyttelton. See curious accounts of Mrs. Toft and the Margarita in the 5th vol. of sir John Hawkins's History of Music.

Two ditto, twelve square, very coarse.

Two ten square dishes of the old dragon china.

A fine silver trunk to hold perfumes, with bas-reliefs, the top from Raphael's Judgment of Paris; the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Bought out of the Great Duke's wardrobe; a present from sir Horace Mann.

A Chinese steelyard.

An amber standing cup and cover, from Mrs. Kennon's collection.

A bottle of purple glass*. This and all the following articles marked with an asterisk, were bought at the sale of count Caylus at Paris.

Seven boxes of the old gold and white japan, with smaller boxes of the same within.

A silver gilt plate in relievo, the meeting of Charles V. and Francis I. a present from sir William Hamilton.

A pair of gloves worn by king James the first: bought out of Thoresby's museum.

The wedding gloves of Mrs. Hampden, wife of the celebrated John Hampden.

An agate puncheon with the arms of Mr. Gray the poet, and a Goa stone; given to Mr. Walpole by doctor Browne and Mr. W. Mason, Mr. Gray's executors.

A carved bottle for perfumes, mounted in silver; Indian.

A bronze perfume pot.

A clouded ewer of polished earth.*

An ewer of Villeroy ware.

Three packs of Florentine cards, for playing at Minchiati and Tarocco.

Rubens's child, in biscuit china of Nancy.

Three French snuff-boxes mounted in gold.

Small ivory box, containing a suite of prints representing medals on the victories in the war at the end of the reign of George II.

A snuff-box with views of Spa; given by miss Churchill.

Two enamel plates, presents from Caroline lady Greenwich.

A silver gilt apostle-spoon. Addison, in the Drummer, mentions apostle-spoons; and so do Beaumont and Fletcher in one of their plays. It was an ancient fashion to have a little figure at the end of a spoon's handle, as this has. It was a present from the reverend Mr. W. Cole.

Three ditto, ungilt.

An antique bronze of a man, naked, the head of sir Robert Walpole added by Nattier.

Small octagon dish of old china with figures.

Nineteen draftsmen of box, with heads of German princes and princesses; a present from Charles duke of Richmond.

Fourteen more, bought at Mr. Bateman's sale.

Two vases of blue china mounted in or moulu.

A blue and white plate with the brown edge, old china.

A smaller with dragons, without the border.

Two octagons of blue and white with figures, pierced.

Two hexagon saucers, ditto, with feet.

A box with ancient round trenchers, with scriptural mottos; a present from the reverend Mr. W. Cole.

A German pitcher and cover, with bas-reliefs of figures dancing.*

Two plates of Chantilly china, of different sizes.

A tea-pot of the old red japan ware.

Another red and black, of china.

A Turkish

A Turkish mug, with characters.*

An earthen pot, Indian.*

A blue and white earthen barrel, with handles.*

A drinking-vessel of black earth, with ditto.*

A saltcellar of old fayence supported by dolphins.

Two blue and white dishes and seven plates of old china; a legacy from Mrs. Henrietta Conway, sister of Francis earl of Hertford.

Two old blue and white water-plates.

A copper dish with a foot, enamelled with the story of Abraham and Melchizedec; a present from George William Hervey earl of Bristol.

A basket of Seve china, blue, gold and white.

A Staffordshire Etruscan vase.

A blue vase of antique Roman glass with a boy's head.*

Four water-plates of old coloured china.

An urn and cover of Volterra alabaster.

Two ewers of ancient glass.*

A blue and white square pot for flowers, of old china.

A speculum of kennel-coal, in a leathern case. It is curious for having been used to deceive the mob by Dr. Dee, the conjurer, in the reign of queen Elizabeth. It was in the collection of the Mordaunts earls of Peterborough, in whose catalogue it is called *the black stone into which Dr. Dee used to call his spirits*. From the Mordaunts it passed to lady Elizabeth Germaine, and from her to John last duke of Argyll, whose son, lord Frederic Campbell, gave it to Mr. Walpole.

A small bust in terra-cotta of Nicolo Pouffin's wife, beautifully simple and natural, by Fiamingo, amicitiae causâ; from monf. Mariette's collection.

Two square flower-tubs of Wedgwood's ware, painted with antique cameos and masks in blue, from designs of lady Diana Beauclerc.

The spurs worn by king William at the battle of the Boyne, preserved in an Irish family, and given to the late earl of Harcourt when lord lieutenant, and by the present earl to Mr. W. in a red leather box lined with green velvet.

A tortoiseshell case studded with silver, in which Van Tromp used to carry his pipes to sea: a present from Mr. Hamilton.

Two ivory billiard-sticks, engraved; they belonged to H. Herbert earl of Pembroke, and have his crest a wyvern holding a bloody hand, and the bear and ragged staff for his third wife, the famous Mary, sister of sir Philip Sidney; and an ancient ivory busk, engraved with French devices and mottoes: all three from the collection of Mr. Gostling at Canterbury.

Twelve silver dessert-plates, engraved with the history of the prodigal son. They belonged to lord chancellor Clarendon, and descended to his great grand-daughter the celebrated duchess of Queensberry, and were purchased at the duke's auction.

A small tray of red japan.

A snuff-box beautifully painted in brown and white with figures from Etruscan vases, bespoke at Naples, and given by sir William Hamilton.

An ancient German wooden spoon, curiously carved with religious figures and mottoes.

A vase of rock crystal, carved with battles, unfinished, having been cracked in the workmanship, with a silver gilt foot; bought out of the Great Duke's wardrobe by sir Horace Mann, and sent to Mr. W.

An ebony cabinet, ornamented with or moulu, lapis lazuli, agates, pieces of ancient enamel, bas-reliefs of Wedgwood, and nine capital drawings of a gipsy girl and beautiful children by lady Diana Beauclerc, with other drawings by her; and with strawberries and Mr. Walpole's arms and crest. The design of the cabinet by Mr. E. Edwards, in 1783.

A snuff-

A snuff-box of red and white plaister, from the Piscine mirabili at Rome ; a present from miss Campbell.

A snuff-box with mosaic pigeons, from the antique ; a present from her royal highness the duchess of Gloucester.

A large black stone basin, made from the quarry with which the duke of Argyll's house at Inverary is built, and which is soft when first cut ; given by Mr. Pinkerton.

In the closet-window is a head of queen Elizabeth in painted glass, and another pane with men playing at cards, very old.

ON THE BACK STAIRS.

Lady Catherine Fitzalan marchioness of Dorset, daughter of William earl of Arundel, and first wife of Henry Grey, afterwards duke of Suffolk, from whom she was divorced to make room for his marriage with lady Frances Brandon, daughter of Mary queen of France and Charles duke of Suffolk.

A large piece of still life, by Adrian Van Utrecht.

THE BEAUCLERC CLOSET

IS a hexagon, built in 1776, and designed by Mr. Essex, architect, of Cambridge, who drew the ceiling, door, window, and surbase. In the window is a lion and two fleurs de lys, royally crowned, ancient, but repaired and ornamented by Price ; and, being bearings in the royal arms, serve for Beauclerc. The closet is hung with Indian blue damask, and was built on purpose to receive seven incomparable drawings of lady Diana Beauclerc for Mr. Walpole's tragedy of *The Mysterious Mother*. The beauty and grace of the figures and of the children are inimitable ; the expression of the passions most masterly, particularly in the devotion of the countess with the porter, of Benedict in the scene with Martin, and the tenderness, despair, and resolution of the countess in the last scene ; in which is a new stroke of double passion in Edmund, whose right hand is clenched and ready to strike with anger, the left hand relents. In the scene of the children, some are evidently vulgar, the others children of rank ; and the first child, that pretends to look down and does leer upwards, is charming. Only two scenes

are represented in all the seven, and yet all are varied; and the ground in the first, by a very uncommon effect, evidently descends and rises again. These sublime drawings, the first histories she ever attempted, were all conceived and executed in a fortnight. Other pictures in this closet are,

Lady Diana Beauclerc, by Powel, after sir J. Reynolds.

Charles Lenox third duke of Richmond, profile, by Milbourn after Romney.

Count Schouallow, favourite of the czarina Elizabeth, whose image he holds. This worthy man, who enjoyed absolute power for twelve years, never did an injury or made an enemy. Painted at Paris in 1775.

Two young women and a boy, a drawing in a round, by lady Diana Beauclerc.

Four fronts of a gothic house, designed by Mr. John Chute for Mr. Andrews, and built at Spinehill near Donnington-castle, Berkshire.

Two capital drawings by Paulo Panini, bought at Mariette's sale.

A view of the fictitious monument designed and erected by general H. S. Conway, near the Thames, at his seat at Park-place near Henley: and

A view of the lesser arch, designed and erected by the same, at ditto; with a small portrait of the general himself. These two by Paul Sandby, in 1781.

All these pictures have black and gold frames.

Two arms for candles, of or moulu, in the form of lilies, from Paris.

Two black and gold triangular stands.

A tea-service of old blue and white porcelaine.

A tea-chest of Clay's ware, painted with loose feathers.

A head of Augustus, from an antique cameo belonging to sir William Hamilton, modelled in wax by Mrs. Damer, daughter of general Conway, in 1777.

A head of Voltaire, ditto, its companion.

A writing-

A writing-table of Clay's ware, highly varnished: it is black, with blue and white ornaments in a gothic pattern, designed by Paul Sandby. In one of the drawers the play of *The Mysterious Mother*, to explain the drawings, bound in blue leather and gilt.

Four blue damask stools with black and gold frames.

The book of Psalms, with 21 inimitable illuminations by don Julio Clovio, scholar of Julio Romano. If any thing can excel the figures, it is the execution of the borders, which are of the purest antique taste, and unrivalled for the lustre and harmony of the colours, as well as for the preservation, which is allowed to be more perfect than any of the few works of this extraordinary master. It was painted, as is said on one of the illuminations, *Principi Andegavenfi*, 1537; was afterwards in the Arundelian collection; on the dispersion of which it was purchased by the earl of Oxford in 1720, who bequeathed it to his daughter the duchess of Portland, at whose sale Mr. Walpole bought it in 1786.

The head of Jupiter Serapis, in basalt. The divine majesty and beauty of this precious fragment prove the great ideas and consummate taste of the ancient sculptors. This bust was purchased, with the celebrated vase, from the Barberini collection at Rome, by sir William Hamilton; and was sold with the vase to the duchess of Portland, and on her grace's death was bought by Mr. Walpole.

A locket with hair of Mary Tudor, queen of France; whose tomb was opened in 1784; a present from miss Fauquier.

A very small crystal watch; a present from general Fitzwilliam.

General Moncke, by Cooper.

THE ROUND BEDCHAMBER, TWO PAIR OF STAIRS.

THE inside of a church, a very good Flemish picture on board; a legacy to Mr. Walpole from doctor Meyrick at Isleworth.

Henrietta Hobart countess of Suffolk, sitting; a view of her house at

Marble-hill, Twickenham: by Jervas. It was Mr. Pope's: lady Suffolk bought it at Mrs. Martha Blount's sale, and gave it to Mr. Walpole.

Ogleby, the poet, in his shirt; fine, by Fuller: from sir R. Walpole's collection.

Tillemans, the painter.

Mrs. Barry, the celebrated actress; profile, by sir Godfrey Kneller. Sketch for the head of Britannia in the great equestrian picture of king William at Hampton-court.

Henrietta duchess of Orleans, as Pallas; bought at lady Suffolk's sale.

The emperor Maximilian; a curious head.

Robert Dudley earl of Leicester.

Two half lengths of ladies, by sir Peter Lely.

Christian Reiss, seal-engraver, in an oval; freely painted by Dahl.

Enoch Zeeman, the painter, in his original presbyterian habit, and his daughter as a boy by him: well painted by himself.

Pearce, sen. statuary, by Fuller; from Vertue's collection.

Portrait of Oliver Cromwell's mother, copied from the original at Hinchinbrook; given by lord Sandwich.

Mrs. Catherine Clive, the actress, with a music-book; painted by Davison: a present from her brother Mr. James Rastor.

THE GREAT CLOYSTER.

At each end, a blue and white china flower-pot; and in the middle, a fine antique marble vase, on a pedestal with a Greek inscription; bought at the sale of Chafe Price, esq. in 1778.

Eight very ancient Welch chairs, turned, and four stands; bought at the sale of Mr. Richard Bateman of Old Windsor.

The

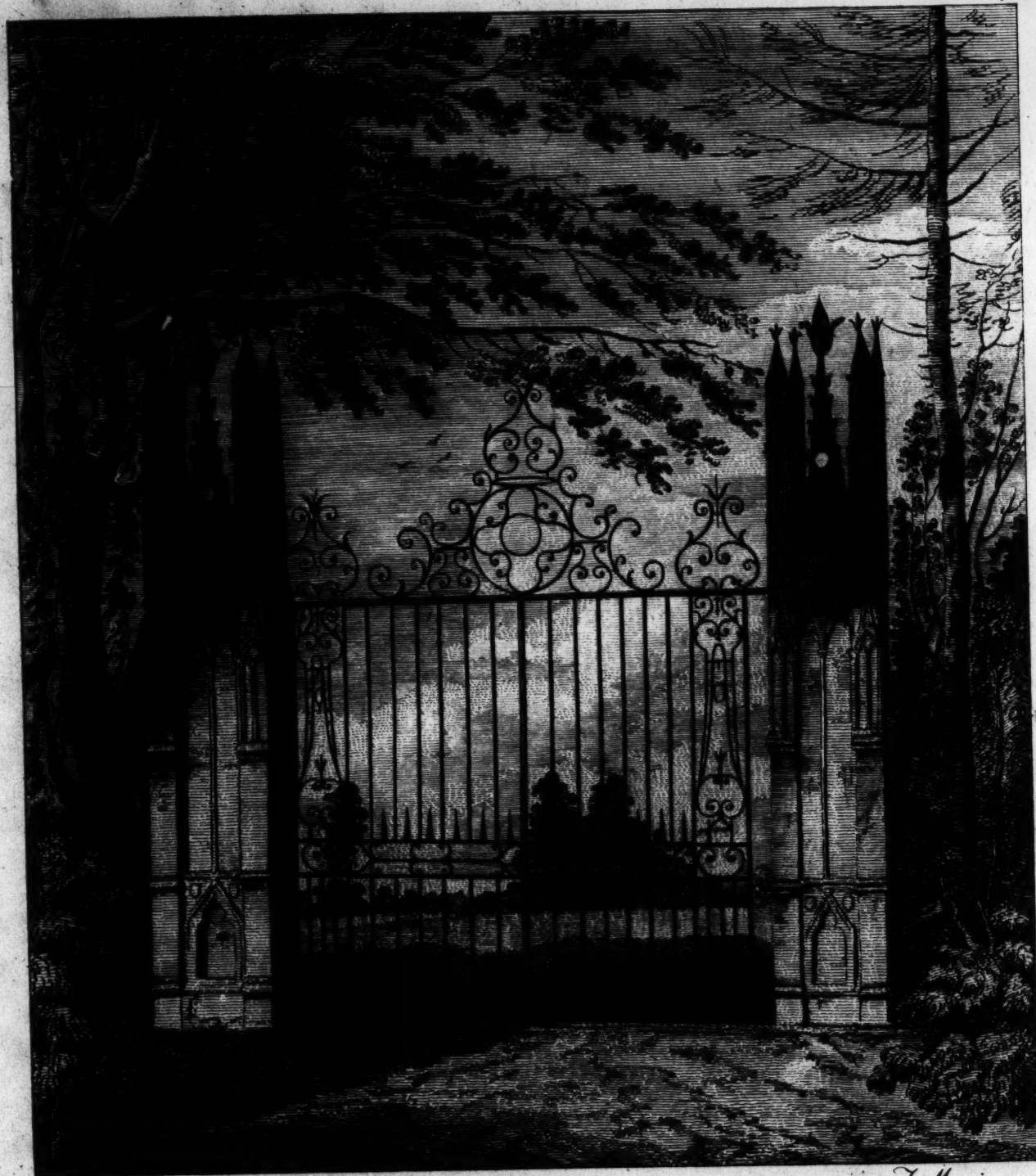


Paris delin.

*View of the Chapel in the Garden
at Strawberry Hill.*

Godfrey del.





J. Morris sc.

GARDEN GATE .

The piers of the garden-gates are of artificial stone, and taken from the tomb of William de Luda bishop of Ely, in that cathedral.

Before the chapel, stand on pedestals four rare Indian flower-tubs, bought at Mr. Bateman's.

THE CHAPEL,

IN the south-west corner of the wood, is built of brick, with a beautiful front of Portland stone, executed by Mr. Gayfere of Westminster, and taken from the tomb of Edmund Audley bishop of Salisbury, in that cathedral. In the anti-chapel is an oaken Gothic bench, designed by Mr. Bentley; over it, a head of saint John Baptist, alto-relievo, in marble, on a pedestal of the same in a fine taste, the work of Donatello, and a present from sir Horace Mann. On the opposite side, a crucifix of bronze; and beneath it, on an angular pedestal of fayence on which is a bust of an angel, stands an encensoir of bronze. By the door is a holy-water-pot of earthen-ware, given by Mr. G. A. Selwyn.

Four pannels that came out of the abbey of St. Edmundsbury, and were doors to an altar-piece, and were since in the possession of Peter Leneve, Norroy, and after him of Mr. Martin and Mr. Ives, antiquaries; on whose death Mr. W. bought and had them sawed into four pictures. On the outside pannels are Henry Beaufort cardinal of Winchester, and John Kemp archbishop of Canterbury. On one of the insides is Humphrey duke of Gloucester praying, and behind him a saint holding the duke's cap of estate in one hand, and a golden chalice in the other. On the other is a person in the act of adoration in a stable, whence it is probable that the virgin and child were represented on the middle piece which is wanting. This person seems to be Joseph, but may be the donor of the altar-piece, as over him is a shield of arms of Tate, impaling Boleyn or Sanders, for the colour of the chevron is turned black. These perhaps might be attached to the house of Lancaster, who were great benefactors to the abbey, and two princes of which family, afterwards so memorable for their enmity, are here represented. The three portraits agree remarkably with those of the same persons in the marriage of Henry VI. in the library, especially the archbishop and the duke, who has the same bald head and furred mantle. The two prelates are hard and dry, but the duke and Joseph are painted in

a style very superior to that age, and the folds of their garments loose and large, not unworthy of the Bolognese school.

In the window are the original portraits * of Henry III. and his queen in painted glass, with other saints and coats of arms. Fronting the door stands a magnificent shrine † of mosaic, three stories high; and beneath it, a crucifix ‡ inlaid with mother of pearl, bought at the sale of the honourable Richard Bateman in 1774. On one side of the shrine, in a recess, stands on a console a figure of an ancient king of France, in fayence; on the other side, the virgin Mary, of bronze. The roof was designed by Mr. Chute. On a tablet over the door is the following inscription:

The shrine in front was brought in the year 1768 from the church of Santa Maria maggiore in Rome, when the new pavement was laid there. This shrine was erected in the year 1256 over the bodies of the holy martyrs Simplicius, Faustina, and Beatrix, by John James Capoccio and Vinia his wife; and was the work of Peter Cavallini, who made the tomb of Edward the Confessor in Westminster-abbey. See The Anecdotes of Painting, p. 24.

The window was brought from the church of Bexhill in Sussex. The two principal figures are king Henry III. and Eleanor of Provence his queen, the only portraits of them extant. King Henry died in 1272, and we know of no painted glass more ancient than the reign of his father king John. These portraits have been engraved for the frontispiece to The Anecdotes of Painting.

This chapel was erected by Horace Walpole in the year 1771. The façade was copied from a chapel-tomb in the cathedral of Salisbury.

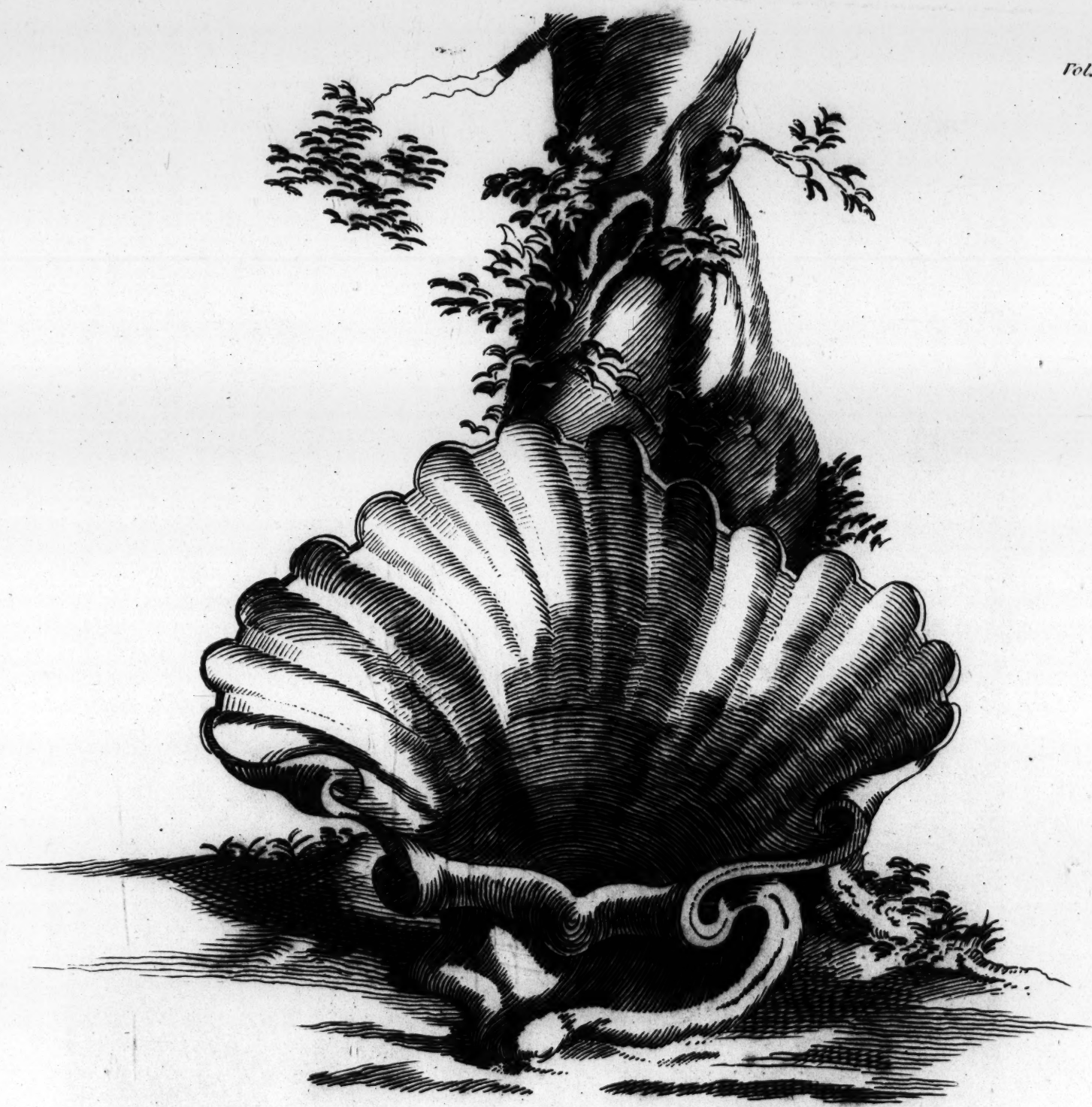
At the end of the winding walk is a large seat in the form of a shell, carved in oak, from a design by Mr. Bentley.

* These were a present from the earl of Ashburnham.

round room; but he could not supply the golden glass in the original, the art of which is lost.

† It was repaired, and parts supplied, by Richter, who made the chimney-piece in the

‡ It stands on an angel and shield, which came out of Westminster-abbey.



THE SHELL BENCH .

J. Morris sc.



Vol. II. P. 508.

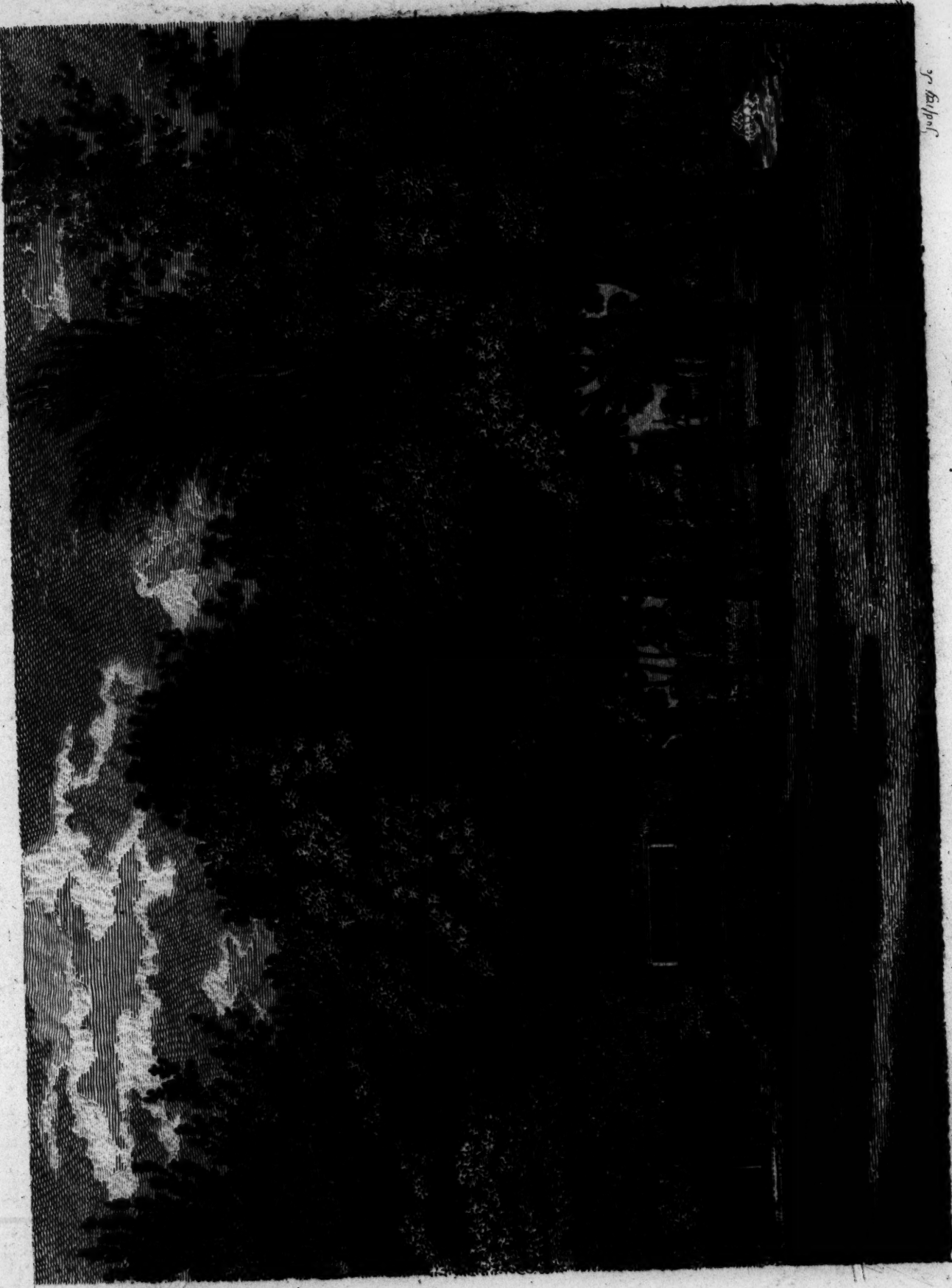


Part. del.

View from the Terrace at Strawberryhill.

Judrey Sc.

VOL. II. P. 509.



East View of the Cottage-garden at Strawberry-hill.

J. G. 1840

509

The Cottage in the Flower-Garden.

THE TEA-ROOM

IS hung with green paper and prints. Over the chimney, Mary Lepelle lady Hervey, by Ramsay, in a frame carved by Gibbons: from Mr. Bateman's. Two sconces of Chantilly china; a sceau for liquors, of Seve; two chocolate-cups, ditto; a handle-cup and saucer; a caudle-cup and deep saucer; all with coloured flowers. A rice-cup on feet; a saltcellar of old fayence; and four biscuit figures. On the hearth, a large green vase of German ware, with a spread eagle, and lizards for handles. From Mr. Bateman's.

On a shelf and brackets, two pots-pourris of Nankin china; two pierced blue and white basons of old Delft; and two sceaus of coloured Seve; a blue and white vase and cover; and two old fayence bottles.

On the tea-table, a white tea-pot with gold edge, of Seve; four handle-cups and saucers, a sugar-dish, milk-pot, bason, and plate, of the same; a tea-pot of crackled china with blue and brown flowers; an octagon green bason with coloured flowers; a ditto, white, with ditto; a green leaf of Staffordshire-ware; two blue and white handle-cups of Seve; one ditto larger, in shape of a pail; two ditto with coloured flowers and blue rims; one ditto with dark blue and gold edges and coloured flowers; and one ditto with blue and gold mosaic on white.

THE LITTLE LIBRARY

IS painted green and white. Over the chimney, an original half-length of Milton, æt. 45, in black, a ring tied to one of his button-holes. In the key-stone of the chimney, an antique bas-relief with the story of Mars and Venus. On the mantle-piece, several antique sepulchral earthen lamps. On the hearth, a flower-pot of fine blue earth.

Four ancient Welch chairs: from Mr. Bateman's.

Over the door, an antique painting in fresco. *Vide Middleton's Germania, &c.*

A bronze

A bronze tripod for burning incense. M.

A marble canopus.

Two ditto, smaller; bought at Mr. Bateman's.

Over the book-cases, a small marble bust of lord chancellor Clarendon.

Several small Etruscan and black Staffordshire vases.

Two yellow beakers, with flowers, of Staffordshire ware.

Two red china ditto.

Two flower-pots of crackled china.

A blue china bottle.

A bronze inkstand, in good taste; from count Caylus's collection.

In this library are several volumes of MSS.

IN THE GARDEN,

AN extraordinary large brainstone: a present from Mr. Grosvenor Bedford.

Bernini's Apollo and Daphne, in bronze.

A large antique sarcophagus in marble, with bas-reliefs; from the collection of Bryan Fairfax, esq.

Two ossuaria.

The sleeping Morpheus in plaister.

ADDITIONS.

ADDITIONS.

A Two-leaved screen, painted on Manchester velvet, with the heads of a Satyr and Bacchante, by lady Diana Beauclerc, in 1788.

Twelve earthen plates, painted at Delft, with the signs of the zodiac, by sir James Thornhill : bought at Mrs. Hogarth's sale.

The death of cardinal Wolsey, copied by miss Agnes Berry in water-colours, of the same size, and with all the strength of the original in oil by Mr. William Lock—a sublime composition, in which the expressions are worthy of the greatest masters, as the colouring and chiaro-scuro are equal to Rubens.

Procession in the Castle of Otranto, in water-colours, by J. Carter.

A drawing, whole length, of Mrs. Damer, in the attitude of having just carved her young Paris; by Richard Gofway.

A small head of Harris the actor, in the character of cardinal Wolsey, in oil. There is an unique print of it in the Pepysian library at Cambridge.

A fox and partridge : and a water-dog and duck. Both by Oudry.

Frances Stuart, duchess of Richmond ; oval head. *Vide Grammont.*

An emblematic brass dish, by Francis Briot.

A Venetian morion : and, a curious round helmet ; engraved in captain Grose's Armoury. Both bought at Mr. Rawle's sale.

Johanna lady Abergavenny : *vide Royal and Noble Authors* : a present from miss Beauclerc, the maid of honour.

An iron back of a grate, with general Fairfax on horseback, dated 1649 ; found in the old kitchen at Strawberry-hill.

Lady Elizabeth Butler, countess of Chesterfield ; half length, by sir Peter Lely ; brought from her house at Breadby. *Vide Grammont.*

An

An ancient knife, with a curious handle of gold; a present from miss Mary Carter.

The original portrait of Samuel Cooper, the miniature painter, from the royal collection; bought at Mr. Dalton's sale.

Head of a gentleman, by Rosalba; ditto.

Prince Arthur, prince Henry, and princess Margaret, children of Henry the seventh, by Mabuse; from Colway's collection.

A rabbit, by Adrian Vandevelde; from ditto.

Thomas Wriothesley earl of Southampton, lord treasurer, by Samuel Cooper; from the collection of Mr. Browne, of Shipton-Mallet.

Two very large blue jars; from Mrs. French's collection.

An ewer of ancient fayence; ditto.

A small vase of porphyry; from lord James Manners's collection.

A small hamper of silver wire, containing a Goa stone; ditto.

A Scottish mull, made of a large ram's horn, and mounted in silver; a present from sir James Colquhoun.



SOUTH FRONT OF STRAWB



RAWBERRY HILL.

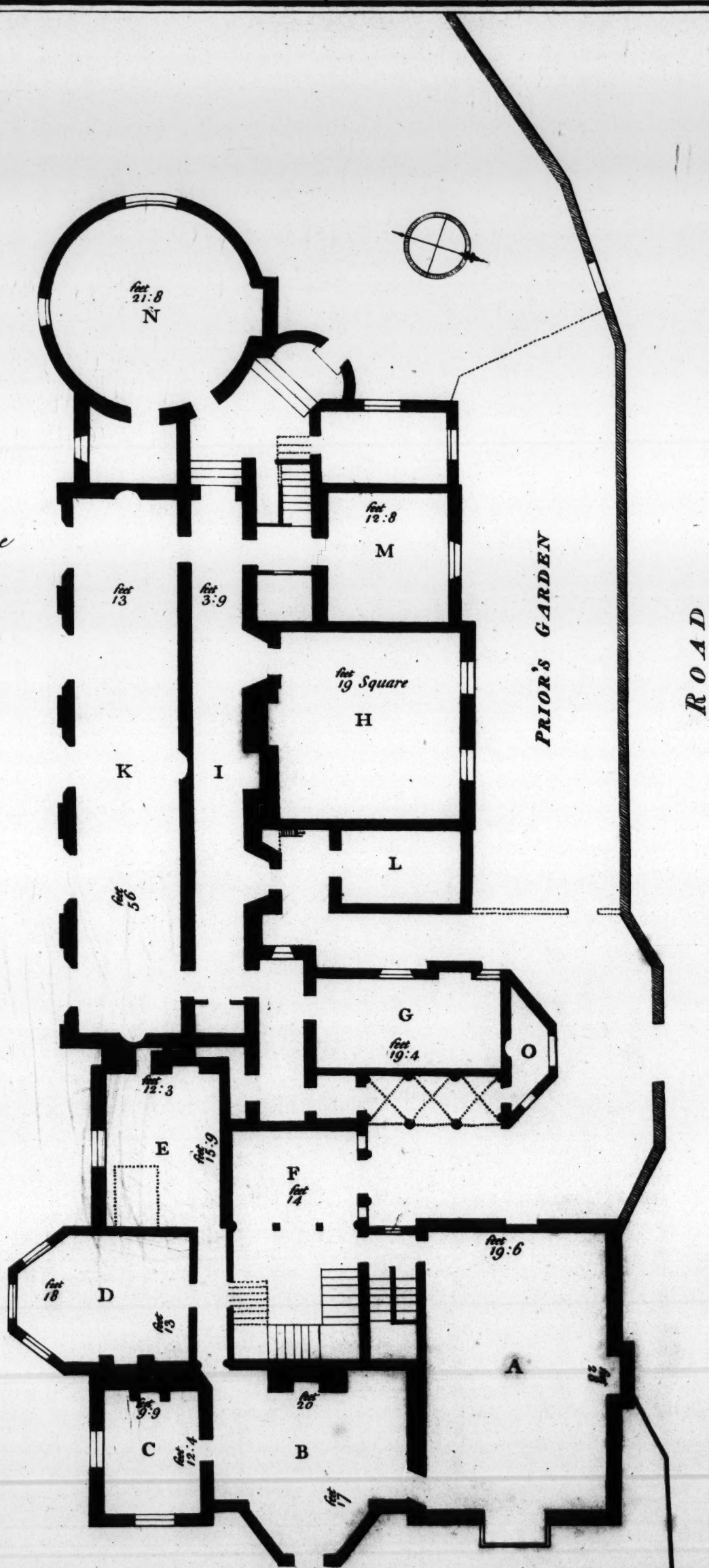


EAST FRONT OF STRAWBE

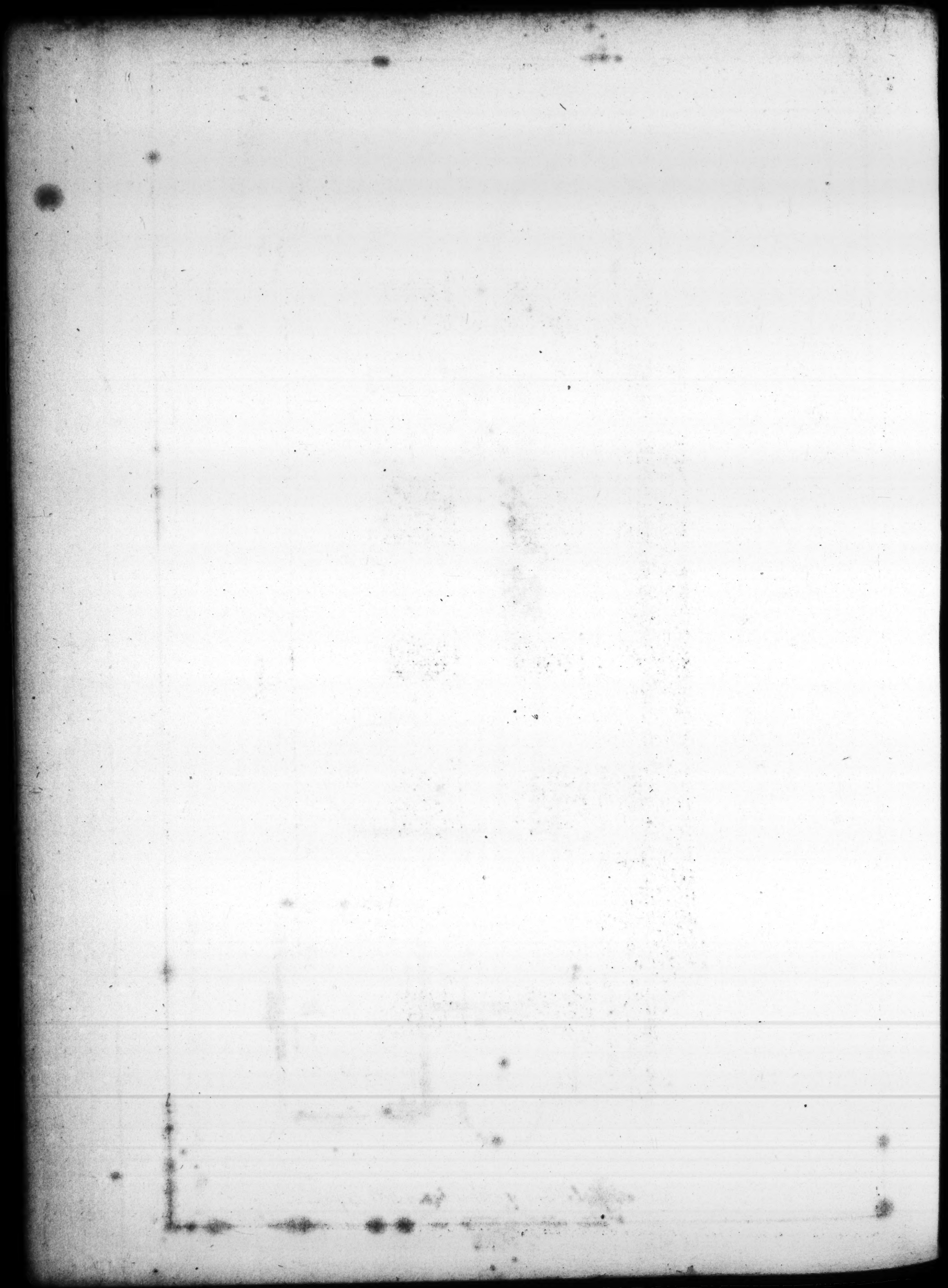


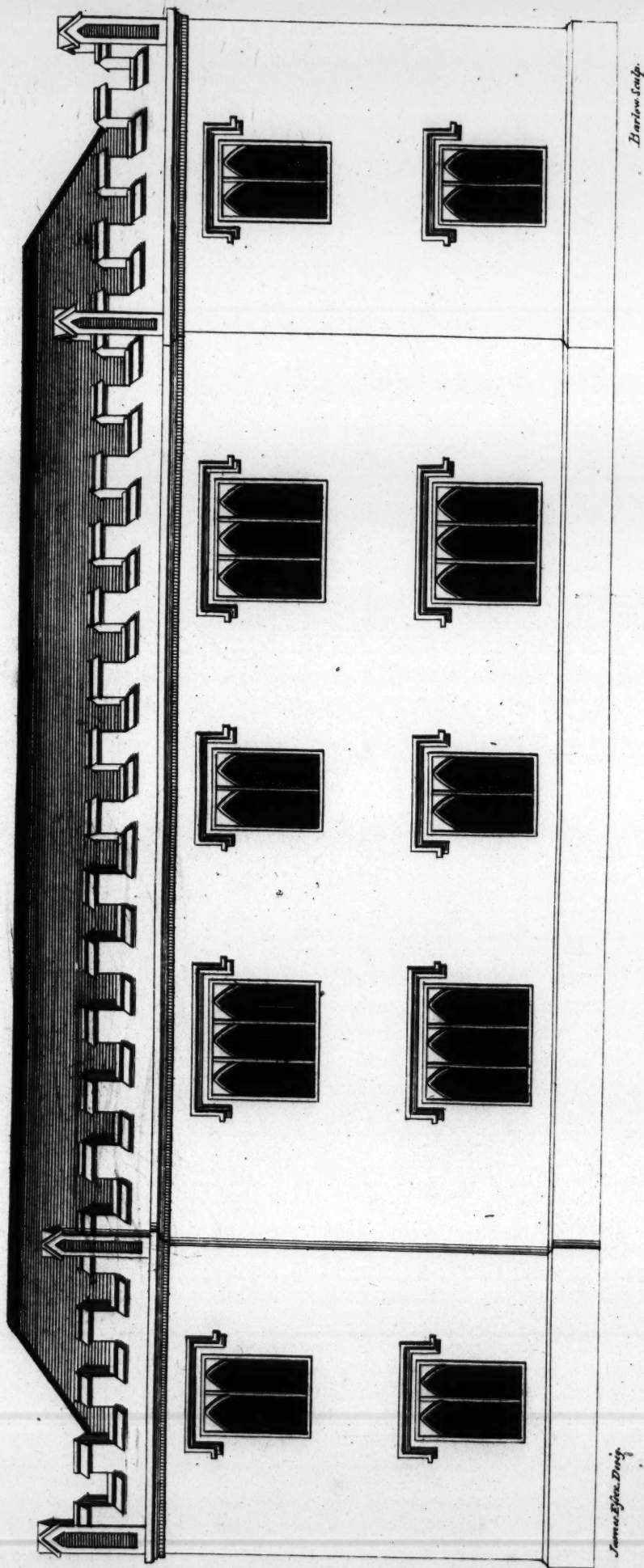
STRAWBERRY HILL.

- A Great Parlour
- B Waiting Room
- C China Closet
- D Little Parlour
- E Beauty Room
- F Hall & Stair-case
- G Pantry
- H Servants hall
- I Passage
- K Great Cloyster
- L Wine Cellar
- M Beer Cellar
- N Kitchen
- O Oratory



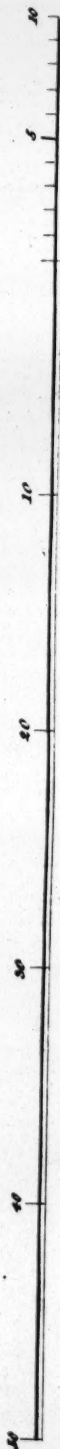
Ground Plan of Strawberry hill. 1781.



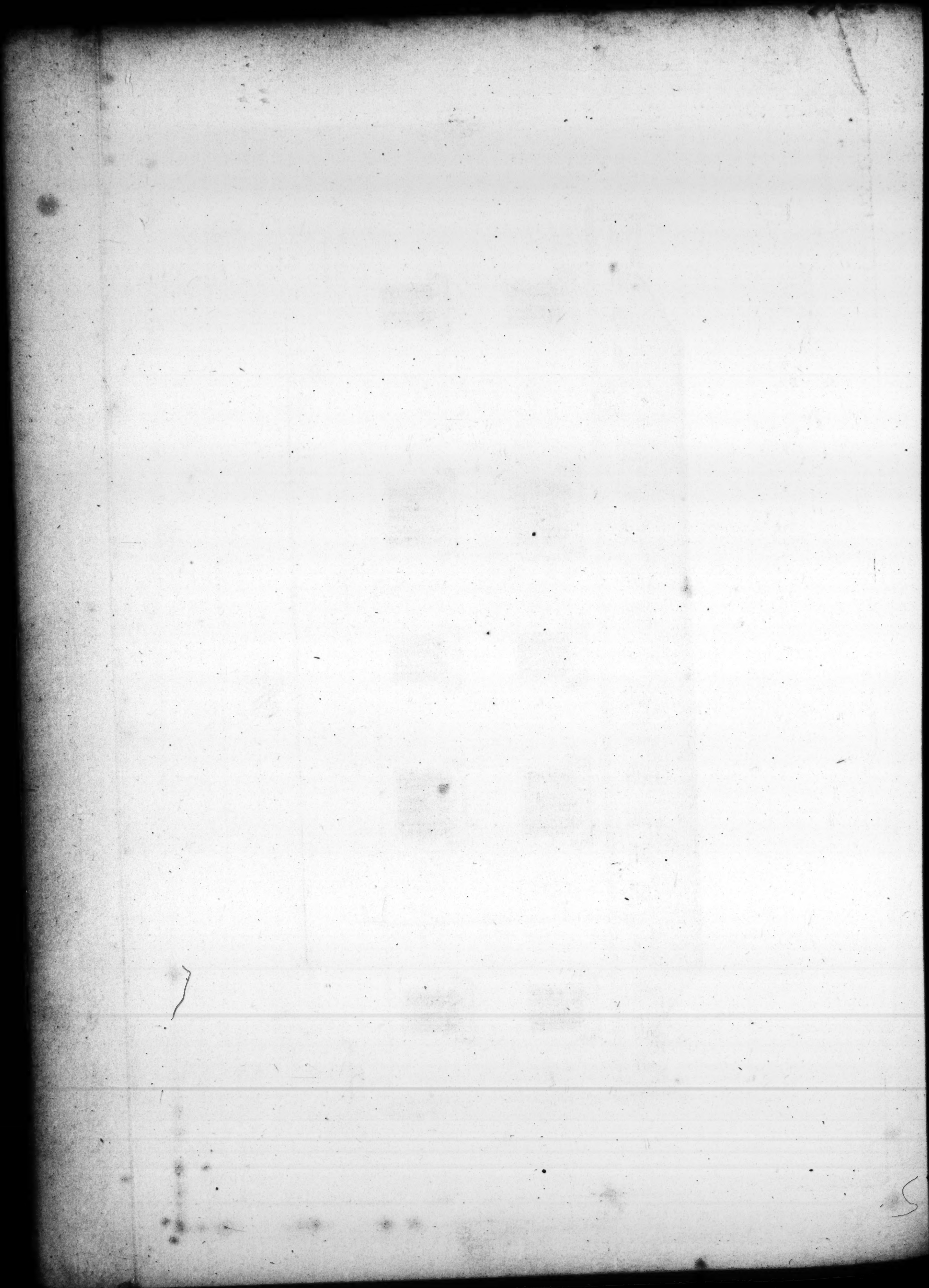


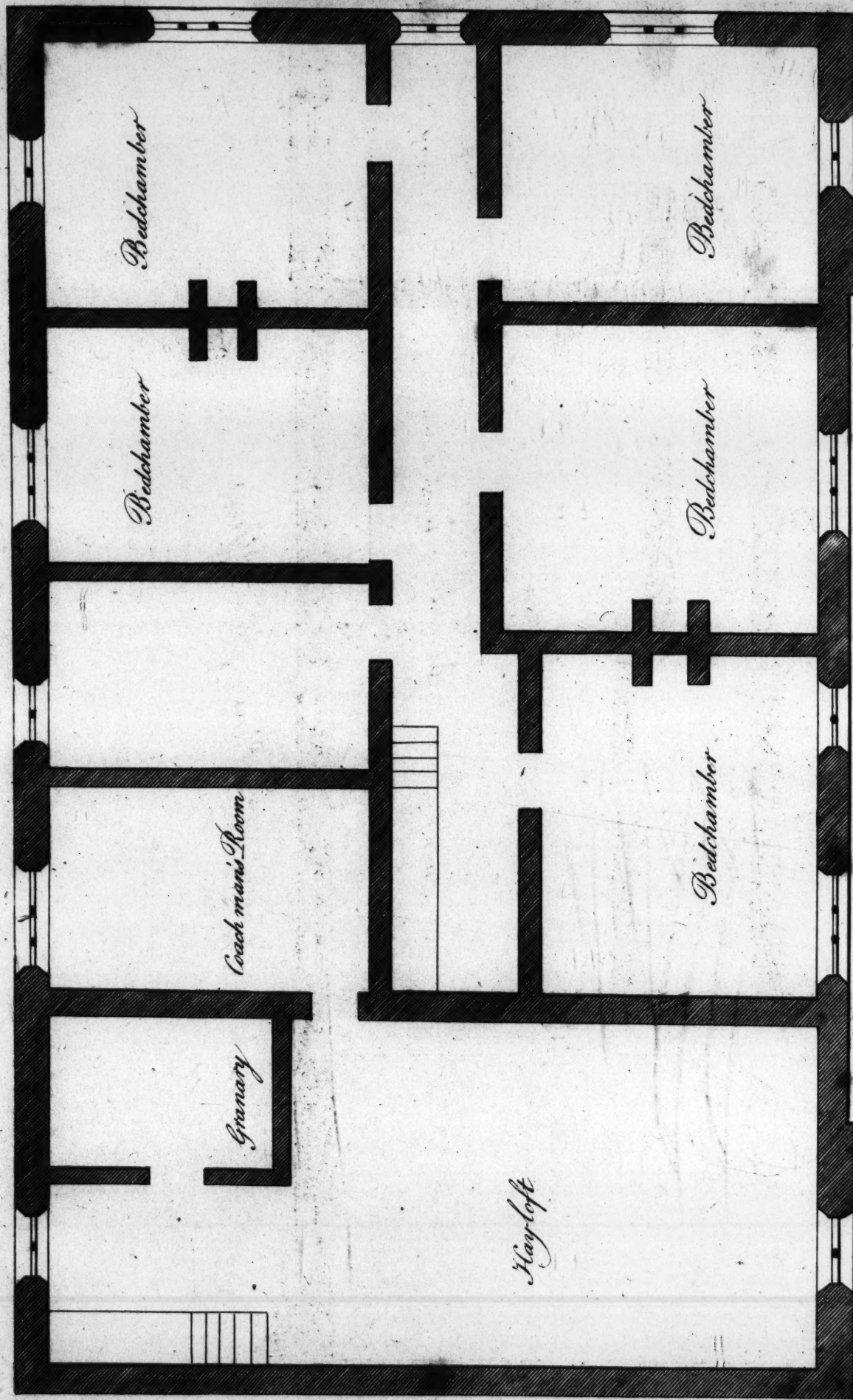
Harlow Sculp.

James F. B. Dwyer

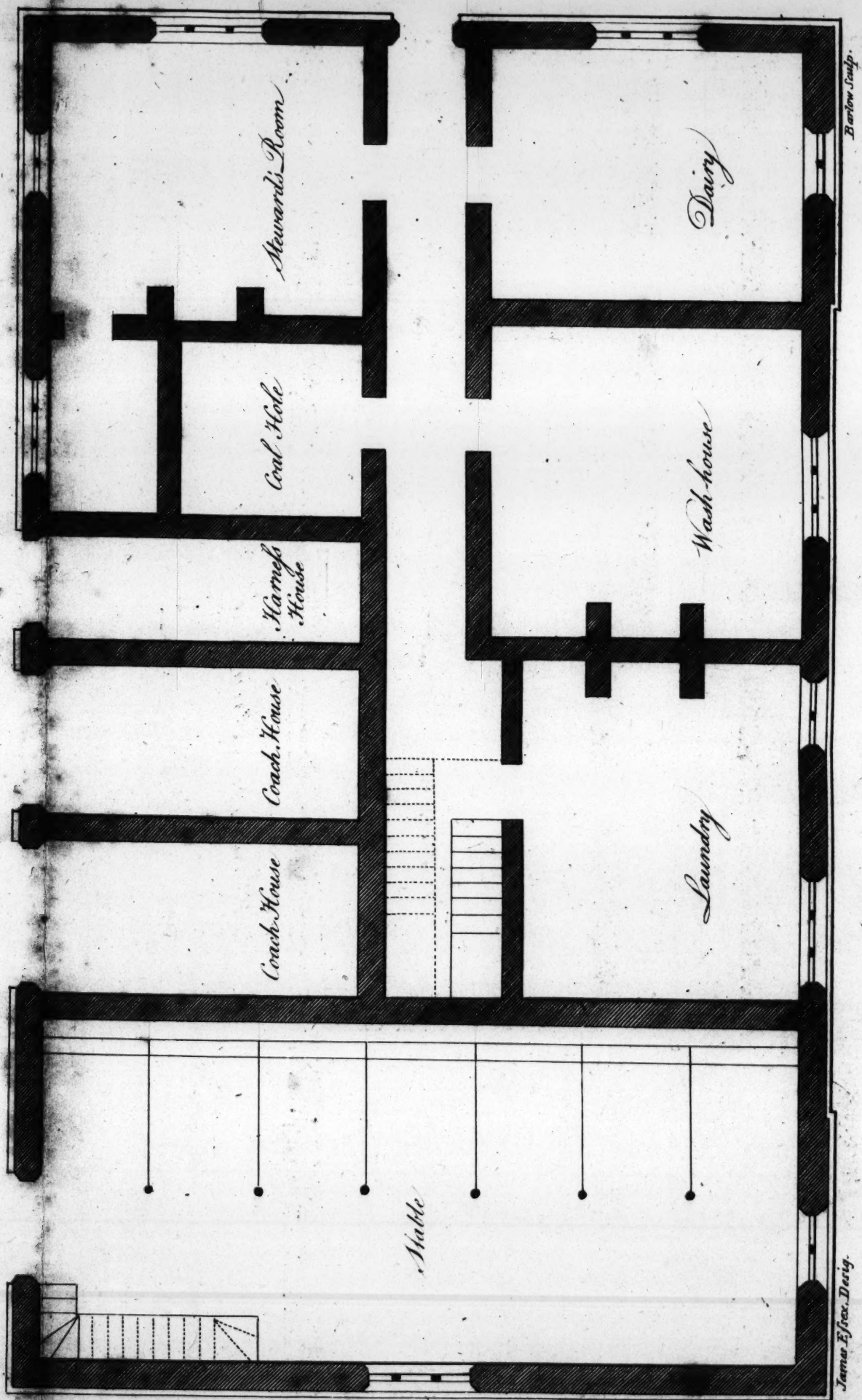


Offices





Plan of the Principal Floor.



Ground Plan of the Offices.

STRAWBERRY-HILL,

A BALLAD,

By WILLIAM PULTENEY Earl of Bath.

*To the tune of a former Song * written by George Bubb Doddington lord Melcomb, the burthen of which was, My Strawberry, my Strawberry shall bear away the Bell.*

I.

SOME cry up Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare;
And some say that with Chiswick-house
No villa can compare:
But ask the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawb'ry-hill, if Strawb'ry-hill
Don't bear away the bell!

II.

Some love to roll down Greenwich-hill
For this thing and for that;
And some prefer sweet Marble-hill,
Though sure 'tis somewhat flat:
Yet Marble-hill and Greenwich-hill,
If Kitty Clive † can tell,
From Strawb'ry-hill, from Strawb'ry-hill
Will never bear the bell.

* That song was written in praise of Mrs. Strawbridge, a lady with whom Mr. Doddington was in love.

† Mrs. Clive, the actress, lived near Strawberry-hill, in a house which Mr. Walpole bought and gave to her.

III.

Though Surry boasts its Oatlands,
 And Clermont kept so jim,
 And some prefer sweet Southcote's,
 'Tis but a dainty whim;
 For ask the gallant Bristow*,
 Who does in taste excell,
 If Strawb'ry-hill, if Strawb'ry-hill
 Don't bear away the bell?

IV.

Since Denham sung of Cooper's,
 There's scarce a hill around
 But what in song or ditty
 Is turn'd to fairy-ground——
 Ah, peace be with their memories!
 I wish them wondrous well;
 But Strawb'ry-hill, but Strawb'ry-hill
 Must bear away the bell.

V.

Great William † dwells at Windsor,
 As Edward did of old,
 And many a Gaul and many a Scot
 Have found him full as bold.
 On lofty hills like Windsor
 Such heroes ought to dwell;
 Yet little folks like Strawb'ry-hill,
 Like Strawb'ry-hill as well.

The 2d, 4th and 5th stanzas were added by Mr. W.

* William Bristow, esq. brother of the countess of Buckingham, friend of lord Bath, and a great pretender to taste.

† William duke of Cumberland.

LIST OF THE BOOKS

Printed at Strawberry-hill.

TWO Odes by Mr. Gray; quarto, 1757: 1000 copies.

Translation of part of Hentzner's Travels; small octavo, 1757: 220 copies.

Royal and Noble Authors; 2 vol. small oct. 1758: 300 copies.

Walpole's Fugitive Pieces; small oct. 1758: 200 copies.

Whitworth's Account of Russia; small oct. 1758: 700 copies.

Spence's Parallel of Magliabechi and Hill; small oct. 1758: 700 copies.

Bentley's Lucan; quarto, 1759: 500 copies.

Anecdotes of Painting; small quarto, 3 vol. and 1 of Engravers; 1761: 600 copies.

A second edition of the same, 1765.

Lord Herbert's Life; small quarto, 1764: 200 copies.

Lady Temple's Poems, quarto, 1764: 100 copies.

Cornélie, Tragedie de Henaut; small octavo, 1768: 200 copies; 150 went to Paris.

The Myfterious Mother, Tragedy; small octavo, 1768: 50 copies.

Hoyland's Poems; small octavo, 1769: 300 copies.

U u u 2

Memoires

Memoires de Grammont; small quarto, 1771: 100 copies: 30 went to Paris.

Letters of Edward VI. small quarto, 1771: 200 copies.

Miscellaneous Antiquities, 2 numbers; small quarto, 1772: 500 copies.

Description of Strawberry-hill; small quarto, 1774: 100 copies, 6 on large paper.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's Dorinda, and Mr. Charles Fox's Verses to Mrs. Crewe; small quarto, 1775: 300 copies.

The Sleep-walker, Comedy, by lady Craven; small octavo, 1778: 75 copies.

Letter to the Editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies; octavo, 1779: 200 copies.

Mr. Charles Miller's Verses to lady Horatia Waldegrave; small quarto, 1780: 150 copies.

Fourth volume of The Anecdotes of Painting, printed in 1770, but not published till October 1780: 600 copies.

Mr. Jones's Ode on lord Althorp's Marriage; small quarto, 1781: 250 copies.

Letter from the hon. Thomas Walpole; small quarto, 1781: 120 copies.

Description of Strawberry-hill; royal quarto, 1784: 200 copies.

N. B. Mr. Miller's, Mr. Fitzpatrick's, and Mr. Fox's Verses, Hoyland's Poems, and Mr. T. Walpole's Letter, were only loose sheets or small tracts.

ON
MODERN GARDENING.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE
GARDENS OF THE
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ON

MODERN GARDENING.

GARDENING was probably one of the first arts that succeeded to that of building houses, and naturally attended property and individual possession. Culinary and afterwards medicinal herbs were the objects of every head of a family: it became convenient to have them within reach, without seeking them at random in woods, in meadows, and on mountains, as often as they were wanted. When the earth ceased to furnish spontaneously all these primitive luxuries, and culture became requisite, separate enclosures for rearing herbs grew expedient. Fruits were in the same predicament, and those most in use, or that demand attention, must have entered into and extended the domestic enclosure. The good man Noah, we are told, planted a vineyard, drank of the wine, and was drunken, and every body knows the consequences. Thus we acquired kitchen-gardens, orchards, and vineyards. I am apprized that the prototype of all these sorts was the garden of Eden; but as that Paradise was a good deal larger than any we read of afterwards, being enclosed by the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, as every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food grew in it, and as two other trees were likewise found there, of which not a slip or sucker remains, it does not belong to the present discussion. After the fall, no man living was suffered to enter into the garden; and the poverty and necessities of our first ancestors hardly allowed them time *to make improvements on their estates* in imitation of it, supposing any plan had been preserved. A cottage and a slip of ground for a cabbage and a gooseberry-bush, such as we see by the

side of a common, were in all probability the earliest seats and gardens: a well and bucket succeeded to the Pison and Euphrates. As settlements increased, the orchard and the vineyard followed; and the earliest princes of tribes possessed just the necessaries of a modern farmer.

Matters, we may well believe, remained long in this situation; and though the generality of mankind form their ideas from the import of words in their own age, we have no reason to think that for many centuries the term *garden* implied more than a kitchen-garden or orchard. When a Frenchman reads of the garden of Eden, I do not doubt but he concludes it was something approaching to that of Versailles, with clipt hedges, berceaux, and trellis-work. If his devotion humbles him so far as to allow that, considering who designed it, there might be a labyrinth full of Æsop's fables, yet he does not conceive that four of the largest rivers in the world were half so magnificent as an hundred fountains full of statues by Girardon. It is thus that the word *garden* has at all times passed for whatever was understood by that term in different countries. But that it meant no more than a kitchen-garden or orchard for several centuries, is evident from those few descriptions that are preserved of the most famous gardens of antiquity.

That of Alcinous, in the *Odyssey*, is the most renowned in the heroic times. Is there an admirer of Homer who can read his description without rapture; or who does not form to his imagination a scene of delights more picturesque than the landscapes of Tinian or Juan Fernandez? Yet what was that boasted Paradise with which

the gods ordain'd

To grace Alcinous and his happy land?

POPE.

Why, divested of harmonious Greek and bewitching poetry, it was a small orchard and vineyard, with some beds of herbs and two fountains that watered them, enclosed within a quickset hedge. The whole compass of this pompous garden enclosed—four acres.

Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,

Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around.

The trees were apples, figs, pomegranates, pears, olives, and vines.

Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
 The redd'ning apple ripens into gold.
 Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
 With deeper red the full pomegranate glows.
 The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
 And verdant olives flourish round the year.

* * * * *

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
 In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Alcinous's garden was planted by the poet, enriched by him with the fairy gift of eternal summer, and no doubt an effort of imagination surpassing any thing he had ever seen. As he has bestowed on the same happy prince a palace with brazen walls and columns of silver, he certainly intended that the garden should be proportionably magnificent. We are sure therefore, that as late as Homer's age an enclosure of four acres, comprehending orchard, vineyard, and kitchen-garden, was a stretch of luxury the world at that time had never beheld.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were a still greater prodigy. We are not acquainted with their disposition or contents; but as they are supposed to have been formed on terrasses and the walls of the palace, whither soil was conveyed on purpose, we are very certain of what they were not; I mean they must have been trifling, of no extent, and a wanton instance of expence and labour. In other words, they were what sumptuous gardens have been in all ages till the present, unnatural, enriched by art, possibly with fountains, statues, balustrades, and summer-houses, and were any thing but verdant and rural.

From the days of Homer to those of Pliny, we have no traces to lead our guess to what were the gardens of the intervening ages. When Roman authors, whose climate instilled a wish for cool retreats, speak of their enjoyments in that kind, they sigh for grottos, caves, and the refreshing hollows of mountains, near irriguous and shady founts; or boast of their porticos, walks of planes, canals, baths, and breezes from the sea. Their gardens are never mentioned as affording shade and shelter from the rage of the dog-star. Pliny has left us descriptions of two of his villas. As he used his Laurentine villa for

his winter retreat, it is not surprising that the garden makes no considerable part of the account. All he says of it is, that the gestatio or place of exercise, which surrounded the garden (the latter consequently not being very large), was bounded by a hedge of box, and, where that was perished, with rosemary; that there was a walk of vines, and that most of the trees were fig and mulberry, the soil not being proper for any other sorts.

On his Tuscan villa he is more diffuse, the garden makes a considerable part of the description—and what was the principal beauty of that pleasure-ground? Exactly what was the admiration of this country about threescore years ago; box-trees cut into monsters, animals, letters, and the names of the master and the artificer. In an age when architecture displayed all its grandeur, all its purity, and all its taste; when arose Vespasian's amphitheatre, the temple of Peace, Trajan's forum, Domitian's baths, and Adrian's villa, the ruins and vestiges of which still excite our astonishment and curiosity; a Roman consul, a polished emperor's friend, and a man of elegant literature and taste, delighted in what the mob now scarce admire in a college-garden. All the ingredients of Pliny's corresponded exactly with those laid out by London and Wise on Dutch principles. He talks of slopes, terrasses, a wilderness, shrubs methodically trimmed, a marble basin*, pipes spouting water, a cascade falling into the basin, bay-trees alternately planted with planes, and a straight walk, from whence issued others parted off by hedges of box, and apple-trees, with obelisks placed between every two. There wanted nothing but the embroidery of a parterre, to make a garden in the reign of Trajan serve for a description of one in that of king William†. In one passage above, Pliny seems to have conceived that natural irregularity might

* The English gardens described by Hentzner in the reign of Elizabeth are exact copies of those of Pliny. In that at Whitehall was a sundial and a jet-d'eau, which on turning a cock spouted out water and sprinkled the spectators. In lord Burleigh's at Theobald's were obelisks, pyramids, and circular porticos, with cisterns of lead for bathing. At Hampton-court the garden walls were covered with rosemary; a custom, he says, very common in England. At Theobald's was a labyrinth also; an ingenuity I shall mention presently to have been frequent in that age.

† Dr. Plot, in his Natural history of Oxfordshire, p. 380, seems to have been a great admirer of trees carved into the most heterogeneous forms, which he calls *topiary works*, and quotes one Laurembergius for saying that the English are as expert as most nations in that kind of sculpture; for which Hampton-court was particularly remarkable. The doctor then names other gardens that flourished with animals and castles, formed *arte topiaria*, and above all a wren's nest that was capacious enough to receive a man to sit on a seat made within it for that purpose.

be a beauty: In opere urbanissimo, says he, subita velut illati ruris imitatio. Something like a rural view was contrived amidst so much polished composition. But the idea soon vanished, lineal walks immediately enveloped the flight scene, and names and inscriptions in box again succeeded to compensate for the daring introduction of nature*.

In the paintings found at Herculaneum are a few traces of gardens, as may be seen in the second volume of the prints. They are small square enclosures formed by trellis-work, and espaliers †, and regularly ornamented with vases, fountains and careatides, elegantly symmetrical, and proper for the narrow spaces allotted to the garden of a house in a capital city. From such I would not banish those playful waters that refresh a sultry mansion in town, nor the neat trellis, which preserves its wooden verdure better than natural greens exposed to dust. Those treillages in the gardens at Paris, particularly on the Boulevard, have a gay and delightful effect. They form light corridors, and transpicuous arbours through which the sun-beams play and chequer the shade, set off the statues, vases and flowers, that marry with their gaudy hotels, and

* But though Pliny only caught an ideal glimpse of a possibility that nature might be no bad decoration; yet there had been a prince, who amidst all his wildness of extravagant expence (one of his slightest faults) had discovered real taste; and had also discovered two men of real genius who were capable of executing his most daring ideas: and his ideas had anticipated the principles of modern gardening, and bespoken as accompaniment to the most costly of all palaces ground laid out with all the freedom of nature. How will my readers be surprised to hear that Nero himself was the prince in question! The fact is indubitable, is recorded by a most admired classic, and yet has never been noticed, till a gentleman † who reads and writes with the penetrating observation of Tacitus, furnished me with the following quotation from book xv. of the Annals of that masterly author.

Taciti Annal. lib. xv. near the middle. Ceterum Nero usus est patriæ ruinis, extruxitque

domum, in qua haud perinde gemmæ et aurum miraculo essent, solita pridem et luxu vulgata; quam arva, et stagna, et, in modum solitudinum, hinc silvæ, inde aperta spatia, et prospectus. Magistris et machinatoribus Severo et Celere, quibus ingenium et audacia erat etiam quæ natura denegavisset per artem tentare.

“ Besides, Nero availed himself of the ruins of his country, and built a house in which gems and gold, formerly of usual and common luxury, were not so much to be admired as fields and lakes; and, as in deserts, here woods, there open spaces and prospects. The masters and designers being Severus and Celer; men possessed of genius and courage to attempt by art even what nature had denied.”

† At Warwick-castle is an ancient suit of arras, in which there is a garden exactly resembling these pictures of Herculaneum.

† Mr. Pinkerton.

X x x 2

suit

suit the gallant and idle society who paint the walks between their parterres, and realize the fantastic scenes of Watteau and D'Urfey.

From what I have said, it appears how naturally and insensibly the idea of a kitchen-garden slid into that which has for so many ages been peculiarly termed a garden, and by our ancestors in this country distinguished by the name of a pleasure-garden. A square piece of ground was originally parted off in early ages for the use of the family : to exclude cattle, and ascertain the property, it was separated from the fields by a hedge. As pride and desire of privacy increased, the enclosure was dignified by walls ; and in climes where fruits were not lavished by the ripening glow of nature and soil, fruit-trees were assisted and sheltered from surrounding winds by the like expedient ; for the inundation of luxuries which have swelled into general necessities, have almost all taken their source from the simple fountain of reason.

When the custom of making square gardens enclosed with walls was thus established, to the exclusion of nature and prospect*, pomp and solitude combined to call for something that might enrich and enliven the insipid and unanimated partition. Fountains, first invented for use, which grandeur loves to disguise and throw out of the question, received embellishments from costly marbles, and at last, to contradict utility, tossed their waste of waters into air in spouting columns. Art, in the hands of rude man, had at first been made a succedaneum to nature ; in the hands of ostentatious wealth, it became the means of opposing nature ; and the more it traversed the march of the latter, the more nobility thought its power was demonstrated. Canals measured by the line were introduced in lieu of meandering streams, and terrasses were hoisted aloft in opposition to the facile slopes that imperceptibly unite the valley to the hill. Balustrades defended these precipitate and dangerous elevations, and flights of steps rejoined them to the subjacent flat from which the terrasse had been dug. Vases and sculpture were added to these unnecessary balconies, and statues finished the lifeless spot with mimic representations of the excluded sons of men. Thus difficulty and expence were the constituent parts of those sumptuous and selfish solitudes ; and every improvement that was made, was but a step farther from nature. The tricks of water-works to wet the unwary,

* It was not uncommon, after the circumad- to recover it by raising large mounts of earth to
jacent country had been shut out, to endeavour peep over the walls of the garden.

not to refresh the panting spectator, and parterres embroidered in patterns like a petticoat, were but the childish endeavours of fashion and novelty to reconcile greatness to what it had surfeited on. To crown these impotent displays of false taste, the sheers were applied to the lovely wildness of form with which nature has distinguished each various species of tree and shrub. The venerable oak, the romantic beech, the useful elm, even the aspiring circuit of the lime, the regular round of the chesnut, and the almost moulded orange-tree, were corrected by such fantastic admirers of symmetry. The compass and square were of more use in plantations than the nurseryman. The measured walk, the quincunx, and the etoile imposed their unsatisfying sameness on every royal and noble garden. Trees were headed, and their sides pared away; many French groves seem green chests set upon poles. Seats of marble, arbours and summer-houses, terminated every vista; and symmetry, even where the space was too large to permit its being remarked at one view, was so essential, that, as Pope observed,

——— each alley has a brother,
And half the garden just reflects the other.

Knots of flowers were more defensibly subjected to the same regularity. Leisure, as Milton expressed it,

In trim gardens took his pleasure.

In the garden of marshal de Biron at Paris, consisting of fourteen acres, every walk is buttoned on each side by lines of flower-pots, which succeed in their seasons. When I saw it, there were nine thousand pots of asters, or la reine Marguerite.

We do not precisely know what our ancestors meant by a bower: it was probably an arbour; sometimes it meant the whole frittered enclosure, and in one instance it certainly included a labyrinth. Rosamond's bower was indisputably of that kind, though whether composed of walks or hedges we cannot determine*. A square and a round labyrinth were so capital ingredients of a

* Drayton, in a note to his Epistle of Rosamond, says, her labyrinth was built of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone—but, as Mr. Gough observes, he gives no authority for that assertion. Vide Pref. to 2d edit. of British Topography, p. xxx. Such vaults might remain to Drayton's time, but did not prove that there had been no superstructure.

garden

garden formerly, that in Du Cerceau's architecture, who lived in the time of Charles IX. and Henry III. there is scarce a ground-plot without one of each. The enchantment of antique appellations has consecrated a pleasing idea of a royal residence, of which we now regret the extinction. Havering in the Bower, the jointure of many dowager queens, conveys to us the notion of a romantic scene.

In Kip's views of the seats of our nobility and gentry, we see the same tiresome and returning uniformity. Every house is approached by two or three gardens, consisting perhaps of a gravel-walk and two grass-plats, or borders of flowers. Each rises above the other by two or three steps, and as many walls and terrasses; and so many iron gates, that we recollect those ancient romances, in which every entrance was guarded by nymphs or dragons. At lady Orford's at Piddletown in Dorsetshire, there was, when my brother married, a double enclosure of thirteen gardens, each I suppose not much above an hundred yards square, with an enfilade of correspondent gates; and before you arrived at these, you passed a narrow gut between two stone terrasses, that rose above your head, and which were crowned by a line of pyramidal yews. A bowling-green was all the lawn admitted in those times, a circular lake the extent of magnificence.

This, like other silly fashions, which, begun without meaning, are frequently continued with as little, lasted down to the reign of king William, and fell in with the mechanic taste of the Dutch. There was a maze in lord Arlington's garden, on the site where is now the queen's house in St. James's park, thus celebrated in Latin verse by Charles Dryden in a volume of his father's Miscellanies. Vide Horti Arlingtoniani, vol. i. part ii. p. 273. 276.

Nec te præteream, tenebris quæ dives opacis
Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris!
Hic magnus labor ille et inextricabilis error,
Per quem mille viis errantem Thesea duxit
Ah nimis infelix per fila sequentia virgo!
Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes,
Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina Vesper
Deficiente die accendit; sed longius ipsam
Hic secum placidè cupiunt consumere noctem,
Dum

Dum super arboreos modulans luseinia ramos
Dulce melos iterat, tenerosque invitat amores.

In the royal garden at Hampton-court, planted in William's reign, there still exists, to the delight of school-boys and to the admiration of country visitors, a specimen of those insipid ingenuities.

Yet though these and such preposterous inconveniencies prevailed from age to age, good sense in this country had perceived the want of something at once more grand and more natural. These reflections, and the bounds set to the waste made by royal spoilers, gave origin to parks. They were contracted forests, and extended gardens. Hentzner says, that according to Rous of Warwick the first park was that at Woodstock. If so, it might be the foundation of a legend that Henry II. secured his mistress in a labyrinth: it was no doubt more difficult to find her in a park than in a palace, when the intricacy of the woods and various lodges buried in covert might conceal her actual habitation.

It is more extraordinary, that having so long ago stumbled on the principle of modern gardening, we should have persisted in retaining its reverse, symmetrical and unnatural gardens. That parks were rare in other countries, Hentzner, who travelled over great part of Europe, leads us to suppose, by observing that they were common in England. In France they retain the name, but nothing is more different both in compass and disposition. Their parks are usually square or oblong enclosures, regularly planted with walks of chesnuts or limes, and generally every large town has one for its public recreation. They are exactly like Burton's court at Chelsea college, and rarely larger.

One man, one great man we had, on whom nor education nor custom could impose their prejudices; who, *on evil days though fallen, and with darkness and solitude compassed round*, judged that the mistaken and fantastic ornaments he had seen in gardens, were unworthy of the almighty hand that planted the delights of Paradise. He seems with the prophetic eye of taste [as I have heard taste well* defined] to have conceived, to have foreseen modern gardening; as lord Bacon announced the discoveries since made by

* By the great lord Chatham, who had a good taste himself in modern gardening, as he showed by his own villas in Enfield Chace and at Hayes.

experi-

experimental philosophy. The description of Eden is a warmer and more just picture of the present style than Claud Lorrain could have painted from Hagley or Stourhead. The first lines I shall quote exhibit Stourhead on a more magnificent scale.

Thro' Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but thro' the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulph'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mound, high rais'd
Upon the rapid current——

Hagley seems pictured in what follows,

which thro' veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden——

What colouring, what freedom of pencil, what landscape in these lines,

——from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not *nice art*
In beds and curious knots, but *nature* boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The *open field*, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs.—*Thus was this place*
A happy rural seat of various view.

Read this transporting description, paint to your mind the scenes that follow, contrast them with the savage but respectable terror with which the poet guards the bounds of his Paradise, fenced

——with the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,

Access

Access denied; and over head upgrew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend,
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view——

and then recollect that the author of this sublime vision had never seen a glimpse of any thing like what he has imagined; that his favourite ancients had dropped not a hint of such divine scenery; and that the conceits in Italian gardens, and Theobald's and Nonfuch, were the brightest originals that his memory could furnish. His intellectual eye saw a nobler plan, so little did he suffer by the loss of sight. It sufficed him to have seen the materials with which he could work. The vigour of a boundless imagination told him how a plan might be disposed, that would embellish nature, and restore art to its proper office, the just improvement or imitation of it*.

It is necessary that the concurrent testimony of the age should swear to posterity that the description above quoted was written above half a century before the introduction of modern gardening, or our incredulous descendants will defraud the poet of half his glory, by being persuaded that he copied some garden or gardens he had seen—so minutely do his ideas correspond with the present standard. But what shall we say for that intervening half century who could read that plan and never attempt to put it in execution?

Now let us turn to an admired writer, posterior to Milton, and see how cold, how insipid, how tasteless is his account of what he pronounced a perfect garden. I speak not of his style, which it was not necessary for him to animate with the colouring and glow of poetry. It is his want of ideas, of imagination, of taste, that I censure, when he dictated on a subject that is capable of all the graces that a knowledge of beautiful nature can bestow. Sir William Temple was an excellent man; Milton, a genius of the first order.

* Since the above was written, I have found Milton praised and Sir William Temple censured, on the same foundations, in a poem called *The rise and progress of the present taste in planting*, printed in 1767.

VOL. II.

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We

We cannot wonder that sir William declares in favour of parterres, fountains and statues, as necessary to break the sameness of large grass-plats, which he thinks have an ill effect upon the eye, when he acknowledges that he discovers fancy in the gardens of Alcinous. Milton studied the ancients with equal enthusiasm, but no bigotry, and had judgment to distinguish between the want of invention and the beauties of poetry. Compare his Paradise with Homer's garden, both ascribed to a celestial design. For sir William, it is just to observe, that his ideas centred in a fruit-garden. He had the honour of giving to his country many delicate fruits, and he thought of little else than disposing them to the best advantage. Here is the passage I proposed to quote; it is long, but I need not make an apology to the reader for entertaining him with any other words instead of my own.

"The best figure of a garden is either a square or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a descent: they have all their beauties, but the best I esteem an oblong upon a descent. The beauty, the air, the view makes amends for the expence, which is very great in finishing and supporting the terrass-walks, in levelling the parterres, and in the stone-stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

"The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor-park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by doctor Donne; and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost; but greater sums may be thrown away without effect or honour, if there want sense in proportion to money, or if *nature be not followed*, which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in every thing else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments." [We shall see how *natural* that admired garden was.]

"Because I take * the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the most beautiful and perfect, at least in the figure and disposition, that I have ever seen, I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expence. It lies on the side of a hill, upon which the house stands, but not very steep. The length of the

* This garden seems to have been made after essay; to which, that I may not multiply quotations, I will refer the reader.

house,

house, where the best rooms and of most use or pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden; the great parlour opens into the middle of a terrass gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may lie, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border set with standard laurels and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange-trees out of flower and fruit. From this walk are three descents by many stone steps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel-walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters. At the end of the terrass-walk are two summer-houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters open to the garden, upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer-houses even with the cloisters, which are paved with stone, and designed for walks of shade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over these two cloisters are two terrasses covered with lead and fenced with balusters; and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer-houses at the end of the first terrass-walk. The cloister facing the south is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-house, and the other for myrtles or other more common greens, and had, I doubt not, been cast for that purpose, if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now.

“From the middle of this parterre is a descent by many steps flying on each side of a grotto that lies between them, covered with lead and flat, into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness which is very shady; the walks here are all green, the grotto embellished with figures of shell rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is supplied by a garden on the other side the house, which is all of that sort, very wild, shady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

“This was Moor-park, when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place, I think, that I have seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad.”

I will make no farther remarks on this description. Any man might de-

sign and *build* as sweet a garden, who had been born in and never stirred out of Holbourn. It was not peculiar to sir William Temple to think in that manner. How many Frenchmen are there who have seen *our* gardens, and still prefer *natural* flights of steps and shady cloisters covered with lead! Le Nôtre, the architect of the groves and grottos at Versailles, came hither on a mission to improve our taste. He planted St. James's and Greenwich parks—no great monuments of his invention.

To do farther justice to sir William Temple, I must not omit what he adds: "What I have said of the best forms of gardens, is meant only of such as are in some sort regular; for there may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for aught I know, have more beauty than any of the others: but they must owe it to some extraordinary dispositions of nature in the seat, *on some great race of fancy or judgment in the contrivance*, which may reduce many disagreeing parts *into some figure*, which shall yet, upon the whole, be very agreeable. Something of this I have seen in some places, but heard more of it from others, who have lived much among the Chinese, a people whose way of thinking seems to lie as wide of ours in Europe, as their country does. Their greatest reach of imagination is employed in contriving figures, where the beauty shall be great and strike the eye, but without any order or disposition of parts that shall be commonly or easily observed. And though we have hardly any notion of this sort of beauty, yet they have a particular word to express it; and where they find it hit their eye at first sight, they say the *sharawadgi* is fine or is admirable, or any such expression of esteem—but I should hardly advise any of these attempts in the figure of gardens among us; they are adventures of too hard achievement for any common hands: and though there may be more honour if they succeed well, yet there is more dishonour if they fail, and it is twenty to one they will; whereas in regular figures it is hard to make any great and remarkable faults."

Fortunately Kent and a few others were not quite so timid, or we might still be going up and down stairs in the open air.

It is true, we have heard much lately, as sir William Temple did, of irregularity and imitations of nature in the gardens or grounds of the Chinese. The former is certainly true; they are as whimsically irregular as European gardens are formally uniform and unvaried—but with regard to nature, it

seems as much avoided as in the squares and oblongs and straight lines of our ancestors. An artificial perpendicular rock starting out of a flat plain, and connected with nothing, often pierced through in various places with oval hollows, has no more pretension to be deemed natural than a lineal terrace or a parterre. The late Mr. Joseph Spence, who had both taste and zeal for the present style, was so persuaded of the Chinese emperor's pleasure-ground being laid out on principles resembling ours, that he translated and published, under the name of Sir Harry Beaumont, a particular account of that enclosure from the collection of the letters of the Jesuits. I have looked it over, and, except a determined irregularity, can find nothing in it that gives me any idea of attention being paid to nature. It is of vast circumference, and contains 200 palaces, besides as many contiguous for the eunuchs, all gilt, painted and varnished. There are raised hills from 20 to 60 feet high, streams and lakes, and one of the latter five miles round. These waters are passed by bridges, but even their bridges must not be straight—they serpentine as much as the rivulets, and are sometimes so long as to be furnished with resting-places, and begin and end with triumphal arches. Methinks a straight canal is as rational at least as a meandering bridge. The colonnades undulate in the same manner. In short, this pretty gaudy scene is the work of caprice and whim, and, when we reflect on their buildings, presents no image but that of unsubstantial tawdriness. Nor is this all. Within this fantastic paradise is a square town, each side a mile long. Here the eunuchs of the court, to entertain his imperial majesty with the bustle and business of the capital in which he resides, but which it is not of his dignity ever to see, act merchants and all sorts of trades, and even designedly exercise for his royal amusement every art of knavery that is practised under his auspicious government. Methinks this is the childish solace and repose of grandeur, not a retirement from affairs to the delights of rural life. Here too his majesty plays at agriculture; there is a quarter set apart for that purpose; the eunuchs sow, reap, and carry in their harvest in the imperial presence; and his majesty returns to Peking persuaded that he has been in the country*.

Haying

* The French have of late years adopted our style in gardens; but choosing to be fundamentally obliged to more remote rivals, they deny us half the merit, or rather the originality of the invention, by ascribing the discovery to the Chi-

nese, and by calling our taste in gardening *le goût Anglo-Chinois*. I think I have shown that this is a blunder, and that the Chinese have passed to one extremity of absurdity, as the French and all antiquity had advanced to the other, both being

Having thus cleared my way by ascertaining what have been the ideas on gardening in all ages, as far as we have materials to judge by, it remains to show to what degree Mr. Kent invented the new style, and what hints he had received to suggest and conduct his undertaking.

We have seen what Moor-park was, when pronounced a standard. But as no succeeding generation in an opulent and luxurious country contents itself with the perfection established by its ancestors, more perfect perfection was still sought; and improvements had gone on, till London and Wife had stocked our gardens with giants, animals, monsters*, coats of arms and mottos, in yew, box and holly. Absurdity could go no farther, and the tide turned. Bridgman,

ing equally remote from nature: regular formality is the opposite point to fantastic sharawadgis. The French, indeed, during the fashionable paroxysm of philosophy, have surpassed us, at least in meditation on the art. I have perused a grave treatise of recent date, in which the author, extending his views beyond mere luxury and amusement, has endeavoured to inspire his countrymen, even in the gratification of their expensive pleasures, with benevolent projects. He proposes to them to combine gardening with charity, and to make every step of their walks an act of generosity and a lesson of morality. Instead of adorning favourite points with a heathen temple, a Chinese pagoda, a Gothic tower, or fictitious bridge, he proposes to them, at the first resting-place to erect a school; a little farther to found an academy; at a third distance, a manufacture; and at the termination of the park to endow an hospital. Thus, says he, the proprietor would be led to meditate, as he saunters, on the different stages of human life; and both his expence and thoughts would march in a progression of patriotic acts and reflections. When he was laying out so magnificent, charitable, and philosophic an Utopian villa, it would have cost no more to have added a foundling-hospital, a senate-house, and a burying-ground.—If I smile at such visions, still one must be glad that in the whirl of fashions beneficence should have its turn in vogue; and though the French treat the virtues like every

thing else, but as an object of mode, it is to be hoped that they too will, every now and then, come into fashion again. The author I have been mentioning reminds me of a French gentleman, who some years ago made me a visit at Strawberry-hill. He was so complaisant as to commend the place, and to approve our taste in gardens—but in the same style of thinking with the above-cited author, he said, “I do not like your imaginary temples and fictitious terminations of views: I would have real points of view with moving objects: for instance, here I would have—(I forget what)—and there a watering-place.” “That is not so easy,” I replied; “one cannot oblige others to assemble at such or such a spot for one’s amusement:—however, I am glad you would like a watering-place, for *there* happens to be one; in that creek of the Thames the inhabitants of the village do actually water their horses: but I doubt whether, if it were not *convenient* to them to do so, they would frequent the spot only to enliven my prospect.”—Such Gallo-Chinois gardens, I apprehend, will rarely be executed.

* On the piers of a garden-gate not far from Paris I observed two very coquet sphinxes. These lady monsters had straw hats gracefully smart on one side of their heads, and filken cloaks half veiling their necks; all executed in stone.

the next fashionable designer of gardens, was far more chaste; and, whether from good sense, or that the nation had been struck and reformed by the admirable paper in the Guardian, N^o 173, he banished verdant sculpture, and did not even revert to the square precision of the foregoing age. He enlarged his plans, disdained to make every division tally to its opposite; and though he still adhered much to straight walks with high clipped hedges, they were only his great lines; the rest he diversified by wilderness, and with loose groves of oak, though still within surrounding hedges. I have observed in the garden* at Gubbins in Hertfordshire many detached thoughts that strongly indicate the dawn of modern taste. As his reformation gained footing, he ventured farther, and in the royal garden at Richmond dared to introduce cultivated fields, and even morsels of a forest appearance, by the sides of those endless and tiresome walks, that stretched out of one into another without intermission. But this was not till other innovators had broken loose too from rigid symmetry.

But the capital stroke, the leading step to all that has followed, was (I believe the first thought was Bridgman's) the destruction of walls for boundaries, and the invention of fossés—an attempt then deemed so astonishing, that the common people called them Ha! Ha's! to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk.

One of the first gardens planted in this simple though still formal style, was my father's at Houghton. It was laid out by Mr. Eyre, an imitator of Bridgman. It contains three-and-twenty acres, then reckoned a considerable portion.

I call a sunk fence the leading step, for these reasons: No sooner was this simple enchantment made, than levelling, mowing and rolling, followed. The contiguous ground of the park without the sunk fence was to be harmonised with the lawn within; and the garden in its turn was to be set free from its prim regularity, that it might assort with the wilder country without. The sunk fence ascertained the specific garden; but that it might not draw too ob-

* The seat of the late sir Jeremy Sambroke. the execution of sir Thomas, though not her son, and though her jointure from a former husband. It had formerly belonged to lady More, mother-in-law of sir Thomas More, and had been tyrannically wrenched from her by Henry VIII. on

vious a line of distinction between the neat and the rude, the contiguous out-lying parts came to be included in a kind of general design: and when nature was taken into the plan, under improvements, every step that was made, pointed out new beauties and inspired new ideas. At that moment appeared Kent, painter enough to taste the charms of landscape, bold and opinionative enough to dare and to dictate, and born with a genius to strike out a great system from the twilight of imperfect essays. He leaped the fence, and saw that all nature was a garden. He felt the delicious contrast of hill and valley changing imperceptibly into each other, tasted the beauty of the gentle swell, or concave scoop, and remarked how loose groves crowned an easy eminence with happy ornament, and, while they called in the distant view between their graceful stems, removed and extended the perspective by delusive comparison.

Thus the pencil of his imagination bestowed all the arts of landscape on the scenes he handled. The great principles on which he worked were perspective, and light and shade. Groupes of trees broke too uniform or too extensive a lawn; evergreens and woods were opposed to the glare of the champain; and where the view was less fortunate, or so much exposed as to be beheld at once, he blotted out some parts by thick shades, to divide it into variety, or to make the richest scene more enchanting by reserving it to a farther advance of the spectator's step. Thus selecting favourite objects, and veiling deformities by screens of plantation, sometimes allowing the rudest waste to add its foil to the richest theatre, he realised the compositions of the greatest masters in painting. Where objects were wanting to animate his horizon, his taste as an architect could bestow immediate termination. His buildings, his seats, his temples, were more the works of his pencil than of his compasses. We owe the restoration of Greece and the diffusion of architecture to his skill in landscape.

But of all the beauties he added to the face of this beautiful country, none surpassed his management of water. Adieu to canals, circular basins, and cascades tumbling down marble steps, that last absurd magnificence of Italian and French villas. The forced elevation of cataracts was no more. The gentle stream was taught to serpentine seemingly at its pleasure; and where discontinued by different levels, its course appeared to be concealed by thickets properly interspersed, and glittered again at a distance where it might be supposed naturally to arrive. Its borders were smoothed, but preserved their waving irregularity.

Irregularity. A few trees scattered here and there on its edges sprinkled the tame bank that accompanied its meanders; and when it disappeared among the hills, shades descending from the heights leaned towards its progress, and framed the distant point of light under which it was lost, as it turned aside to either hand of the blue horizon.

Thus dealing in none but the colours of nature, and catching its most favourable features, men saw a new creation opening before their eyes. The living landscape was chastened or polished, not transformed. Freedom was given to the forms of trees; they extended their branches unrestricted; and where any eminent oak, or master beech, had escaped maiming, and survived the forest, bush and bramble were removed, and all its honours were restored to distinguish and shade the plain. Where the united plumage of an ancient wood extended wide its undulating canopy, and stood venerable in its darkness, Kent thinned the foremost ranks, and left but so many detached and scattered trees, as softened the approach of gloom, and blended a chequered light with the thus lengthened shadows of the remaining columns.

Succeeding artists have added new master-strokes to these touches; perhaps improved or brought to perfection some that I have named. The introduction of foreign trees and plants, which we owe principally to Archibald duke of Argyle, contributed essentially to the richness of colouring so peculiar to our modern landscape. The mixture of various greens, the contrast of forms between our forest-trees and the northern and West-Indian firs and pines, are improvements more recent than Kent, or but little known to him. The weeping-willow and every florid shrub, each tree of delicate or bold leaf, are new tints in the composition of our gardens. The last century was certainly acquainted with many of those rare plants we now admire. The Weymouth pine has long been naturalised here; the patriarch plant still exists at Long-leat. The light and graceful acacia was known as early; witness those ancient stems in the court of Bedford-house in Bloomsbury-square; and in the bishop of London's garden at Fulham are many exotics of very ancient date. I doubt therefore whether the difficulty of preserving them in a clime so foreign to their nature did not convince our ancestors of their inutility in general; unless the shapeliness of the lime and horse-chestnut, which accorded so well with established regularity, and which thence and from their novelty grew in fashion, did not occasion the neglect of the more curious plants.

But just as the encomiums are that I have bestowed on Kent's discoveries, he was neither without assistance nor faults. Mr. Pope undoubtedly contributed to form his taste. The design of the prince of Wales's garden at Carlton-house was evidently borrowed from the poet's at Twickenham. There was a little of affected modesty in the latter, when he said, of all his works he was most proud of his garden. And yet it was a singular effort of art and taste to impress so much variety and scenery on a spot of five acres. The passing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day, the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the termination at the cypresses that lead up to his mother's tomb, are managed with exquisite judgment: and though lord Peterborough assisted him

To form his quincunx and to rank his vines,
those were not the most pleasing ingredients of his little perspective.

I do not know whether the disposition of the garden at Rousham, laid out for general Dormer, and in my opinion the most engaging of all Kent's works, was not planned on the model of Mr. Pope's, at least in the opening and retiring shades of Venus's vale. The whole is as elegant and antique as if the emperor Julian had selected the most pleasing solitude about Daphne to enjoy a philosophic retirement.

That Kent's ideas were but rarely great, was in some measure owing to the novelty of his art. It would have been difficult to have transported the style of gardening at once from a few acres to tumbling of forests: and though new fashions like new religions (which are new fashions) often lead men to the most opposite excesses, it could not be the case in gardening, where the experiments would have been so expensive. Yet it is true too that the features in Kent's landscapes were seldom majestic. His clumps were puny; he aimed at immediate effect, and planted not for futurity. One sees no large woods sketched out by his direction. Nor are we yet entirely risen above a too great frequency of small clumps, especially in the elbows of serpentine rivers. How common to see three or four beeches, then as many larches, a third knot of cypresses, and a revolution of all three! Kent's last designs were in a higher style, as his ideas opened on success. The north terrace at Claremont was much superior to the rest of the garden.

A return

A return of some particular thoughts was common to him with other painters, and made his *band* known. A small lake edged by a winding bank with scattered trees that led to a seat at the head of the pond, was common to Claremont, Esher, and others of his designs. At Esher,

Where Kent and nature vied for Pelham's love,

the prospects more than aided the painter's genius—they marked out the points where his art was necessary or not; but thence left his judgment in possession of all its glory.

Having routed *professed* art, for the modern gardener exerts his talents to conceal his art, Kent, like other reformers, knew not how to stop at the just limits. He had followed nature, and imitated her so happily, that he began to think all her works were equally proper for imitation. In Kensington-garden he planted dead trees, to give a greater air of truth to the scene—but he was soon laughed out of this excess. His ruling principle was, that *nature abhors a straight line*—His mimics, for every genius has his apes, seemed to think that she could love nothing but what was crooked. Yet so many men of taste of all ranks devoted themselves to the new improvements, that it is surprising how much beauty has been struck out, with how few absurdities. Still in some lights the reformation seems to me to have been pushed too far. Though an avenue crossing a park or separating a lawn, and intercepting views from the seat to which it leads, are capital faults; yet a great avenue* cut through woods, perhaps before entering a park, has a noble air, and,

Like footmen running before coaches
To tell the inn what lord approaches,

announces the habitation of some man of distinction. In other places, the total banishment of all particular neatness immediately about a house, which is frequently left gazing by itself in the middle of a park, is a defect.

* Of this kind one of the most noble is that of Stanstead, the seat of the earl of Halifax, traversing an ancient wood for two miles and bounded by the sea. The very extensive lawns at that seat, richly enclosed by venerable beech woods, and chequered by single beeches of vast size, particularly when you stand in the portico of the temple and survey the landscape that wastes itself in rivers of broken sea, recall such exact pictures of Claud Lorrain, that it is difficult to conceive that he did not paint them from this very spot.

Z z z z

Sheltered

Sheltered and even close walks, in so very uncertain a climate as ours, are comforts ill exchanged for the few picturesque days that we enjoy: and whenever a family can purloin a warm and even something of an old-fashioned garden from the landscape designed for them by the undertaker in fashion, without interfering with the picture, they will find satisfactions on those days that do not invite strangers to come and see their improvements.

Fountains have with great reason been banished from gardens as unnatural; but it surprises me that they have not been allotted to their proper positions, to cities, towns, and the courts of great houses, as proper accompaniments to architecture, and as works of grandeur in themselves. Their decorations admit the utmost invention; and when the waters are thrown up to different stages, and tumble over their border, nothing has a more imposing or a more refreshing sound. A palace demands its external graces and attributes, as much as a garden. Fountains and cypresses peculiarly become buildings; and no man can have been at Rome, and seen the vast basins of marble dashed with perpetual cascades in the area of St. Peter's, without retaining an idea of taste and splendour. Those in the piazza Navona are as useful as sublimely conceived.

Grottos in this climate are recesses only to be looked at transiently. When they are regularly composed within of symmetry and architecture, as in Italy, they are only splendid improprieties. The most judiciously, indeed most fortunately placed grotto is that at Stourhead, where the river bursts from the urn of its god, and passes on its course through the cave.

But it is not my business to lay down rules for gardens, but to give the history of them. A system of rules pushed to a great degree of refinement, and collected from the best examples and practice, has been lately given in a book entitled *Observations on modern Gardening*. The work is very ingeniously and carefully executed, and in point of utility rather exceeds than omits any necessary directions. The author will excuse me if I think it a little excess, when he examines that rude and unappropriated scene of Matlock-bath, and criticises nature for having bestowed on the rapid river Derwent too many cascades. How can this censure be brought home to gardening? The management of rocks is a province can fall to few directors of gardens; still in our distant provinces such a guide may be necessary.

The

The author divides his subject into gardens, parks, farms, and ridings. I do not mean to find fault with this division. Directions are requisite to each kind, and each has its department at many of the great scenes from whence he drew his observations. In the historic light, I distinguish them into the garden that connects itself with a park, into the ornamented farm, and into the forest or savage garden. Kent, as I have shown, invented or established the first sort. Mr. Philip Southcote founded the second, or *ferme ornée* *, of which is a very just description in the author I have been quoting. The third I think he has not enough distinguished. I mean that kind of alpine scene, composed almost wholly of pines and firs, a few birch, and such trees as assimilate with a savage and mountainous country. Mr. Charles Hamilton, at Pain's-hill, in my opinion has given a perfect example of this mode in the utmost boundary of his garden. All is great and foreign and rude; the walks seem not designed, but cut through the wood of pines; and the style of the whole is so grand, and conducted with so serious an air of wild and uncultivated extent, that, when you look down on this seeming forest, you are amazed to find it contain a very few acres. In general, except as a screen to conceal some deformity, or as a shelter in winter, I am not fond of total plantations of ever-greens. Firs in particular form a very ungraceful summit, all broken into angles.

Sir Henry Englefield was one of the first improvers on the new style, and selected with singular taste that chief beauty of all gardens, prospect and fortunate points of view: we tire of all the painter's art when it wants these finishing touches. The fairest scenes, that depend on themselves alone, weary when often seen. The Doric portico, the Palladian bridge, the Gothic ruin, the Chinese pagoda, that surprise the stranger, soon lose their charms to their surfeited master. The lake that floats the valley is still more lifeless, and its lord seldom enjoys his expence but when he shows it to a visitor. But the ornament whose merit soonest fades, is the hermitage, or scene adapted to contemplation. It is almost comic to set aside a quarter of one's garden to be melancholy in. Prospect, animated prospect, is the theatre that will always be the most frequented. Prospects formerly were sacrificed to convenience and warmth. Thus Burleigh stands behind a hill, from the top of which it would command Stamford. Our ancestors, who resided the greatest part of the year at their seats, as others did two years together or more, had an eye to

* At Woburn-farm in Surry.

comfort first, before expence. Their vast mansions received and harboured all the younger branches, the dowagers and ancient maiden aunts of the families; and other families visited them for a month together. The method of living is now totally changed; and yet the same superb palaces are still created, becoming a pompous solitude to the owner, and a transient entertainment to a few travellers.

If any incident abolishes or restrains the modern style of gardening, it will be this circumstance of solitariness. The greater the scene, the more distant it is probably from the capital; in the neighbourhood of which land is too dear to admit considerable extent of property. Men tire of expence that is obvious to few spectators. Still there is a more imminent danger that threatens the present, as it has ever done all taste. I mean the pursuit of variety. A modern French writer has in a very affected phrase given a just account of this, I will call it, distemper. He says, *l'ennui du beau amene le goût du singulier*. The noble simplicity of the Augustan age was driven out by false taste. The gigantic, the puerile, the quaint, and at last the barbarous and the monkish, had each their successive admirers. Music has been improved, till it is a science of tricks and flight of hand. The sober greatness of Titian is lost, and painting since Carlo Maratti has little more relief than Indian paper. Borromini twisted and curled architecture*, as if it was subject to the change of fashions like a head of hair. If we once lose sight of the propriety of landscape in our gardens, we shall wander into all the fantastic sharawadgis of the Chinese. We have discovered the point of perfection. We have given the true model of gardening to the world; let other countries mimic or corrupt our taste; but let it reign here on its verdant throne, original by its elegant simplicity, and proud of no other art than that of softening nature's harshnesses and copying her graceful touch.

The ingenious author of the Observations on modern Gardening is, I think, too rigid when he condemns some deceptions because they have been often used. If those deceptions, as a feigned steeple of a distant church, or an unreal bridge to disguise the termination of water, were intended only to surprise, they were indeed tricks that would not bear repetition; but, being intended to improve the landscape, are no more to be condemned because

* In particular, he inverted the volutes of the Ionic order.

common,

common, than they would be if employed by a painter in the composition of a picture. Ought one man's garden to be deprived of a happy object, because that object has been employed by another? The more we exact novelty, the sooner our taste will be vitiated. Situations are every where so various, that there never can be a sameness, while the disposition of the ground is studied and followed, and every incident of view turned to advantage.

In the mean time how rich, how gay, how picturesque the face of the country! The demolition of walls laying open each improvement, every journey is made through a succession of pictures; and even where taste is wanting in the spot improved, the general view is embellished by variety. If no relapse to barbarism, formality, and seclusion, is made, what landscapes will dignify every quarter of our island, when the daily plantations that are making have attained venerable maturity! A specimen of what our gardens will be, may be seen at Petworth, where the portion of the park nearest the house has been allotted to the modern style. It is a garden of oaks two hundred years old. If there is a fault in so august a fragment of improved nature, it is, that the size of the trees is out of all proportion to the shrubs and accompaniments. In truth, shrubs should not only be reserved for particular spots and home delight, but are past their beauty in less than twenty years.

Enough has been done to establish such a school of landscape as cannot be found on the rest of the globe. If we have the seeds of a Claud or a Gaspar amongst us, he must come forth. If wood, water, groves, valleys, glades, can inspire poet or painter, this is the country, or this is the age to produce them. The flocks, the herds, that now are admitted into, now graze on the borders of our cultivated plains, are ready before the painter's eyes, and groupe themselves to animate his picture. One misfortune in truth there is that throws a difficulty on the artist. A principal beauty in our gardens is the lawn and smoothness of turf: in a picture it becomes a dead and uniform spot, incapable of *chiaro scuro*, and to be broken insipidly by children, dogs, and other unmeaning figures.

Since we have been familiarized to the study of landscape, we hear less of what delighted our sportsmen-ancestors, *a fine open country*. Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and such ocean-like extents were formerly preferred to the rich blue prospects of Kent, to the Thames-watered views in Berkshire, and to the magnificent

magnificent scale of nature in Yorkshire. An open country is but a canvas on which a landscape might be designed.

It was fortunate for the country and Mr. Kent, that he was succeeded by a very able master; and did living artists come within my plan, I should be glad to do justice to Mr. Brown; but he may be a gainer, by being reserved for some abler pen.

In general it is probably true, that the possessor, if he has any taste, must be the best designer of his own improvements. He sees his situation in all seasons of the year, at all times of the day. He knows where beauty will not clash with convenience, and observes in his silent walks or accidental rides a thousand hints that must escape a person who in a few days sketches out a pretty picture, but has not had leisure to examine the details and relations of every part.

Truth, which, after the opposition given to most revolutions, preponderates at last, will probably not carry our style of garden into general use on the continent. The expence is only suited to the opulence of a free country, where emulation reigns among many independent particulars. The keeping of our grounds is an obstacle, as well as the cost of the first formation. A flat country, like Holland, is incapable of landscape. In France and Italy the nobility do not reside much, and make small expence, at their villas. I should think the little princes of Germany, who spare no profusion on their palaces and country-houses, most likely to be our imitators; especially as their country and climate bear in many parts resemblance to ours. In France, and still less in Italy, they could with difficulty attain that verdure which the humidity of our climate bestows as the groundwork of our improvements. As great an obstacle in France is the embargo laid on the growth of their trees. As after a certain age, when they would rise to bulk, they are liable to be marked by the crown's surveyors as royal timber; it is a curiosity to see an old tree. A landscape and a crown-surveyor are incompatible.

I have thus brought down to the conclusion of the last reign (the period I had marked to this work) the history of our arts and artists, from the earliest æra in which we can be said to have had either. Though there have been only gleams of light and flashes of genius, rather than progressive improvements, or flourishing

flourishing schools; the inequality and insufficiency of the execution have flowed more from my own defects than from those of the subject. The merits of the work, if it has any, are owing to the indefatigable industry of Mr. Vertue in amassing all possible materials. As my task is finished, it will, I hope, at least excite others to collect and preserve notices and anecdotes for some future continuator. The æra promises to furnish a nobler harvest. Our exhibitions, and the institution of a royal academy, inspire the artists with emulation, diffuse their reputation, and recommend them to employment. The public examines and reasons on their works, and spectators by degrees become judges. Nor are persons of the first rank mere patrons. Lord * Harcourt's etchings are superior in boldness and freedom of stroke to any thing we have seen from established artists. Gardening and architecture owe as much to the nobility and to men of fortune as to the professors. I need but name general Conway's rustic bridge at Park-place, of which every stone was placed by his own direction, in one of the most beautiful scenes in nature; and the theatric stair-case designed and just erected by Mr. Chute † at his seat of the Vine in Hampshire. If a model is sought of the most perfect taste in architecture, where grace softens dignity, and lightness attempers magnificence; where proportion removes every part from peculiar observation, and delicacy of execution recalls every part to notice; where the position is the most happy, and even the colour of the stone the most harmonious; the virtuoso should be directed to the new ‡ front of Wentworth-castle: the result of the same elegant judgment that had before distributed so many beauties over that domain, and called from wood, water, hills, prospects and buildings, a compendium of picturesque nature, improved by the chastity of art. Such an æra will demand a better historian. With pleasure therefore I resign my pen; presuming to recommend nothing to my successor, but to observe as strict impartiality.

* George Simon, second earl of Harcourt.

† John Chute, last male-heir of that family, descended from Chaloner Chute, speaker to Richard Cromwell's parliament.

‡ The old front, still extant, was erected by Thomas Wentworth late earl of Strafford: the new one was entirely designed by the present earl William himself.

A
COUNTER ADDRESS
TO
THE PUBLIC,
ON
THE LATE DISMISSION
OF
A GENERAL OFFICER.

Henri voit près des rois leurs insolens ministres :
Il remarque sur tout ces conseillers sinistres,
Qui des mœurs & des loix avars corrupteurs,
De Themis & de Mars ont vendu les honneurs :
Qui mirent les premiers à d'indignes encheres,
L'ineffimable prix des vertus de nos peres.

HENRIADE, Chant vii.

A
COUNTER ADDRESS

TO

THE PUBLIC

ON

THE LATE DISMISSION

OF

A GENERAL OFFICER.

Il n'est point de pays où les rois soient si maltraités :
Il n'est point de pays où les rois soient si maltraités :
Qui des moeurs & des loix s'arment contre eux,
De l'honneur & de la vie ont vendu les honneurs :
Qui met les premiers à d'indignes enchères,
Et rachète le prix des vertus de nos pères.

Henriade, Chant vii.

AA

A
COUNTER ADDRESS
TO
THE PUBLIC.

OFTEN as appeals on private grievances are laid before the public, it is seldom that they are brought to that tribunal with propriety. One of the cases in which they are least exceptionable, is, when the party appears as defendant. If public outrage be added to personal injustice, the impartial reader will receive with benignity, from the injured person, or his friends, a claim to their candour, if supported by argument, and offered with decency and temper. It might even be justifiable, with regard to the accuser, to retort railing with invective; but the latter method not only disgraces a good cause, but would imply a defect of capacity in the judges, as if their sentence were to be extorted by clamour.

In the case now to be laid before the public; there is no intention of arraigning either those who have oppressed, or those who have insulted. The former are too respectable, the latter too contemptible. Nothing is meant, but an attempt to prove that a man who has been deeply wounded, did not deserve punishment for his late conduct, nor could apprehend he had such ungenerous enemies as would add the grossest abuse to the full vengeance which power had given some men an opportunity of exercising.

The title of this address does not more clearly point out that general Conway is the subject of these sheets, than I fear the description does which I have just given. If the resignation and patience with which he has borne
both

both disgrace by authority, and the most disingenuous calumny from hands I hope not authorised, had not convinced the author of this defence, that the general submitted himself to the opinion of his countrymen, from the conviction of his own blameless integrity, and was determined to take no steps to refute his calumniators; if after waiting to see whether himself, or any other more able of his friends, would take up his defence, I had not been confirmed in that idea, I should undoubtedly not have thought myself qualified to enter the lists in his behalf, nothing making me a competent apologist in such a controversy, but the clumsiness of the antagonists I am to encounter.

The two worthies whom I shall chiefly select to oppose in this contest, are the authors of a letter first printed in the Gazetteer, May 9, and of an Address to the Public on the late Dismission of a General Officer. If I pay them the compliment of distinguishing their productions from the rest of their accomplices, it is at least not from holding their abilities in higher estimation. No; it is to abridge my own trouble, as these, I was going to say gentlemen, have amassed the whole nosegay of nettles, which had been gathered in separate weeds by their voluminous comrades.

The first of them (the illiberal part of whose invective, as it has already been taken notice of, shall be passed over in silence) gives an intimation that general Conway had the vanity to vie with the illustrious Wolfe for military glory. I say *intimates* this—the whole scope of his argument tends to show that he meant general Conway. Nothing else could lead to such a suspicion. Let them heap what slanders they please on this virtuous man, yet they ought to make them some how or other coincide with some, however latent, ingredient in his character. But is boasting, is vain-glory, the smallest part of that character? Is he ostentatious, or a man of the most ingenuous modesty? When did he brag of his exploits? Where? Is his common behaviour assuming? Has he arrogated merit to himself? Has he fatigued ministers with solicitation for rewards? Has he complained of neglected services? Have his brother-officers heard him comparing himself to Wolfe? In parliament has he vaunted his military talents? or is it to this private confident, this *friendly* letter-writer, that he has unbosomed his high opinion of his own merit? His life has been spent in public service: has his arrogance made him ridiculous to his superiors, or insupportable to the subalterns who have been under his command? His private friends have ever found his de-
portment

portment humble, bashful, and condescending : it is strange that no man living but the letter-writer should have discovered his presumption.

The comparison of himself with that deservedly favourite hero of his country, general Wolfe, had Mr. Conway made it (which the letter-writer will give me leave to doubt, till he gives better proof of it than a malignant intimation), would have been in every light preposterous ; and therefore, as that author does not call Mr. Conway's understanding in question, was probably never thought of by him. Wolfe was a very young man, but a genius. He achieved his glorious career in one important action, for ever memorable, and reflecting consummate honour on his country, on himself, and on the great man whose councils he executed. General Conway has gone through a regular course in his profession for near seven-and-twenty years ; has been formed under those heroes the duke of Cumberland and prince Ferdinand ; has been engaged in six regular battles, besides many smaller actions ; and therefore whatever talents he has, or whatever military knowledge he has acquired (if either are allowed to him), have been improved and acquired by long and painful service. Though eminently distinguished for his gallant and indefatigable behaviour by those illustrious princes, he has never had the happiness of achieving any action of remarkable eclat, or of performing *alone* any act of signal utility to his country. The author of these sheets has seen his solicitude for employment in the field, his thirst of service, but never knew him prefer himself to the meanest officer in the army.

I shall here quit the letter-writer, and take no farther notice of his invectives, than as they coincide with those of his fellow-labourer, the author of the Address.

The latter good-natured person, apprehensive that the English language would not furnish him with sufficient terms of abuse, has had recourse to his Sallust for a sentence, whose bitterness should comprehend all the gall which he intended to spread through three-and-forty pages. Rome, when Sallust wrote, was arrived at the perfection of eloquent slander, and at the dregs of corruption. Such a writer, at such a period, could not fail to furnish a paragraph to justify the punishment of an *impious man*, who, void of conscience and honour, had stopped at nothing to glut his abominable ambition, and undo his country. The very case of general Conway. Is there an English-

man living, who understands Latin, and does not see how applicable the following words are to this high offender? *Equidem ego sic existumo omnes cruciatus minores quam facinora illorum esse; sed plerique mortales postrema meminere, et in hominibus impiis sceleris eorum obliti, de pœnâ differunt.* The impious men alluded to by the historian were the accomplices of Catiline, and were put to death. Those were the men in whose story the author of the address fished for a sentence that might suit the criminality of general Conway. I will not suppose that this author, who in his motto and in his book mentions with alacrity the word *punishment*, wishes that the parallel had been carried farther, because he knows that *as yet* our laws do not allow a man to be put to death for giving a *single* * *vote* against the administration. I am persuaded his lenity is content with having a man ruined for such presumption; but he owns, p. 27, his ruin ought to be *total*. It had been no punishment, unless all he had, had been taken from him. He had been too impious, not to be beggared, as far as it was in the power of government.

Despotic acts, according to this writer, p. 26, give the idea of a tone of firmness and decision. Where he imbibed maxims so abhorrent from the genius of the English constitution, I do not pretend to guess. This is the first time we have seen it avowed *in print*, that total ruin was to be the portion of members of parliament who oppose administration. The galleys and the bow-string give an idea of firmness and decision in the expeditious governments of France and Turkey—but English ears are ill-accustomed to such sounds, nor at a general election would it secure a majority to the court, if ministerial candidates acknowledged such a code. Even in eastern climes, bashaws meet with terrible reverses. A free nation, fresh from conquering in every quarter of the globe, will not easily submit to domestic vizirs, who of all men living can claim least merit from our success.

The exordium of the work itself is sarcastic on the people of England in general, to whom the author professes submitting his thoughts for their consideration, though in the very next paragraph he lets them know, that they assume *too great latitude to themselves in pronouncing their judgment willingly on all matters indiscriminately*. He tells them they take this freedom of judgment for liberty, whereas it is *a cloak for maliciousness, and an intemperance, which*

* It was not strictly speaking by a single vote, differed with the administration. The term but on a single subject, that general Conway *single vote* is used to avoid circumlocution.

ought deservedly to be reckoned a reproach to a civilized people. The apostrophe is extraordinary, not over obliging to his readers, and surely little decent to a people yet free: For what is the context? A general officer is dismissed for his behaviour in parliament, in a free parliament (so this daring author declares; we shall, perhaps, hear what the parliament next winter thinks of his assertion)—the people of England discuss this subject—Licentious, audacious, uncivilized Englishmen! are you competent judges of such a case? Let me tell you, in France, a civilized country, a man would be sent to the Bastille, who should presume to agitate such a question.

Yet farther: *Attempts*, he says, *have been made to render it the object of public clamour, and insinuations have been thrown out that this was only the beginning of sorrows; that such an unconstitutional act was not meant to stand single, but was to be followed by the disgrace of several other general officers; and lest this should be borne too calmly, it was industriously added, that the whole army was to be new modelled.* By whom these attempts and insinuations have been made, I do not know: this author, I suppose, does, though a little apt to assert rashly. Surely not by the general himself. The calm and decent resignation with which he received the notification of his majesty's pleasure, the submission with which he acknowledged the receipt of it, his retirement in the country ever since, except for a few days, when he came to pay his duty to the king, and his forbearance of the least murmur since, this behaviour will clearly disculpate him from being party to the author's rhapsody. The rest of this uncivilized nation, I fear, has not been so silent, though I believe no man living has said *all* this author charges on many. Who has said, this was the *beginning* of sorrows? The proscriptions of last year, the dismissal of general Accourt, &c. must have been strangely forgotten, if general Conway's disgrace could be thought a *beginning*. That it has been reported, that a noble lord carried into the closet a list of sixteen officers whose removal he advised, is certainly true—I mean such a report; and their not being dismissed, is no proof it was never proposed. This author, perhaps, may think that to have spared them, gives *no idea of a tone of firmness and decision*. His notions of government are pretty high and despotic; he may censure too the time chosen for dismissing general Conway, as weak and pusillanimous, not being done in the face of parliament, but respited till a session was at the distance of many months. I, who think the present administration fully decisive enough for the *present* constitution, applaud their temperance and their lenity. Their magnanimity I will wait for other occasions of extolling.

But he adds, It has been industriously reported that the army *was going to be new modelled*—I had rather wave this point—it is too serious, and too delicate. Such reports I hope are false; from my soul I do. I had rather stigmatise the authors of such whispers in the gross, than enter into the discussion. No, there can be no such intention—For what should it be calculated? What could be proposed to be done with the army when so modelled? The present army has conquered in every quarter of the globe—against whom could it be wished to be employed, that it would not encounter with the same alacrity and valour that it exerted in the last war? Is there an officer in the army whose loyalty to his majesty and ardour in the cause of his country have not been tried and approved? What enemies can the king or Great Britain have, whom the present army would not shed their blood to combat? What dark designs are there in agitation, which should make it desirable to remove the present officers, and place others in their room who would be more compliant, and of course detestable to their countrymen? There are no such designs, consequently there can be no such plan. The nation is united to a man, Jacobitism is extinguished, Jacobites pardoned and received into favour; from what quarter could apprehensions arise to the government? *Only two* general officers have been dismissed, and, as the author asserts, for parliamentary disobedience: no commissions have been given to men of problematic principles. I agree therefore with this author, that it is highly blameable to insinuate that there is any intention of new modelling the army.

One word he has dropped in the paragraph I have been quoting, which must not pass unnoticed. The dismissal of general Conway, he says, is not *unprecedented*; and he alludes probably to the case of lord Cobham, the duke of Bolton, and lord Westmorland in the late reign. That those officers were broken, is certainly true; but with a wide and material difference from the case of general Conway. They were engaged in the most offensive and declared opposition against the court. Whoever recollects that time, knows to what an intemperance of language and behaviour their opposition was carried. How the measure of removing them was received by great part of the nation is well known; it was discussed in parliament, and followed by that memorable protest signed by several great lords now living. Whether the step of breaking those officers was wise or constitutional, is another question; but it certainly bore no resemblance to the case of Mr. Conway, who, as I shall prove presently, was by no means in opposition, is of all men living the least factious, and so far from having been guilty of any indecent language before
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his disgrace, that even since it happened, he has not expressed himself with acrimony, or varied from that uniform decorum which has graced every period of his fortune. Unprecedented the case then stands with regard to him; and that a new precedent would not take its date in his person, and in this reign, was reasonably to be expected, by the recent restitution of sir Henry Erskine, accompanied with a retrospective disapprobation of cashiering officers for their conduct in parliament.

As I am unwilling to swell this address to too great a length, and to engage in matter foreign to my purpose, I gladly pass by two or three senseless and declamatory passages in the author I am examining, whose injudicious warmth betrays the sore places of his patrons, with as little skill in finding remedies. The club at Wildman's every body knows is a terrible grievance, and this quack cannot help tattling what he hears; foolishly enough, God knows, on this occasion, as general Conway belongs not to that meeting, nor ever dined at that tavern; though this author insinuates it (for what does a falsehood cost a man who writes for pay?) by saying, *You see there are some general officers among them.* His grace's favourite nephew (who that is I don't know), the instances of the king of Prussia and Contades, and such rubbish, nothing at all to the purpose, I likewise pass over, and shall not meet this author again till page 7, where affecting solid reasoning after empty flourishes, he desires us *to set aside from the question every personal consideration.* What his own practice will be, we shall see presently; and as we shall find that practice to be directly the reverse of what he demands from others; as he, instead of omitting, drags into the question every personal consideration which he can invent to asperse general Conway, it is evident that *all* he begs in the passage above, is, that we would forget the general's virtues and services. If we agree to that one candid postulatam, if we will promise not to think that virtue and services should have had some weight in softening the general's fate, he hopes by some arguments, or what he would have pass for arguments, and by more contradictions, with the super-addition of abuse, to convince us that there never was an act of a more harmless nature to all the world, nay, even to the general himself (*vide* p. 23.), than taking away the profession of an officer who has served for twenty-six years, has been in six battles, and who came home recommended to favour by prince Ferdinand, for the single offence of having voted on a constitutional point against the administration. With all the obstacles he overleaps, and with all the foreign helps he calls in to his assistance, the task

our author has laid on himself still seems to be difficult ; difficult with regard to the public, to the army, and to the parliament, hitherto not accustomed to be told, contrary to their petition to his majesty at the beginning of every new meeting, not to have offences committed in parliament questioned out of it, that such offences are punished by the crown. In the cases I have mentioned of the duke of Bolton, &c. the then minister certainly never presumed, never dared to acknowledge that they were removed for parliamentary conduct. Every body knows how that age would have flamed at such an avowal.

My author begins with telling us, p. 7. that "our concern for the general, as a man, would be more properly expressed for the conduct occasioning this dismission." The outset is unlucky, and promises ill for what is to follow. The voice of the nation went along with the conduct of Mr. Conway. They were, and are still of opinion, that general warrants are radically and alarmingly dangerous to liberty. They love the man who was ready to sacrifice to the liberties of his country those emoluments which he had obtained by defending it against its domestic and foreign enemies. They regard him as a martyr to their freedom, and to his own conscience : and let me tell this author, that they will detest a scribbler who defends, recommends, punishment for integrity. His next step is to reduce his argumentation to method, which he ranges under three heads :

" 1. What hurt has been done to the army in general by the late dismission ?

" 2. What particular hardship has fallen on the individual who is the object of it ?

" 3. What detriment has the public received from a measure, represented as so highly injurious to it ? "

The questions are of moment : the author takes the negative on all, and defends each as ably as I believe each can be defended. If I succeed in confuting him on every one, it will certainly not be from superior abilities, but from the impossibility of defending tenets so absurd. A genius, from Rousseau down to this writer, loves a paradox ; but even such a genius as Rousseau is apt to miscarry in the attempt.

Dismissions

Dismissions in general, he says, are sanctified by custom, though state physicians have considered them as a kind of extraordinary remedy, not to be had recourse to in the usual stages of a disorder, but only to be prescribed when every other treatment has been found ineffectual. This description of dismissions he must mean, if he means any thing, to apply to the case of general Conway. What was that? Why, on a question in parliament, certainly of a constitutional, and of the highest nature, on which the opinions of all men were so nearly balanced, that 232 were on one side, and 218 on the other, general Conway agreed with the lesser number. This was the *disorder* which, from this author's words, we are to suppose the ministers thought so dangerous an one, that they tried every treatment to cure it. Indeed!—What are the nostrums which ministers *can* apply to parliamentary opposition? I know none, but bribes and threats. Did ministers really prescribe these emollients and caustics on a constitutional vote in parliament? And do we live to hear this avowed? Away with magna charta, the bill of rights, and the revolution, if men dare utter this language in the face of day. The boldest state empyrics in the days of any Charles or James would not have ventured to profess such doctrines. But if we have such leeches, the patient, it seems, scorned both their drugs and their blisters; he has proved his constitution sound, and would not be doctored out of his honour and his virtue.

The next words of this defendant of the political faculty are not less amazing: "One singular property," says he, p. 9. "attending this regimen is, that as it is very *violent* (indeed it is) in its operation, and consequently often annihilates the patient, (with what glee this butcher talks of violence!) yet it is often found to act collaterally, and produces the most surprising effects on persons in the same disorder." Am I awake? Do I read right what is before me? Have members of parliament ever suffered themselves to be treated in this contemptuous and profligate style? Is the parliament of Great Britain so corrupt, so lost to shame, that it deserves to be told that its votes are to be intimidated in this manner? that the representatives of the people tremble when one of their body loses his employment, and become obsequious, compliant, slavish? Or is it to officers alone that this insult is offered? Are the fifteen other gentlemen, said to have been in the black list, of that very timid complexion, that they can hear this language with patience, and without indignation? Can any other officer in parliament endure to have it sup-
posed

posed that he gives a vote from fear or lucre? That he does mean the officers in general, who have seats in parliament, I am inclined to believe, as in the next paragraph he directly applies it to them: and he begins to soften his tone, by allowing that length of time and confessed ability in the profession should not be lightly set aside: not, says he, but the best pretensions may be cancelled by a sequel of conduct which no situation can justify, no exertions of military prowess can atone for. Yet lest even this palliative should reach that indecent perseverer in opposition, Mr. Conway, he takes care to insinuate, that the general owed his rise solely to parliamentary connexions. He had allowed a little to length of time; but, as contradictions cost him nothing, that concession is soon forgotten, and the general's every promotion resolved into parliamentary interest. Twenty-six years of very sharp service in two wars and a rebellion, go for nothing: the approbation of such commanders as the duke of Cumberland and prince Ferdinand for as little—yet to this spiteful, invidious insinuation we will oppose nothing but the testimonial of every officer in the army. If there is a single one who will say that general Conway has been promoted beyond his desert, we will allow this author all the weight that his ill-nature can demand. Had Wolfe himself lived, and acted as uprightly, as there is no doubt but he would have acted, it is not unfair to suppose that he would have received as little quarter from this martial legislator, who, though he would stigmatise general Conway with the imputation of owing his promotion to parliament, holds, in so many words, that time-serving in parliament ought to be the great rule of judging of an officer's merit. Do I mis-state his arguments? If I do not, what a heap of contradictions!

His next positions are so absurd, that I shall only quote them, not deign to give them an answer. They are, that civil employments are acquired by greater industry, are more difficult to be obtained than military; and that if the progress in the former be more rapid, they are the sure marks of uncommon genius and proficiency, seldom bestowed, and not to be acquired nor maintained without a great degree of merit. We beg our readers to take the little red book, and examine the list of those at the head of the army and of the state, by our author's rule.

He is fond of this hypothesis, and, in consequence of it, tells a long story about I really do not know whom, in the course of which he works himself
up

up into such a fit of tenderness, that he almost weeps over a poor gentleman who broke his heart on being turned out of his employment. I am heartily sorry for it, and hope, among the numerous proscriptions of last year, which raged even against old domestics whose faithful services had been rewarded with little offices, that not one of them was reduced to a like tragic extremity.

This moving tale, which, if applicable to the present question, turns against the author's argument, because the man did not die for being turned out of a *civil* employment, but because he was turned out of his employment at all; for a man who wants bread, wants it equally whatever his profession *has been*— This silly story, I say, is followed by two or three pages of reasoning equally absurd, in which the author would prove, that if it is held right not to dismiss an officer for a conscientious vote in parliament, it would follow that the army would become perpetual, and the officers would think themselves hardly used if their regiments were to be broken by act of parliament. What sort of understandings this writer thinks are the understandings of military men, I cannot tell; but here is the reasoning he puts into their mouths. *If we do our duty in parliament, we shall of course be of opinion that we ought to resist the parliament, should its acts interfere with our interest, for being conscientious necessarily makes men unconscientious.* Was it really worth while to waste four pages in stating nonsense, which you see can be stated in four lines? Yet on this flimsy foundation the author erects the solution of his first question, that the army is not injured by the late dismissal: whereas, if there was the least shadow of argument in his position, it would, according to custom, make against himself. For instance, if officers were not to be punished for their conduct in parliament, and from not being punished would find their commissions perpetual, would not the consequence be, that they are hurt by being punished? In fact, his argument is good no where; and if it could be good any where, it would not be where he has placed it. It could only have the appearance of an argument under his * third head, not under the first, and there I would have given it an answer, to which here it has not the shadow of a title; for, when a foolish man answers himself, he receives the only reply he deserves.

* Because it might be pretended, that it would not hurt the public to have the officers undeceived in the opinion that the army ought to be perpetual.

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Yet, while he flounders from absurdity to contradiction, he drops some sentences that must not pass unnoticed. *The army, says he, cannot but think that the general should have given his assistance to government if he expected their support.* Very decent words when they come to be analysed. Is it avowed that the discussion of the legality of a secretary of state's warrant was a measure which government wanted to carry? I thought it was a mere parliamentary enquiry how the law stood. If not, it was an aim at extension of the prerogative, a point on which parliament always has been and ought to be exceedingly jealous. The general, says our writer, ought to have given his assistance to these views. In what capacity? If as a member of parliament, his duty, as such, forbade it. But he ought, if he expected support from administration. Indeed?—Are those the bargains which government makes with officers? Does it say (I ask for information), Vote for the extension of prerogative, and you shall have a regiment—or—to come nearer to the point—if you do not, you shall lose your regiment? If this is the language of government, we have reason not only to dread the perpetuity of the army, but to fear its existence for an hour. Why is it kept up? Because we apprehend becoming a province to France—I have no longer any such dread, if government holds the language which this author imputes to it. It is indifferent to me whether I am a French slave or an English one—perhaps there is less disgrace in becoming the former. It is less ignominious to be chained by a brave enemy, than by base usurping countrymen, and their treacherous tools. I affirm, an officer who should act in consequence of such a compact as this author would establish, would be a traitor—and for those who would employ him—they would want a name. Yet hear *how* he goes on. *They, the officers, will soon bring themselves to be of opinion, that as he went out of his way and of his profession, to perplex and harass the servants whom the king thought proper to employ, it is no wonder that, in some sort, retaliation should take place.* It is difficult to say whether my astonishment at that man's boldness, or my contempt for his folly, is the greater. Turn over all the fawning sermons of the court-chaplains in the reign of the first James and Charles; and all the prerogative tracts written to flatter the second Charles and James, and cull any passage that surpasses the assumptions in this. What! Does a member of parliament go out of his way, who opposes the power of a secretary of state? Are the officers of the crown superior to parliament? Or is not parliament to check and controul them, nay, to watch over them, even when exerting the most legal powers? Is not this man's doctrine a subversion of the

the whole constitution? Does a member of parliament go out of his way who calls the highest officer of the crown to account? Parliament is the supreme court of this kingdom; nor has it been heard since the Revolution, that the meanest member in the house of commons is not authorised to question any minister, be he whom he will. How the general *went out of his profession*, I do not so clearly see. He and every officer sits in parliament as representative of some county or borough. To act in parliament as an officer, might not be going out of his profession, but would undoubtedly be going into it in a style for which he would deserve to be hanged; the constitution not being just upon the same foot it was when Cromwell appointed his major-generals.

I take up this audacious sentence, because I perceive there are daily sycophants who attack the constitution with repeated insults. Such was that scandalous book, called *Droit le Roy*. The parliament deservedly stigmatized it. Even the ministers declared they would have complained of it, had it come to their knowledge. It is very strange, that men should act the part these profligate scribblers act! They expose themselves to the indignation of their countrymen, by writing in defence of prerogative and tyranny, submit to the shame of appearing to pay court to ministers by the worst kind of flattery, and yet take infinite care not to let that adulation reach the ears of those for whom alone it can be designed. I have heard that virtue is its own reward, but this is the first time that ever infamy appeared to be so. Should these sheets be fortunate enough to reach the eye of any minister, I trust it will not be from the Opposition that we shall hear next winter of the Address to the public being complained of in parliament, as attacking the dearest privileges of that august assembly.

The flatterer in question soon relieves our indignation with a jocular conclusion of his insolent paragraph. *The general*, says he, *went out of his way to harass and perplex the king's servants*. Poor gentlemen! I heartily grieve for them. Be they whom they will, that are so easily harassed and perplexed; as his majesty *thought proper to employ them*, they ought not to be teased and vexed and bewildered. However new and droll the complaint is, it ought to have some weight. When our ministers are so liable to be put *out of their way*, it is barbarous to molest them; and the only specious reason which the author has given in his whole book for the dismissal of general Conway, is this—*Retaliation in some sort should take place*. A general officer ought to be

broken for perplexing and harassing the king's poor ministers. There have been ministers, indeed, who would not have thought that turning a troublesome speaker out of his employment, would be the wisest method to prevent being harassed by him——But these poor gentlemen were perplexed too, and therefore no wonder they did not act wisely. *They were charged, says he, with ignorance and inability.* Here again a great minister would have confuted his opponent with proofs of knowledge and talents. Revenging one's self on a man's profession, is rather confessing the charge.

I have stated the author's premises ; now let us see how he draws his conclusion. *The army will not THEN think themselves aggrieved in this particular dismission. The cause in which this general was engaged, related no way to the defence of their profession :* they will not therefore lament him as one "fallen in their behalf. And with respect to the situation of military men in general, whenever they incur the displeasure of their master in matters wholly foreign to the military, they will be so far from making a cause commune, or from applying to themselves as any mark of disgrace, that it will prove rather a means of keeping them more closely attached to the respective businesses before them, as the surest means of preserving a connection between their merits and their advancement."

This is the logic of our court-advocate ; and since the beginning of time, I believe no court-cause was ever worse defended. Whatever the ministers are, the officers, I am sure, must be men of very perplexed and perplexable understandings, if they can for a moment be the dupes of such puerilities. For what is his argument ? Officers cannot think themselves aggrieved, if one of their corps loses his employment for something not relating to his profession. Now the very reverse of this is true, and is an answer to his whole first division. They do think themselves aggrieved, because general Conway was dismissed for nothing relating to his profession. They do think it hard that the rewards of years, of blood, of bravery, spent and exerted in the service of their king and country, should be of so precarious a tenure, that they are to be sacrificed to the vengeance of fretful and perplexed ministers——Nay, that the rewards of honour are incompatible with the dictates of conscience : that the merit of ten campaigns can be obliterated by one session : that to serve their king and country is not enough ; they must serve ministers also : that the only security of honours, is the forfeiture of honour ; and that they
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are to be told at last, after encountering all the hardships and dangers of their profession, *that the surest means of preserving a connection between their merits and their advancement*, is to tremble when a brother-officer is cashiered for his virtue, and to abandon him:—in other words, that a coward may rise to the highest posts in the army, and that a slave is sure of doing so.

I shall be much more brief on the two following sections. The defence of general Conway's character was the principal view of this tract; but that can be established beyond contradiction, in few words. Yet even the excellence of his character would not be sufficient to demonstrate the injustice he has suffered, unless I had shown too, as I have I think unanswerably, that it is unjust and unconstitutional to take away the profession of an officer for his behaviour in parliament. In the course of that argument, I have had occasion to expose the alarming doctrines that are daily propagated, repugnant to this constitution, destructive of the unquestionable rights of parliament, dangerous to liberty in general (without which every thing we enjoy is contemptible), subversive of the whole system of the Revolution, and threatening destruction to the illustrious house of Hanover, whose succession to the crown was founded on that revolution. No man therefore but a Jacobite can wish to see an extension of the prerogative, as every extension of it under a new family would be so far a justification of king James's measures. The defence of liberty, and of the present royal family, against dark and insidious traitors, was a cause well worth expending a few pages upon.—I pass to our author's second division.

His question is, What particular hardship has fallen on the individual who is the subject of the late dismissal? A position too ludicrous to deserve a serious answer, and yet as capable of being maintained as either of his other sections. In the schools we know ridiculous tenets are often given out for argumentation; but this is the first time that such a question was ever agitated in a political controversy. As I have no leisure to waste on such boyish impertinences, which carry nonsense in their face and contradiction in their mouth, let it suffice to repeat his arguments. The first is, that the general having a large independent income, which income by the way is his wife's jointure, consequently precarious, cannot be accounted a great sufferer by losing the greatest part of the income. The second, that he has enjoyed such large appointments, that, if he had never spent a farthing of them, he would

be very rich— But I trifle with my readers, and should be as inexcusable as the author I quote, to fatigue them by the repetition of such absurdities, to which, in truth, the author trusts so little, that he soon quits them for the more favourite topics of defamation. On this head he is so candid, first, as to beg we will believe nothing we hear in the general's favour; secondly, that we will listen to every thing he can say to his prejudice: when both these concessions are obtained, he hopes to prove, that the general is no sufferer. Any commendation of the general he pronounces *suspicious information*, p. 24. Detraction in the mouth of a professed adversary is to pass for unquestionable; though he will give me leave to surmise, that if the dismissal of Mr. Conway could have been defended by reasons, so much recourse would not have been had to defamation: and yet I am of opinion, that it is easier to justify the removal of him than to fally his character.

The first reflection we find is an indirect attack upon his political behaviour; though, while the author makes it, he tacitly gives up the whole scope of his preceding argument. *I do know*, says he, p. 25, *that altogether he has received much public money, and I have no room to doubt (as the greater part of it was given under his grace's administration) that an equal service was performed.* Now, if there is any meaning in this paragraph (a supposition I only hazard, and may wrong the author by imputing any meaning at all to him), it implies that the duke of N. paid Mr. Conway for his behaviour in parliament—And is this at last become an imputation? I thought it was not only the most sure, but the most right *means* for officers *to preserve a connection between their merits and advancement.* Was the same conduct wrong in the duke of N. that is right in *perplexed* ministers? That the author did mean this, is probable from the very next paragraph, in which he mentions the general's late conduct in parliament. But though he contradicts himself to get at an argument, he has not got at truth. General Conway's preferments came in the regular course, were generally conferred after particular services; as his first regiment, which he obtained after the battle of Culloden, by the recommendation of his royal highness the duke of Cumberland; and in none of them had the duke of Newcastle more share than in common with the rest of the late king's servants.

Having now, as he thinks, cleared his way, and removed all objections of hardship on the general, both as an officer and an individual, the author's
next

next fall is an attempt to state the dismissal as almost the object of the general's choice. As if nothing was more common than to take away military commissions for parliamentary behaviour, and as if that practice had not been peculiarly stigmatised on the restoration of sir Henry Erskine, the author affirms that Mr. Conway could not but foresee the consequence of the part *he chose* to take in public business: a part which in the next sentence this writer terms *braving his royal master in his bedchamber*. This language is so much that of a half-converted Jacobite, that it is impossible not to be struck with it. How little is this man acquainted with the virtues of that royal person whose name he rashly introduces into a libel! Has this man forgotten, or did he never hear of, that gracious declaration which characterised the very dawn of the present reign, that elections should be free, and not a shilling should be spent in obtaining a partial representative? Is it likely that a virtuous prince, who trusted the uprightness of his measures to the free voice of his people, would imbibe partial resentments against conscientious members? Let this author take what liberty he pleases with ministers, and ascribe the late dismissal to their vengeance, but let him beware of confounding their squabbles with the person of the sovereign, who is the just and equal father of all his subjects, and who does not entertain prejudices against virtuous men for obeying the dictates of their conscience. His majesty may have been advised to remove general Conway, and has taken that advice; but he does not thereby become a party in a ministerial quarrel, nor look upon himself as insulted because his ministers have been *perplexed*. All acts in this country are considered by the law as the acts of those who advise the crown, and as such only I speak of them. The veneration I have for the excellent prince with whom we are blessed, would not permit me to name him, but to reprimand this scribbler; nor would general Conway hold any man as his friend, who should pronounce that royal name but with duty, respect, and affection. He would lay down his life for that amiable sovereign; nor has there been, I believe, one moment since his dismissal in which he has not felt the same ardour of love and zeal, which warmed him in those happier hours when he had the honour of standing nearer to his royal master. Let this suffice as a reply to two or three pages of rancour and indecency. One word, however, must be taken up: the author says, he does not remember in the several stages of Mr. Wilkes's affair, on which the greater part of the time before the Christmas holidays was spent, that the general took any part in resenting the insult which had been so grossly offered to his master. I might ask him, whether he remembers that
every

every groom of the bedchamber spoke upon that occasion; and if not one of them did, as I believe they did not, why silence was more criminal in him than in the rest? Had he defended that insult, he might indeed have been said to have braved his master. The fact is, every man in the house condemned that insult in his heart; but it was impossible every man in the house should express his abhorrence. But hear a little further:—General Conway, as is well known, was often up to speak, but was never pointed to. It is much less known, but not less true, that his intention was to declare his detestation of the insult, and to separate it entirely, as it was in its nature separated, from the power claimed by the secretaries of state. After Christmas, in the very speech represented as so offensive, Mr. Conway did make that distinction; but the author chose a silent period preferably to one of activity, because silence could be misinterpreted, but actual words could not be tortured to mean the very contrary of what they expressed. Thus we see this author's malice is as unlucky when built on the general's silence, as it has been when catching at what he really acted.

If the libellist has been unfortunate hitherto, both in his facts and insinuations, he will not redeem his credit by the subsequent pages.

One of the principal complaints made on this dismission has been, that it was for a single vote. As the author admires *a tone of firmness and decision*, one might have expected that he would have applauded the administration for the promptness of authority exercised on a man who had offended but by one vote. How, on the contrary, he comes to be sensible that such summary proceedings are not quite consonant to the spirit of our constitution, I do not know: but so it is, that he endeavours to show that Mr. Conway was not dismissed for a single vote. He does not, indeed, succeed in that attempt; yet I allow that, by the very endeavour, he is candid enough to own that the measure of cashiering an officer for one vote is not to be defended: *Sic Pergama dextrâ defendi possent, etiam hæc defensa fuissent.*

I will sum up his account of Mr. Conway's parliamentary behaviour, and then we shall judge whether our author has made out that the general was actually engaged in a system of opposition.

Before Christmas general Conway said nothing.

Between

Between January 16 and February 17 he never happened to be of the same opinion with the king's servants, except on some one point in which Mr. Wilkes was concerned; the particulars of which our candid author chooses to forget. I shall help his recollection presently.

It was not administration alone that considered him as their opponent; the opposition were daily vaunting of him as an important acquisition, and indeed gave out, at one time, that he had undertaken to lead them.

What doubt could be entertained of his inclinations, after the virulent charge of ignorance and incapacity which he poured forth against the minister * ?

Whenever, therefore, the dismissal is mentioned, together with the conduct in parliament, let the public be assured that the general was vigorous and active; and, in short, totally in opposition.

Thus stand the proofs. Now hear the answer.

Not only from Jan. 16 to Feb. 17, but from Nov. 15, the day the parliament met, to April 19, when it rose, general Conway was not once of a different opinion from the king's servants, but on the single affair of the warrants: and I do not take advantage of many questions on which there was no division; but when there was, he voted with them, as on the cyder-tax, the second great point of opposition; and assisted the ministry on the bill for regulating franks. Is that assertion, therefore, of our author proved a falsehood?

The case he chooses to forget is no less remarkable, and the very mention

* The author, who in his first state of this charge had used the expression *the king's servants*, here names *the minister*. Who *the minister* is, I really don't know; nor whom the author means is it my business to enquire. As every thing *personal* is carefully avoided throughout this whole treatise, I shall not take up the term *the minister*, but continue to argue, as I have done, in generals. I desire, too, to have it ob-

served, that I have not introduced a single argument foreign to the subject of dismissals, and to the warrants which occasioned the late dismissal; not choosing to imitate the conduct of the author I answer, who has dealt indiscriminate abuse on variety of persons no way connected with the general in question, and whose names, in this place, serve no purpose but that of calumny.

of

of it will show why he chose to forget it. It was the affair of Alexander Dun, in which general Conway was peculiarly active, and assistant to the ministry, and by which he demonstrated that his behaviour on the warrants was simply conscientious, and that he was no partisan of Mr. Wilkes.

He had declared to a minister, before witnesses, in the most express terms, that he was not, nor intended to be, engaged in opposition. He had declared the same to several chiefs in the opposition. Which, therefore, is to be believed, the general or the author? For that mob appendix, of its being given out, that the general had undertaken to lead the opposition, I question whether even the garreteers of the minority went so far as to make such an assertion to any compeer in the majority.

We have seen what was the general's conduct, and what were his declarations. As they were repugnant to the author's assertions, his last resource was to guess at the general's inclinations.—Was he then at last dismissed for a guess—and that a wrong one? Leave out the word *virulent*, which is *gratis dictum*, to make something of nothing, and I believe there never was a set of ministers, who, not only by Mr. Conway, but by the whole opposition, were ever so gently treated as the present have been. Would not one think, by the manner in which this author has stated the charge, that general Conway had accused the ministers of ignorance in the revenue, of inability in making the late peace, in short, of being the most incapable administration that ever disgraced government! But reduce the charge to plain truth, and all it amounted to was, accusing the ministers of not knowing the precise extent of power for granting warrants vested by law in the secretary of state.

With what truth, with what justice, therefore, does this frontless man take upon him to assure the public, that general Conway was totally in opposition? Had it not been wiser to defend the measure of turning him out of the army for a single vote? The author has no more success in falsifying *for* his masters, than *against* those they persecute.

Dissatisfied with his own endeavours, and still suspecting that the dismission for parliamentary conscientious conduct would shock the nation, the author flies to abuse, and plunges to the bottom of that mud in quest of something that may abate national pity for an oppressed and worthy man. I rejoice,
and

and have ever rejoiced, at these shifts of a despotic party. When collateral reasons are called in, one is sure the true reason is not tenable.

But where shall defamation be fastened? How asperse one of the most spotless characters that this or any country has produced? It must be done with a nice hand, and with uncommon address. His virtues as a man, a husband, a father, a subject, a senator, are unquestionable. His disinterestedness is conspicuous, his modesty most amiable, his attention to his profession laborious, his courage unquestionable—It is true, and yet there we will attack him. In order, too, to appear candid, we will begin with allowing what we cannot deny. When we are so candid as to confess his bravery, we shall be the more easily believed when we insinuate that he is a coward. We will drop the word Rochfort; and that single little word, like a spell, will hint to all the world, that if general Conway had been the hero he is supposed, Rochfort would have been taken: and when that is believed, will not the ministers be justified in breaking a man in the year 1764, who might have taken Rochfort in the year 1757?

This may be artful, and much good may such art do any man that possesses it! It will lead him into as many scrapes as this author has involved himself in.

This interpretation must strike every man as the evident intention of recalling the idea of Rochfort. Yet, as the author allows, and no man living questions, *the spirited courage of the general*, and as I would not load even this libellist with more odium than he deserves, let us see if the revival of the affair of Rochfort will admit of a less malevolent explanation.—Perhaps the author, conscious that no direct imputation would stick, yet officious to raise unfavourable sentiments of the general in the minds of his readers, no matter on what foundation, might mean to call in question Mr. Conway's judgment. An officer who has been taken prisoner after charging three times in the village of Fontenoy; keeping his regiment to the last in the field, in order to cover the retreat; and whose whole conduct has been a series of intrepidity, cannot be written out of his reputation as a soldier—No, that will never do.—We must try whether his capacity is not less proof against misrepresentation. Whatever was the author's meaning, the inference, as I have said, is, that general Conway deserved to be cashiered for not having taken Rochfort

in 1757. But general Mordaunt commanded that expedition, not general Conway. Does an inferior in command deserve to be punished for that miscarriage, when the principal did not, but was honourably acquitted? General Conway was urgent in advising some attempt. Did that make him more criminal than his superior? General Mordaunt votes with the administration; general Conway voted, on one question, against it—Perhaps this may have made some difference in the degree of their criminality.

Thus far I have argued upon the foot of some blame; but I have other difficulties to propose to the objector. The plan of surprising Rochfort was one of the vigorous measures of that great minister, Mr. Pitt. The patrons of our author always called that scheme one of Mr. Pitt's visions. Mr. Conway could not in any degree be to blame that Rochfort was not taken, unless the attempt was practicable. I beg this author to choose which he will censure, Mr. Pitt or the generals concerned. It will be difficult for him to revile both the one and the other. If, to serve a present emergency, he admits the practicability, he will be so good as to show that it was practicable; a fact that I have never yet heard ascertained: and when he has done this, Mr. Conway will remain blameless, who was innocent of the miscarriage, and who never acquiesced in abandoning the project till it was too late to undertake it. And, upon this occasion, I will tell the author an anecdote, and from very good authority. When the affair of Rochfort was public talk, the earl of C—— told the following story:—Mr. Conway, said his lordship, I am sure is brave; I know it from the best hands. I was commending George Stanhope (his lieutenant-colonel) for what I heard of his behaviour in Germany. Faith, my lord, replied that gallant young man, I believe I do not want spirit more than other folks. Indeed, I do not pretend to the intrepidity of Harry Conway, who walks up to the mouth of a cannon with as much indifference as if he was going to dance a minuet.

Our author, however, who is so blundering an arithmetician as to suppose that many cyphers will make a sum, adds a new nothing to the account, and infers from the silence of gazettes, that England can lose no services by this dismission. Have we heard of him, says he, p. 34. distinguishing himself in Germany, as we *did* of Mostyn and Waldegrave? Ergo, he ought to be broken. A man must have as bad a heart as this author, who could even wish to detract from the merit of those brave officers. Their country has signal

obligations to them. They contributed to that vastness of fame which made us the terror and admiration of the universe. Nor is it on gazettes alone that their reputation is founded. They are loved and admired by their profession, and by no man more than by general Conway, who would as little wish to raise his own glory at their expence, as those gentlemen would deign to countenance a scribbler in malicious insinuations. He names the plains of Minden. Does he know that the presence of mind and gallant conduct of general Waldegrave gave the decisive turn to the fate of that day? I speak of these officers, because I esteem them; not, like the author, to serve one party and depress another. Unless that had been his motive, why, in the number of our heroes, did he omit general Monckton, and forget lord Albemarle, the conqueror of the Havannah? Had this author ever ventured upon truth, he would not have denied that he had heard of general Conway in Germany. Was it a secret, though known to every officer in the army, that when the hereditary prince was wounded, general Conway was selected by prince Ferdinand to command in his place? Ask that idol of every Englishman's affection, the marquis of Granby, whether general Conway was an useless second? Ask Germany, whether prince Ferdinand recommends incapable and undeserving subjects to the favour of their master?—No; all this shall be sunk in malicious oblivion, and general Conway shall alone preside in councils of war at Wildman's, p. 34. where he never set his foot.

A fellow labourer in the same worthy cause, whose talent for poetry is upon a par with our author's logic, instead of giving the general a command at Wildman's, has, with as little truth, sent him to St. Cas, where, too, he never was. As the lines are worthy of the cause they are intended to serve, the bard will, I hope, forgive the liberty I take of re-printing them. When the author of the Address is appointed historiographer, his friend, I trust, will be made poet laureat. Here they are, and they do honour to the age!

In future annals should our children read
That Conway's fate was such a day decreed,
They'll turn some pages back the cause to find,
Knowing that George was gracious, just, and kind:
High in the list of faction's crewbehold,
A Rochfort gen'ral, Conway stands enroll'd!

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Whose

Whose coward's tongue a quick dismission claim'd
 (His honour, valour, at St. Cas remain'd).
 The stigma falls; our loyal children view
 Resentment fall, where most resentment's due:
 Great in his praise, they'll bless the happy hour,
 When Britain's honour dar'd be king, and Pitt no more*.

Such are the encouragements held out to virtue in the present times: such the productions of a party who breathe nothing but vengeance against the liberty of the press, as the vehicle of scandal and satire! Believe these men, and the opposition exceed all their predecessors in calumny—but read their own productions, and you will wonder at their confidence. Their writings teem with the most illiberal railing. Whoever scorns corruption, is the mark at which every dart is aimed from the janizaries of the faction. Look high, look low; is there a great man, is there a good man, who has escaped the arrows they shoot in the dark? Yet they, good men, complain of secret stabs. When there is a minister as virtuous as general Conway, and who has been *only as much* abused, I will allow that he has reason to harangue against *in-vectives*.

I now come to the last section: What detriment the public has received from the late dismission. This the author tells us has been in great measure forestalled. As far as nonsense can anticipate nonsense, that is, forbid the expectation of sense, this great logician has, indeed, already done the business, and might well caution us to throw by unread the sequel of his performance. Yet, it being my business to show that the public has been injured, I shall sift our casuist to the bottom, and leave him as naked of proof on this head, as I trust I have done on the two former.

His first argument is as inconclusive as all the rest. *If it appears to your satisfaction*, says he, *that neither the army has reason to complain, nor that he himself has been injured as a private citizen, it follows of course that the public, which must consider him in one of these two capacities, has not received any detriment.* Having confuted him in his two former positions, I might, perhaps, with reason rest the argument here, by his own concession; for, if in neither

of the two former divisions he has satisfied the public, the result of two unsatisfied questions will certainly not be satisfaction. But Mr. Conway stands in a third light, in which any injury received by him affects the public in a higher degree than in either the character of soldier or private citizen. He is a member of the British parliament; a representative of the people of England, and one of the guardians of their liberties. He cannot be injured in that capacity, without a wound being given to his constituents, and to the people in general. The author had not forgotten this capacity, though he chose to sink it. He confesses in the next sentence to that in which he had omitted it, *that it may be urged speciously enough, that the general has suffered in the cause of his country, for maintaining that freedom which is our glory and our birthright.* This, adds he, *has been artfully enough endeavoured to be constantly insinuated.* How prevalent is truth, when it can force its way even through the mouth of falsehood! This we do assert was the probable cause of the dismissal: this the author's whole tract assigns as the cause, and this, perhaps, will some day or other be proved to have been the cause. In the mean time we defy this author, or his patrons, if he has any, to assign another. And if this *was* the cause, is the public not hurt, is liberty not wounded, the rights of parliament not violated, the freedom of debate not checked, integrity of conscience not oppressed? Answer, thou scribbler, and trifle not with the sacred rights of mankind—And how dost thou answer? By shifting and doubling, and changing the question, and setting up a phantom, which thou hast as little skill to combat as if it was a reality.

To prove general Conway was not alarmed for the liberty of the subject—that he was not conscientious in the part he took for declaring the warrants illegal—what does this man do? He gives an account of a foolish bill brought in on a subsequent day, and exploded by both sides of the house, and thence would infer that general Conway had not been in earnest on a serious debate on the Friday, because that simple bill was almost universally rejected on the Tuesday. This very argument was handled by some wise controvertist in the daily papers, was printed and reprinted with much solemnity, and some expence. It will not probably make its appearance again, after the full and fair answer I shall give to it.

In the first place, the bill was brought in by a gentleman whom the warm advocates for liberty, and the old friends of the house of Hanover, never peculiarly affected. They remembered something of a bar-gown put on to
plead

plead for somebody of still less equivocal principles, and of subscriptions in defence of the king and constitution during the late rebellion, presented as illegal in Westminster-hall. The suspicious gentlemen of the minority perhaps *timebant Danaos et dona ferentes*; possibly their jealousy was increased by seeing a gentleman who had defended the legality of the warrants tender a bill for pronouncing them illegal. They were authorised too in this coolness towards the bill by the damp thrown on it by ministers themselves—And here it is proper to ask this blundering advocate a question, How came it to be in the power of the minority *not to suffer the point to be settled by bill*? Those are his very words, p. 37, and they are congenial with the rest of his assertions. I might ask him, how this rejection affects general Conway, who happened not to be present? How he knows which way the general would have voted if he had been present? If he answers, he supposes against the bill, I reply, he would then have voted with the ministry, who, being the majority, were those who rejected it. Now, has not this able sophist proved, that general Conway's conduct was not conscientious? Has not he satisfied you all, my countrymen, that you have received no detriment by the late dismissal? Has not he proved that neither the army, nor the general himself, have been injured? And has not he vindicated the ministry as completely as it is possible to vindicate them? Lest his arguments should have slipped your memories, I will sum up the principal.

The duke of Bolton, lord Westmorland, and lord Cobham, were turned out of the army for being in opposition to the court: therefore it was right to dismiss general Conway, who was not in opposition.

This is a free country, in which it is inconsistent with the freedom of parliament for a minister to use bribes or threats; but when they have been employed without effect, it is right to use violence: therefore it was right to dismiss Mr. Conway.

Officers ought to rise by their behaviour in parliament; therefore it was right to dismiss Mr. Conway, who did not rise by his services in parliament.

General Conway was second in command at Rochfort; therefore he, on whom that expedition did not depend, ought to be cashiered for a single vote, while the principal commander, who votes with the court, is not cashiered.

His

His name was not mentioned in the *gazettes* so often as general Mostyn's, or general Waldegrave's; therefore it was right to take away his regiment.

Mr. Conway gave no vote against the court when there was no division, and two votes to one with them when there was; therefore he was in opposition.

He had a large income from the army, and a less from his wife; therefore depriving him of the larger is no injury.

The minority would not suffer a bill to pass, which the majority rejected; therefore Mr. Conway had no conscience: consequently the public is not injured by the dismissal of a man, who would not have been dismissed if he had not been conscientious.

I check my pen at this last word, which, though uttered in raillery, is but too serious. I weep over my country, not over my friend—his honour is safe, would theirs were so!—But how will this story be read hereafter? How will posterity reconcile so much mercy with so much severity? When all proscriptions on rebels and jacobites are taken off; when we all enjoy a common parent; when every beam of mercy is directed to men so culpable, and every phial of wrath is reserved for a man so virtuous—how will they reconcile such apparent contradictions?—Why, by the exact and precise discriminations of truth. The mercy will be ascribed to that pure fount from whence alone it can flow; the rigour, to those ill-judging servants who establish such uncommon ideas of rewards and punishments.

I will now conclude with summing up my answer, which will be comprised in few words.

The late dismissal is prejudicial to the army, to the general, to the public, for these reasons:

1. It must slacken the zeal of officers, when they see that, after a life spent in the service, they are liable to be turned adrift, to satisfy the vengeance of ministers, and for causes no way connected with the profession. It affects the honour of officers, who are by this author declared the tools of a minister; it makes their fortune precarious and desperate, if they obey their conscience; and inclines men without doors to question the honour of those who vote
with

with the court, as a rod is held over their heads, and it is known that they act under fear of losing their employments. It indisposes their countrymen to choose them into parliament, as an officer can no longer be supposed a free agent.

2. The general is hurt in his fortune; he is deprived of the rewards of long and painful services; and he is treated with the same disgrace as men are treated in all countries who have proved themselves unworthy of their profession.

3. The public is hurt, if the rights of parliament are violated, and if punishment, which is only due to crimes, is inflicted on incorruptible honesty and conscientious virtue. It is hurt, if ministers revenge their own animosities on the servants of the king and the nation, and if they in effect declare, that to defend the liberties of the people subjects the guardians of those liberties to proscription.



END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.